THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Founded by Benjamin Franklin

Volume 197, Number 8

5c. the Copy

AUG. 23, 1924

Richard Washburn Child—I. A. R. Wylie—Holworthy Hall
Freeman Tilden—George Pattullo—Thomas McMorrow

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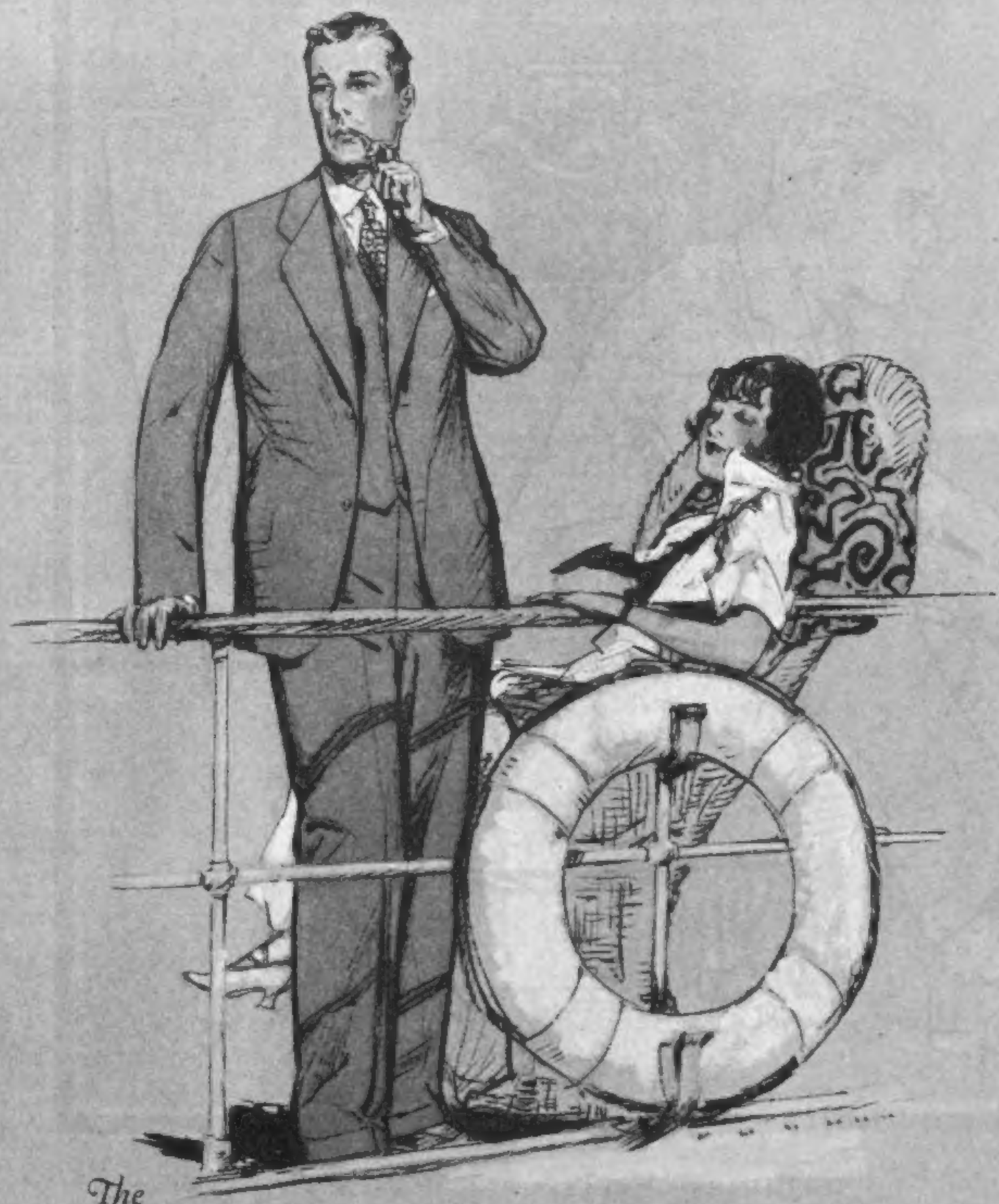
"THE MAKINGS OF A MAN"

ADLER COLLEGIAN
CLOTHES
THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST



The University Smartly English and quite as appropriate for the younger business man as for the chap in college. The two-button coat, with wide and soft-rolling lapels, hangs loose from the shoulders. The corners of the vest are blunt. The trousers set high on the hips . . . . are full and roomy—as trousers must be in the newer styles. An Adler Collegian model frequently seen on the street and campus these days.

The Adler Collegian dealer in your community will have the above and other new Fall models in Suits and Overcoats at moderate prices. Have him show them to you. Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

The Truth About

BILL ALLBRIGHT,
another
"Lucky Fellow"

This isn't the first story that has been told about Bill Allbright—nor will it be the last. For, as some of the men in this office refer to him, Bill is a "Lucky Fellow." "How did he ever get by with it?" they ask when they see him step into his costly Rolls-Arrow for an afternoon of golf at his still more costly club.

Anyway, Bill continues to "get by" with it in spite of the fact that six years ago he was only ninth assistant to the tenth vice-president.

Now look at Bill. Not only is he the Big Chief's first lieutenant, but it is even surmised that the President's charming daughter is thinking seriously of taking Bill into *her* firm—and you know what that would mean for Bill.

No, dear reader, Bill hasn't gotten this way by hard work alone. And you'd never suspect from Bill's appearance that he had burned as much of the well-known midnight oil over the business as some of his "unlucky" fellow-workers who are still plodding away.

For Bill was always *fresh* looking—his linen always immaculately clean, his shoes polished, his neckties beyond criticism. His clothes were always *good* clothes—clothes that hung in a manner that gave him a feeling of assurance in himself—clothes that paid Bill big dividends because they made him *look* like the good investment that he really is.

Of course, Bill doesn't say that his success has been due entirely to good clothes. But without realizing it, he let a friend in on his thoughts about appearance a short time ago when they were talking about an old chum on whom fortune had not smiled so graciously. "Well," said Bill, "as a man looketh, so is he—*usually*."

There are a lot of "lucky fellows" like Bill—men who have won, in record time, all the success due them, because they wear the sort of clothes that "*keep* you looking your best." Such clothes are Adler Collegian Clothes.

* * *

If there's no dealer in your town who carries them, drop us a line. We'll send you the name of one near you who does.

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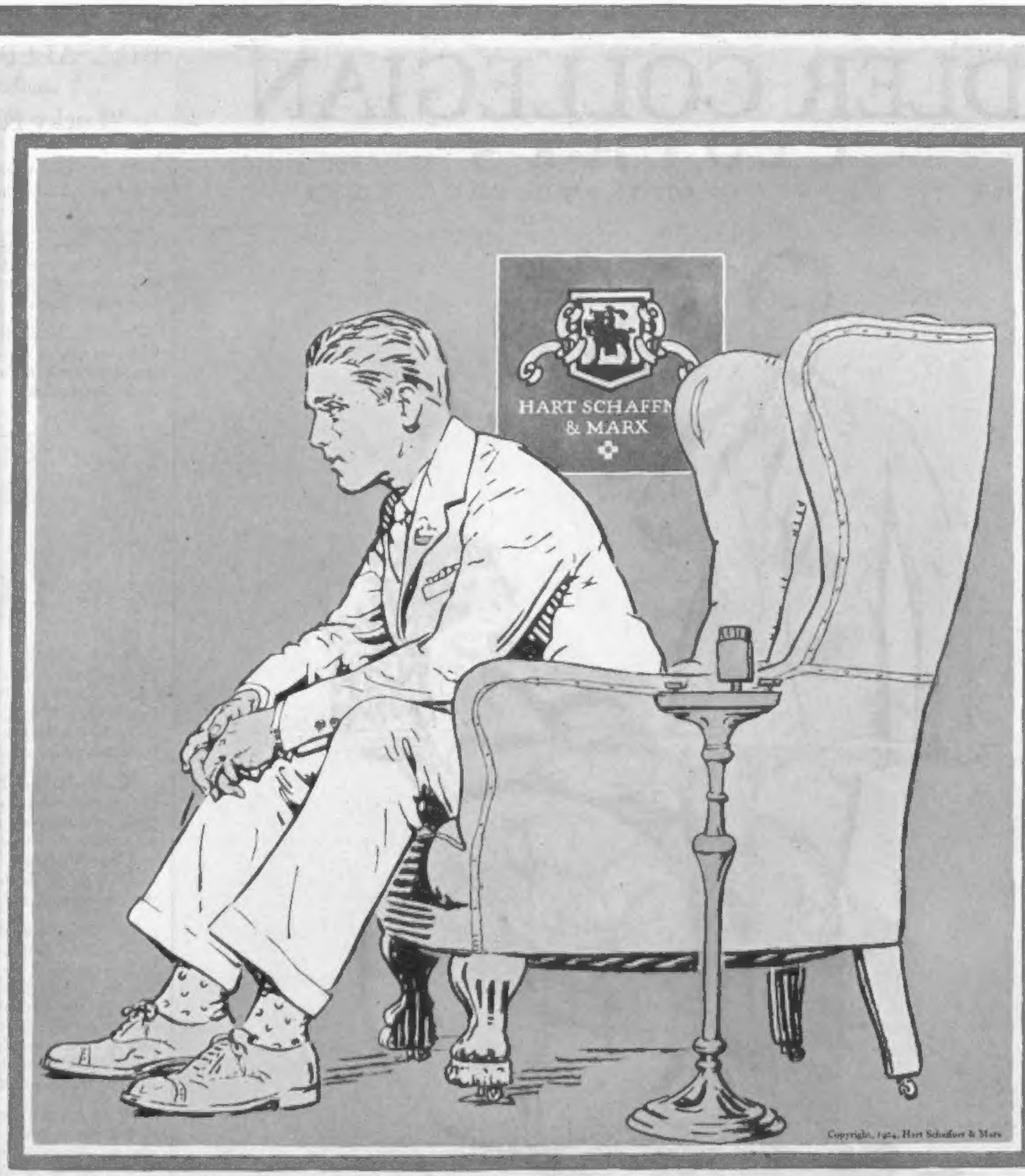

WHAT YOU'LL FIND THIS FALL IN A HART SCHAFFNER & MARX SUIT

The shoulders will give you the look of a man who can pull an oar; the coat hangs as easily and free as a velour drape; the vest will suggest the waist line of a commuter who can still run for his train; the trousers will hug snug at the belt and swing straight and free to the full cuff

You'll find our label in these clothes; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 23, 1924 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 8

GOVERNMENT BY BLACKMAIL

By Richard Washburn Child

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

A FEW days before Roosevelt died, while he was still in a New York hospital, I went to see him. He discussed with me the great need of awakening the American people to a realization that something should be done to restore health to our basic industry—our agriculture. He pointed out the need to tax unused land in order to discourage the land speculator; he pointed out the need of encouragement to be given farm owners so that we might stop the increase of farm tenants who are fly-by-night, who exhaust rather than improve the soil, who are responsible periodically for the over-production of certain crops and create conditions in which government aid and price fixing become a hue and cry. He spoke of the need for coöperative marketing voluntarily organized by the farmers to wipe out the scandalous charges of middlemen and handlers between the agricultural producer and the food consumers of the nation. But the most vivid impression he made was when at the end he said in substance, and with that sudden grave expression, the signal of his intense seriousness:

"If the American farmer does not act for himself, and if the American people as a whole do not act to help him act for himself, we shall see a farm bloc trying to do politically what ought to be done by voluntary economic action. If the agricultural problem is not dealt with wisely by all of us, we shall see a minority group organized for self-interest. The greatest danger we face is this danger—the danger of assaults on our Government by organized minorities founded on self-interest."

Organized Minorities

ALL through the campaign of 1920, when I was almost constantly with Harding, it appeared to me that if he were elected President and lasted out a double term he would have to meet, as the gravest issue before us, the breaking down of national unity and the threatening appearance of smaller militant groups trying to force favors from the Government by the hold-up methods of all self-interest minorities.

In the midst of a troublous period when I was on service abroad, Harding wrote me letters revealing the growing qualities of fine mental integrity, the great understanding, the courage and the capacity for love of human beings which death prevented from coming into its full flower in the realization and gratitude of the American people. In one of these letters he wrote me:

"I would like to relate to you some of my preconceptions of the Presidency and compare them with convictions which have come to me since I have been in office. The most amusing thing is the readiness with which many outstanding persons venture to say what they would do and then see them turn about face when asked to get down to details and support the program with responsibility. . . . But you are quite right in your statement that the attempted domination of group interests in this country is one of the great menaces of the Republic."

Today the greatest political issue before the country is the threatened breakdown of our republican form of government by the increase in the power and number of organized minorities. The greatest issue is whether we are to maintain a government for national administration or for special favors to those minorities which can threaten the hardest.

Lack of Nerve

NO PARTY has touched this issue. No party has the courage to pick it up and run with it. No party has a blood count high enough to give the kind of leadership which will promise the American people a government, not only executive but also legislative, which will have the nerve to reëstablish government for the good of all of us and put an end to government bowing and scraping before any organized minority which goes to Washington with its clamor, its propaganda, its selfish ends, its threats and its blackmail.

The Republican convention walked gingerly around this issue; it even cooed at some of our organized minorities. The Democratic convention not only walked around the organized minorities but became in itself a battle ground of organized

minorities. La Follette, whether he likes it or not, has the organized minorities as a constituency of earnest incompatibles. If any strong voice of national leadership has said anything to awaken the nation to a stand against government by blackmail, I have not heard it.

A good many years ago I was asked to make a careful, impartial investigation of some schedule in the tariff. I flipped a coin to see which schedule I would tackle. My idea then was not to attack any particular interest or special privilege, but to show the American people that any organized minority—for instance, a favored industry with a good lobby, and by threats of withholding campaign contributions—could go down to Washington and write its own tariff schedule. My task was too easy. The controversy was too one-sided to be exciting. Every interest in the tariff was represented except the consumer's interest, and the blackmailing of Congress and the hoodwinking of President Taft were about as difficult to demonstrate to the consumers as it would be to demonstrate the existence of the Washington Monument. Some of the remnants still left of the Republican Old Guard have not and will not forgive me for exposing the power of an organized minority which could ride roughshod over the interests of the consumer and the taxpayer and set up a favor for the few at the expense of us all. They still regard me as a dangerous radical.

I said to them then and I would say to them now that special-privilege minorities are not for long confined to the groups which La Follette calls the predatory interests of wealth. When a selfish minority of wealth and power, withholding campaign contributions or dangling corruption satchels, blackmails a government, it is a certain result that organized minorities of labor or bonus pickers or pacifists will be formed to blackmail a government by withholding blocks of votes.

Some Ways of Organized Minorities

I HAVE never been able to see much choice between the two kinds of organized minorities or their blackmail. Some of my radical acquaintances call me a reactionary, because, for instance, I oppose looting the Treasury by some special group seeking bonuses or price fixing or government purchase or guaranty of crops. I belong to the unorganized majority—the consumers and taxpayers and home owners—and if we have any common sense we can see that if we have to make a choice it really may be cheaper for us and less menacing to democracy to have Wall Street, through special privilege, take a small favor than to have a special organized group shake down the Treasury for a large one.

The issue in this campaign, though no political party has the courage to define it, is whether the Government shall go back to being a government for all the people or slide farther toward being a government by blackmail; a government not for the taxpayer but for the loot hunter; a government not of authority requiring service, but a government of loose-jawed benevolence throwing up its feeble hands for all the stand-and-deliver organized minorities.

Observers say that there are no fewer than five hundred organized minorities with offices or lobbyists in Washington. The place wriggles with the efforts to worm something out of Congress, out of the President or out of the Treasury. In the old days the lobbyists wore no cloaks of hypocrisy, sang no psalm tunes over their special interests, and failed often enough to get what they wanted even when backed by predatory wealth. Now the self-serving representatives of self-seeking minorities walk around claiming the agency for virtue, charity, goodness, mercy, piety, religion, brotherhood of man and enlightenment. They apply to every senator and congressman who can be intimidated a barrage of propaganda and threats of defeat. It is pure blackmail.

We ought to recognize these assaults for what they are. Let us unmask them. They are assaults to obtain something which the free will of the American people as a whole would never give them. They are assaults against you and me, the taxpayers of America, the citizens who know that government is something to be served and is not and cannot be a benevolent institution requiring nothing and giving everything. The one thing we are always forgetting is that when the Government gives anything it has to come to us to get it to give.

Furthermore, as I said not long ago to one of the so-called Western radical senators:

"We taxpayers cannot distinguish much between you fellows and the old-fashioned Old Guard senators who represented the interests. Both of you owe your election to an organized minority seeking selfish ends. Both of you jump when the organized minority which sent you as a messenger boy demands that you get something. Neither of you pay first attention to the good of the whole people. But the old-fashioned reactionary, Wall Street, standpat or boss of Pennsylvania type was a great deal more intelligent than you are. And that type did not do what you do. You organize minorities within Congress to hold up needed legislation in order to blackmail your fellow legislators into giving your organized minorities something which the people of the United States would never give them. In brief you were elected by an organized minority, you are blackmailed by that minority and you turn about and blackmail the American Government. From beginning to end there is nothing in it which is not destructive of national unity and of national service and of the welfare of the citizen who puts public welfare higher than his own."

Any one of us who wishes to be intelligent about this descent on Washington of organized minorities can go down to the Capitol and pick out two kinds of organized minorities. The first maintain their lobbies more or less frankly to get something. The second maintain their lobbies more or less frankly to force upon us through government agency some form of moral, sentimental or crankish tyranny over our free will and to wipe out our right of moral self-direction and self-development. The first want to own the taxpayer's dollars; the second want to put in their own cages his conscience and his soul. Both of them are trying to raid the Government for special privilege more than their predecessors, the lobbies of big business, ever raided it.

About the only charge which can be brought against the organized minority of the so-called interests is that they showed the way and set the fashion. The two classes which have followed have done much greater damage to our democracy, for they have corrupted not only representative government but citizenship itself; they have perverted the idea of a government by authority into the idea of a government by benevolence. They have turned us away from a wholesome liking for the least possible government into a spree of the most government possible. They have polluted the idea that government was law and administration for all into the idea that it is the mask and victim of the organized and vehement few.

I may be asked to point out some of these organized minorities and I have been asked to say whether I thought their causes were good or bad causes. I am quite willing to point out examples of organized minorities, but I am less concerned with any opinion of mine as to whether the causes are good or bad than I am with the amount of blackmail they use in forcing these causes on Congress and the President. I would be the last to say that any cause of an organized minority should be denied a hearing; but I would be the first to say that, whether a cause is good or bad, it is a menace if it indulges in tactics which attempt to override by political blackmail the independent judgment of the Government or our congressional representatives.

The Card-Catalogue Method

NO ONE seriously believes that the Adamson Bill, affecting the wages of railway workers, was passed on merits, that the country would have approved it by a referendum or that it would have passed at all except under threat of strike during wartime. It was thrust upon the majority by an organized minority.

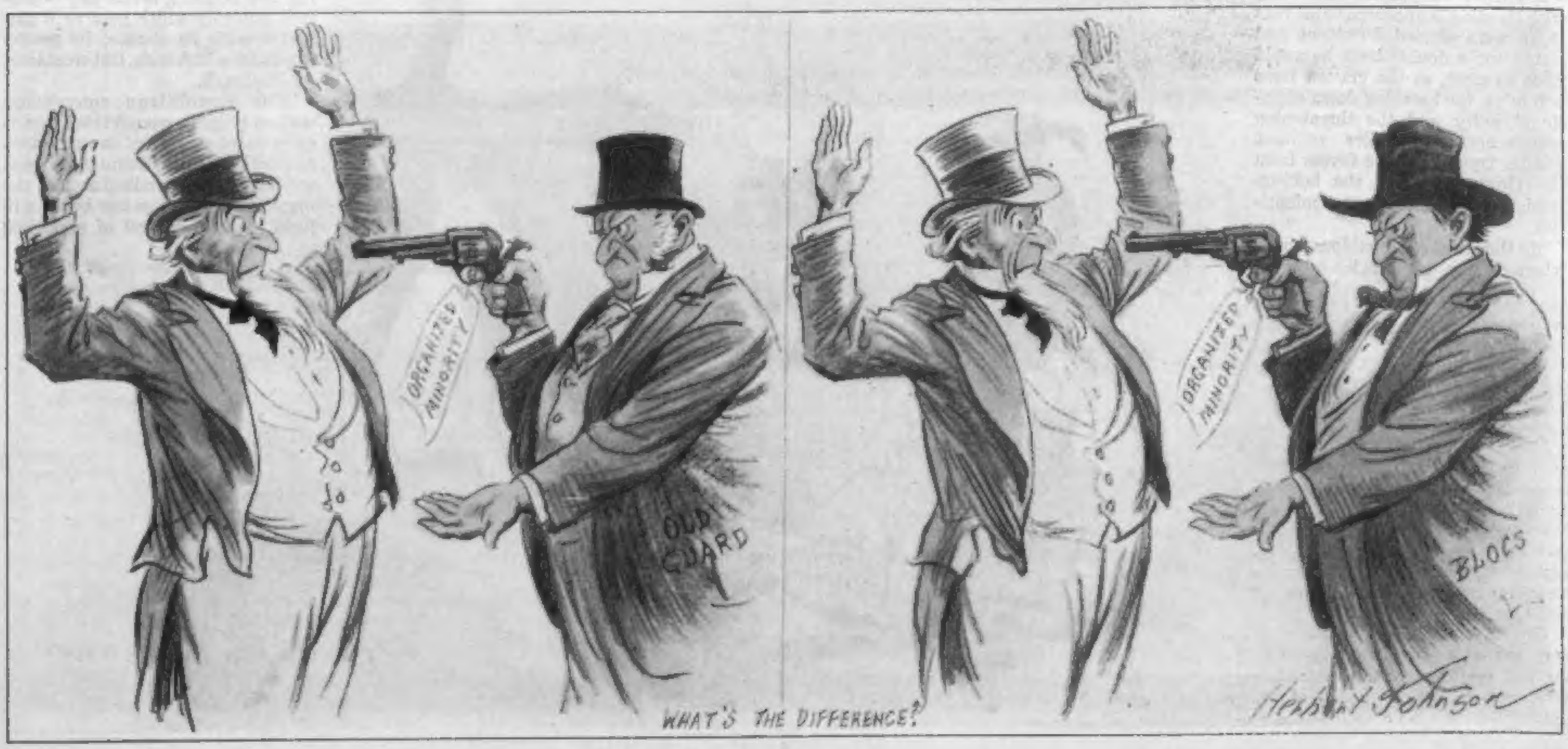
No one seriously doubts that, whatever the merits of prohibition, the lobbyists for prohibition, some of them with all the manner of sanctimony, went deeply into the records of congressmen and senators in matters which had no relationship to prohibition in order to engage in what amounted to blackmail to attain their ends. It was another case of the principle adopted by other organized minorities, that the end justifies the means.

Whatever the merits of suffrage for women, which I always favored, no one doubts that its lobbyists sometimes used methods approaching blackmail and by the now famous card-catalogue method of gathering embarrassing information went outside the merits of the question in order to threaten representatives with defeat on the basis of other elements than those which even remotely concerned suffrage. This may as well be called by its right name—it is political blackmail.

Right or wrong in their cause, the agricultural political group, through its representatives, have attempted to put through their demand for special favors by seizing the balance of power and using it in attempted blackmail of the majority interests of America.

The bonus bill was a special-interest, special-privilege, hand-in-the-Treasury affair. Worthy or unworthy, justified or unjustified, it was passed not because Congress believed in it. It was passed, as all congressmen who are not hypocrites know very well, because of the fear of an organized minority.

(Continued on Page 50)



PAS DE QUATRE

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

"You've Been Very Brave, Digby." "No; Rather a Coward. I Didn't Dare Admit It Myself"

DOCTOR ROSSLYN waited until the consultant physician had climbed into his car. Then he closed the door and went back up the broad shallow staircase. He reflected that though the consultant was an able diagnostician there were some things he hadn't discovered in this particular case. He hadn't guessed, for instance, what lay behind his younger colleague's professional gravity. And yet Rosslyn felt that the truth had been staring out of his eyes—emanating from his whole body.

The old man had merely patted him on the back.

"You look as though you wanted a holiday, my dear fellow."

Doctors always ordered people holidays. Rosslyn had done it himself repeatedly, especially when at a loss. He saw now how absurd it was and how ironically his patients must have smiled to themselves.

He went slowly. It had been a great strain. Now it was over. Of course he had known. At the bottom of their hearts everyone had known. She herself had been the least self-deceiving of any of them. He remembered the compassionate, enigmatic smile with which she had met his cheerful protestations and Digby's incessant plan making.

Poor Digby! He spent his life dragging one bankrupt business after another into prosperity, and he simply couldn't believe that circumstances might be too much for him. Such a lovable, pathetic ass!

Throughout, as far as Rosslyn knew, she had never flinched. If she woke at night to stare into the blackness and face the incredible, monstrous event that was drawing down upon her, by the next morning she had recovered her absolute serenity. She was wonderful—so wonderful as to be puzzling. He had seen many people take the final verdict—most of them with courage—but none of them had attained the quality of her peace. It was as though she had some sweet and secret comfort—a source of strength which she kept jealously hidden from them all. Sometimes she seemed deeply happy. Whatever it was, it made it easier to go back to her.

Digby was out. He didn't know about the consultant physician. They had treated him frankly as a child. In the end she would have to comfort him.

The room had been left in broad daylight. It was like a windless garden, the still air heavy with the scent of flowers, the Persian rugs floating their shadowy colors in a silently flowing tide of sunshine. The low, graceful Regency bed might have been a pretty boat moored in a dim backwater.

Doctor Rosslyn went across to the open windows and drew the curtains. It wasn't that he was afraid to meet her eyes. But he wanted the intimacy of quiet and twilight. The room was too full of luxury. He would have liked to strip it bare so that he could be alone with her. Queer to think that in a little time he would not come here any more—that the short hours which made the center and meaning of his day would be cut out.

"Well?"

The small voice just stirred the silence. He came at once and sat down on the edge of her bed. He knew that she had been watching him, drawing on those silent reserves of hers, and now he looked straight at her, grave but untroubled. He could not and would not insult her courage and their understanding of each other by an evasion. She laid her thin dry hand on his, pressing it gently.

"Well—how long?"

"He doesn't know exactly. A few weeks—perhaps two months."

She was silent a moment, reflecting.

"Thank you, Stephen."

She had never called him by his Christian name before. It astonished him somehow that she realized he had such a thing—that he had a personality outside his job of keeping people alive. It had sounded very sweet, very deliberate. He sat there, his head bent, listening, as though the sound lingered somewhere in the stillness. He guessed that it had meant a great deal to her—that she had waited and waited, and now the signal had been given and a fast-closed door thrown wide.

"How long have we known each other?" she asked in her little far-off voice.

"About two years."

"You've looked after me all that time—fought like a Trojan, haven't you?"

"Well—I'm beaten now."

"It doesn't matter. You've been perfect. I'd like to call you Stephen, if you don't mind. My name's Claire, you know. It seems rather silly for dying people to be so formal, don't you think? That sort of thing doesn't matter any more."

He held her hand close. He felt certain that she knew and that she was saying, "Never mind. It's all right now." He was amazed to find that he was happy—extraordinarily happy, like someone who had been bound hand and foot and was suddenly set free. He sat up straight, involuntarily drawing the first deep breath of release. The color that had flooded up into his thin hard-bitten face made him look young and slightly pathetic, as all strong people look when overwhelmed by a rare feeling. She smiled at him almost light-heartedly, as though she were teasing him a little.

"Aren't you glad?"

"Glad?"

"That it's all over, that we're quite certain."

"I don't know."

"And that nothing matters except the truth?"

He considered her with his usual uncompromising steadfastness. She lay back deep among her pillows. The exhaustion that had followed on the consultation had thrown black hollows into her cheeks and deepened the lines about her mouth. She wasn't beautiful. He had never known her beautiful. By the time she had come to him two years ago disease had already laid her youth and a famous loveliness in ruins. That, it had seemed to him at the time, had been her greatest tragedy. Digby himself had spoken of it, tears in his eyes.

"It's awful—you can't understand—you never saw her."

He was glad he had never seen her—grimly proud of a love illicit and stifled as it was—that had grown up out of such rare clean soil. Other people had loved the beautiful, happy Claire Calvert, but he had loved the disfigured, suffering woman. He remembered the day of their first meeting quite well. She had come into his consulting room and he had scarcely looked at her. Women—people generally meant nothing to him. A patient was either a sick body or a sick ego. He was, in fact, a hard man, a fighter who had chosen disease as his enemy, and the fight was all that he cared about. He had never loved anyone in his life.

He had taken Claire Calvert's hands. They were dry and withered—just symptoms. He had made the examination with the cold carefulness of a detective gathering his clews, and at last had told her the truth, as far as he knew it. Then for the first time he had met her eyes—those curious, shining hazel eyes of hers. Perhaps unconsciously he had expected horror, consternation, tears. And she had just smiled reassuringly at him.

"Please don't worry about me, doctor."

He hadn't been worrying. She had been nothing to him. But now a shock of sheer admiration had gone over him. He had recognized in her bearing something more than either bravado or self-control—a gallant and generous spirit.

And from that moment he set himself to fight for her as he had never fought for personal victory.

It had been in vain. She had never had a chance. If she had been older —— But she was young and the disease feasted on her youth.

A few weeks—eight at the outside.

She recalled him gently.

"You do love me, don't you, Stephen?"

"Yes," he answered with his bleak honesty.

"It's quite all right for you to say so now. Medical and domestic etiquette have to give way. I wanted just to hear you say it."

"I love you."

She closed her eyes.

"These have been the most wonderful two years of my life."

He didn't understand. But he knew that she was going to tell him at last about that secret strength of hers. He bent closer, so that he would not lose one of those faintly falling words.

"You see—people have always loved me, and it's been very lovely to be loved—but often, often, I used to think to myself that it was because I was beautiful and happy—and made people happy. Nobody knew about me—the real me—or cared. I often thought about this happening—and wondered—just how much would be left. I never dreamed that just when I was really bankrupt, with nothing to give but trouble—a great love might be given me. After all, the glory of life doesn't lie in its length, does it? I might have lived to be an old, old woman and never known how wonderful it might be."

He was deeply moved and oddly unashamed of being moved. Yet the hard logic in him wanted to reason the thing out to the end. He couldn't rest, not knowing the whole truth.

"But Digby," he said; "Digby—don't you love him?"

"Of course. No one could help it. He's so generous and anxious and faithful. So pathetic. Every day he lays his flowers at the altar of a memory."

"A memory?"

"Of the woman he loved so passionately. But I'm not that woman any more. I remember her. She was charming. They made the most lovely couple. But she's dead."

"I don't know about all that. He's breaking his heart."

Her lips quivered.

"It won't break—not quite."

"Well—whatever people mean by breaking their hearts."

She moved a little so that her face was toward the curtained windows. Her eyes were wide open and he felt that she was seeing something that was hidden from him.

"Digby's so healthy and strong and eager. He shrinks from the very thought of death."

"That's true. He won't believe that you're not getting better. He won't believe even now."

He caught the enigmatic shadow of her smile.

"Poor Digby. He's puzzled and frightened. He wants the old me to come back dreadfully. But if I don't ——"

"Well?"

"He just can't help turning toward hope."

"My dear ——"

"Oh, I'm glad—frightfully glad. Stephen—the new me—the dying me couldn't have borne the burden of such a responsibility. I'm free."

Their silence was like a deep strong tide, sweeping away the last barrier between them. In it they seemed to speak to each other for the first time. Neither knew how long it lasted.

The sound of a car turning into the gates roused them to look at each other.

"Perhaps—two months?" she whispered.

"Yes."

"Our whole lives—our very own."

He held her hand hard between both his. Something was rending him, tearing down the restraints of years. It hurt—and yet it was beautiful, too—a kind of difficult, splendid surrender. He lifted her hand and kissed it.

II

DIGBY felt as though someone had hit him over the heart—stunned and sick. The red heavy-headed roses which he had brought for her lay on the table, where he had put them in order to give a hand to that doctor fellow. They seemed to make fun of him. He could hear the echo of his own fatuously cheerful "Well, Rosslyn, how goes it? A bit better today, don't you think?" And the long glass opposite held the ghost of his laughing face. He stared at himself uncomprehendingly. For all his pallor and the expression of bewildered consternation, he made a fine figure of a man—fair skinned and upright, with clear eyes and square shoulders and lean flanks. He looked so strong—the very embodiment of security. He couldn't connect himself with the thought of death—dissolution—simply couldn't. And yet in two months—at the outside—Claire—his wife—the romance of his life—would be gone—beyond his reach. The place would be empty of her forever.

His first impulse had been to rush upstairs to her, take her in his arms as he had used to do after they had been cruelly separated for a few days, and hold her fast. But then he remembered. She had to be spared all excitement, all strain. He couldn't even cry his heart out on her shoulder. He had to be calm—as brave as she was. For ten minutes he had stood there staring at himself, trying to fix on some attitude that he could take up and carry through to the end. But everything seemed unreal and intolerable. What could one say to someone who had just been sentenced to death—someone whom one loved? How could one go on living with them—eating, sleeping, talking, with the future closing down like a shutter and the pitifully sweet past jogging one's memory? Two months? The two years had been cruel enough. But then he had been able to pretend to himself. He had been cheerful and had made plans of what they would do when she were well again. Pretense, of course, eating at one's heart, but still making life endurable.

Now there was nothing for it but surrender, a grim awful waiting face to face with the truth.

Two months. If it were only now—both of them together!

"Digby is a Big Schoolboy," Claire Murmured Excusingly. "A Joke Will Go On Amusing Him for Years"

He began to move about the room. The pain seemed to have become physical. It wouldn't let him rest. Nor could he go up to her—not yet. She would understand. Finally he threw open the long French window and went down into the garden.

It was the loveliest garden of a luxurious and expensive suburb. It had been his gift to her—an integral part of his campaign. In a few weeks, by dint of a white-hot energy and prodigality, he had transformed its previous commonplaceness into a paradise of rare flowers which in the red evening sunlight shone like the jewels of a great necklace. Even now it was difficult to believe that he should have failed.

At the bottom was a private gate that led out into the roadway. It opened and he saw a woman come up the path. He recognized her with a sensation of almost passionate relief. He was like a rudderless ship manned by a panic-stricken crew who had come suddenly in sight of land. Lucy Garfield! Claire's friend and his—someone who loved them both, whose handclasp was a thing of understanding and infinite comfort. He went to meet her, hurrying, as though he could not bear another moment of his forlornness.

He had an idea that she knew already. She was hatless, and walking quickly, too, with that bearing of quiet vigorous purpose which he liked so well. The sunlight shone on the thick ash-blond hair. The early silver scarcely showed. Not young any more—older than Claire. There was a faint hint of matronly breadth about the fine gracious figure. Yet her glowing health, her sunny and gallant temper with its undertone of womanly tenderness and pity made her one of those people whose age is of no significance. They are young forever.

She took his hand. Her own was both warm and cool, gentle and strong. Her eyes met his with a steady gravity.

"I saw the two cars," she said. "I guessed that Doctor Rosslyn had called in another opinion. I tried to wait, but I couldn't. I was too anxious."

"It's all over," he said simply. "It's a question of weeks now."

They turned and walked slowly side by side toward the house. It had been their custom to meet like this on the fine summer evenings and to pick out the finest blooms for Claire before they went up to her together. The few minutes of her companionship had been something to look forward to. They strengthened him for the tragic ordeal of that sick room; where he sat hour after hour, facing death and pretending he didn't see. If only Claire had gone on being Claire —— But she had changed. Physically he wouldn't have recognized her. But it was more than that. She had drifted away—almost out of hearing. More and more, for all his tormenting love and pity, he had felt like a stranger. He was embarrassed when Lucy left them.

"I believe I've known all along," he said.

"You've been very brave, Digby."

"No; rather a coward. I didn't dare admit it myself. It seemed incredible. She had been so lovely and full of life. You know—I used to think we were the happiest people in the world."

"I know you made her very happy."

"It's good of you to say so, Lucy. It comforts me. You've been a wonderful friend. You've known and loved Claire all your life and you might so easily have been—well—jealous or disapproving; felt that I wasn't good enough for her. But you've been my friend too."

"I wanted to be, when I saw what you were to her—a perfect lover always."

He flushed deeply.

"I don't know; I've wondered lately. I seem somehow to have lost touch; I've been stupid with wretchedness; I felt as though I were failing her."

"It's not that. My poor Claire! It's been a slow, slow dying; and dying people are all by themselves. We stretch out hands, but we can't reach them any more. It's not your fault. Claire understands better than anyone."

He was silent. He didn't trust his voice. She comforted him immeasurably. And yet he knew that she herself was in bitter need of comfort. He glanced swiftly at her profile and saw how pale she was—deathly pale. She loved Claire. There had always been something between these two—a rare and exquisite understanding, such as is possible only between women, which had sometimes left him

outside. Somehow he hadn't minded. He loved beautiful things and he saw that it was beautiful, their closeness to each other.

Even now, when Claire was drifting away faster and faster, Lucy had somehow managed to keep close. She would follow to the very edge of the grave. At the thought a new inexplicable pang shot through him.

"Lucy, they've been rather wonderful—these two years, haven't they? I mean—life isn't just happiness, is it? I didn't know anyone like Claire could be so brave and patient; or that anyone could have such a friend as you have been to us."

"Oh, Digby dear, what have I done that anyone wouldn't have done?"

"You've been yourself. That's all. Of course you don't see how splendid that is. Lucy, I'm a clumsy, stupid fellow. I don't know what I should have done without you. You won't desert me?"

"Desert you?"

"You'll stand by?"

"You know I will."

He heard the puzzled reproach in her low husky voice.

"I mean—as my friend—not just because I'm Claire's husband—because—you're the only person I shall have left."

"Of course—I am your friend."

"Always?"

"Always."

The path was steep, and they stood still a moment, a little breathless, looking down at a cluster of red roses. Another day they would have picked them for her, but now the thought of flowers tasted of death. He knew that there were tears on his companion's cheeks. But he couldn't care. It was as though somewhere—inside himself—on the horizon of some inner vision a tiny spark had kindled and was brightening and glowing, and was spreading fast till it filled the whole of him with an indescribable warmth. He had to close his eyes lest he should see what he must not see—not yet.

A maidservant stood in the open window.

"If you please, sir, the mistress asks if you and Miss Garfield would come up."

They had both started, as though for a moment they had forgotten. They turned quickly, guiltily. Twilight covered the garden with a vague enchantment. Lucy Garfield stumbled. He gave her his arm. He knew that she had seen too. Her hand trembled with foreknowledge. A moment later she drew away from him and went on alone.

III

CLAIRE had heard Stephen Rosslyn's car turn out of the drive. But she did not expect Digby to come to her. Not at first. He would be too terribly shaken. He would go out into the garden, and since it was Lucy's visiting time he would meet her, as he often did, and they would comfort each other. She smiled faintly to herself.

Her thoughts were very tender of them both, but they seemed a long way off. She felt toward them as an explorer might feel toward people he was leaving behind him. All that was real to her was the journey and the man who would know how to bring her safely out of harbor. Still, she wanted to do the best she could.

So she had sent for them. She wanted them together. She had an odd physical and emotional shrinking from the idea of being alone with either of them. She felt that they would try to get too near to her, lay hold of her and drag her back into being one of them. And she wasn't one of them any more. She was a person apart, with a new and different life of her own. She was dying.

She wondered if she were heartless. She tried to recapture herself and Digby. She remembered that she had been beautiful and very gay and happy, and Digby a most perfect lover. It wasn't only his prodigal generosity. He had always done things enchantingly and splendidly mad. One night he had waited five hours in a bitter snowstorm just to see her come home from a dance, and even then he hadn't spoken to her, but had lifted his hat with a grave and gallant salute as though she had been a princess. And after they were married he had been the same. He seemed to know instinctively what other men found out too late, that love, however steadfast, is a curious and exquisite thing, able to withstand tempest and disaster, but not frost. He had been her husband, her friend and her wooer. And because of the very stuff of youth and life that was in them they had wonderful times. She remembered how they had laughed—like children.

And then death, which, had it come suddenly, would have simply broken the survivor's heart, had gently laid its hand on her and drawn her away from him. Neither of them had known quite what was happening. It had been so gradual. It was as though very slowly they had begun to speak a different language. His distress had been pitiful, but he could do nothing. His health and instinctive joy of life had been like a baffling wall between them.

In his place had come a man to whom death was the commonplace of life—a grim ungracious comrade who, for all his indifference to suffering, knew what suffering meant. He cared nothing for the laughter and beauty which she had lost. He rarely laughed and she knew by the way he thrust aside her flowers that their beauty was hidden from him. But he had come to love her. Through the ugliness and humiliation of illness his love reached her and held her fast in its protection. It was like a miracle. It made death a revelation of life.

The door opened. She shivered a little. They were so big and strong. It was like a blast of crude rough wind. She knew that they were ashamed. And after that first moment's recoil she was sorry for their tragic embarrassment. She held out her hand and Digby caught it and kissed it. The familiar, cheery "Well, darling, how goes it?" had risen visibly to his lips and had died there. Suddenly like a boy overwhelmed with grief he dropped on his knees beside her, burying his face against her arm.

She looked at Lucy. They were two women understanding each other. They even smiled, though the tears had gathered in Lucy's eyes. Claire knew how Lucy loved her. She held out her free hand over the bowed head between them. And so they remained a moment.

"You mustn't," Claire whispered. "You mustn't be so dreadfully unhappy—either of you. My dears, it comes to everyone; it will to you, you know. And I've had such a wonderful life. No one could have had more love." She felt Digby's fierce confirmative pressure, but she was not thinking of him. "I'd be content and happy—if only you were too."

He stood up almost roughly.

"Don't, Claire. You mustn't say things like that—impossible things. It's—a sort of outrage. What will my life be if you leave me ——"

She thought wearily to herself, suppose she told him the truth; suppose she said, "My dear, my death will be the crisis of a long misery for you. You will suffer frightfully, but then you'll begin to get better. In a few months you will be your old self, the self you haven't been for two years—since we began to lose each other. Besides, I love Steve Rosslyn."

But of course she couldn't. Only the dying can face the truth.

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It Hurt—and Yet it Was Beautiful, Too—a Kind of Difficult, Splendid Surrender. He Lifted Her Hand and Kissed It

AFTER THE FAIR

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"All I'm Asking for Now is the Hat, the Coat and the Watch"

BERT PADGETT came from the tenement hall and stopped in the street doorway to look himself over by daylight. Out of the left breast pocket of his polished blue suit he pulled a corner of his green silk handkerchief and let it hang down. The handkerchief was decorated with a fine picture of Jack Dempsey in fighting array, and Bert was sorry that the conventions of fashion would not permit him to show to the public more of the champion than the one mighty fist. He adjusted the gold-washed fob of his Dollar Dandy watch and rubbed the dull tips of his shoes on his calves. From the tail of his eye he saw that the janitor, loafing on the platform of the iron stairs that led down into the cellar, was watching him. Casually Bert drew a thick roll of bills from his trousers pocket and counted it; and then, in the act of shoving the money back into his pocket, he looked fairly at the janitor and started in affected surprise.

"'Afternoon, Allen," he said.

"Nice day for the election, Mr. Padgett. Who's going to win the assembly?"

"Who's going to win?" repeated Bert, with a smile that made him look uncommonly well informed though gap-toothed. "Well, Allen, I don't claim to be no prophet, but I'll tell you this: I'm voting for Buckmaster."

"That's good enough, Mr. Padgett," said the janitor, still glowing from his sight of the roll of money. "I guess you know, Mr. Padgett."

"I'll say!" said Bert. "Don't forget to vote, Allen. And don't throw your vote away after what I told you."

He nodded briefly, as to a man who had no money, pushed his shiny derby hat to the back of his head and walked down the tenement street.

He walked slowly, but he lifted his feet jerkily, as though his soles stuck to the pavement. He rolled from the waist, and this greatened his stature to the casual glance, the more so that he held his elbows bent and away from his sides. One elbow could be allowed for, since an overcoat was thrown over it, but the other was just for grace. This first Tuesday following the first Monday in November was quite raw and chilly, but Bert preferred to wear his overcoat on his arm, and his narrow-chested and round-shouldered frame was as cold looking as a plucked fowl. His overcoat was nothing to strut about in, although it was only eight years old and he had paid for it a good thirteen dollars. But it is all in the way one wears one's clothes; almost any young blood with a rich and complaisant papa would have cut a wretched figure in the garments which Bert wore with conscious smartness.

Bert's westward way led by the Eskimo Club, the Tammany Hall organization of the Fortieth Assembly District. The Eskimo Club did not wear its usual daylight calm. Its windows were open to make lingering by the council fire unpleasant, six automobiles were standing before it with running motors, and the men going in and out of it by stoop and basement were as busy and purposeful as ants.

Bert looked under his thick black brows at the gaudy campaign banner on the clubhouse's front, and his skimpy face twisted sardonically; he was sneering at that part of the banner which said, FOR ASSEMBLY, HAMILTON TOOLEY.

He stopped before a large private residence on the northeast corner of Manhattan Avenue. The house had an iron front which was cast and painted in the semblance of stone, and cunningly enough done to take in completely anybody who had never seen stone itself. There was a fence of iron pickets about the house, bronzed, with gilded spearheads arow on top. An iron lion of life size crouched on each side of the low stoop and drooled rust from his terribly opened mouth. Bert scrutinized the house, seeing no number on it, and then went up the stoop and rang the bell.

"Is the professor in?" he asked the middle-aged woman who answered the door.

"I don't know," she said crossly. "What do you want, young man? He's been bothered to death."

"Just say it's Bert Padgett," said Bert with a sweep of his hand.

She told him to wait, and closed the door on him, and he knew that she was thinking of the hatrack; but when she returned she admitted him.

"Professor Buckmaster don't know you, young man, but you could go up. At the head of the stairs, in the back."

She stood at the foot of the stairs and watched him ascend, having no idea of letting him roam about unseen.

"It'll be a fine thing when it's over and done with and we can have peace," she muttered. "Trash tracking all over the house!"

She, too, had been bothered during the four weeks since Professor Buckmaster had announced his independent candidacy for the assembly.

The door to Professor Buckmaster's study was open; the professor sat at his desk and watched the doorway with an air of patient suffering. He had said to his housekeeper, "Another crank, I suppose, Mrs. Jersey? Oh, well, let him come up!"

He was a tall and stooping man, gray-haired and spectacled, and when he spoke it was in a pleasant voice slightly cracked by twenty years of university lecturing. His gray eyes behind the spectacles were pleasant, too, and kindly; just now they were more expressive of resignation.

Bert Padgett stopped on the threshold, leaned against the door jamb, crossed his shins, braced himself with

extended arm against the other side of the opening, and smiled his disarming and tooth-skipping smile.

"Been reading about you in the papers, prof," he said. His voice was bass.

"Ah, so?"

"Yep, reading about you."

He uncrossed his shins, sauntered to a chair beside the desk, sat down and reached to his right breast pocket for a white tag that hung from a yellow string. At the other end of the string was a limp cotton bag of tobacco; he rolled himself a leisurely cigarette. He was sprawled in the chair with his legs thrust straight out, and he did not speak while he manufactured his smoke; he was keeping Professor Buckmaster company. His host watched him with cloaked impatience; when one is a politician one must be all things to all men, even to confounded nuisances.

"Got a match on you, prof?" said Bert.

Professor Buckmaster found a match. Bert lit his cigarette, and it remained thereafter in his mouth until it had burned down to his lips. He spoke without troubling to remove it; he laughed without removing it. Professor Buckmaster was puzzled to see how he could open his mouth to the limit and laugh without dislodging the cigarette from his under lip.

"Say, prof," said Bert, crossing his right knee with his left ankle, "why d'n't you give your friends a buzz before you put your head through the sheet? I could have tipped you off to a lot of good dope. Politics? Say, prof, ask me one!"

"You are quite versed in political affairs, are you, Mr. Padgett?"

"Who, me? Well, prof, I'm not one of these fellows that claims to know it all, but I'll say that Woodrow Wilson wouldn't never have lost that last election if he'd come and seen me. I could have told him a few and then some. But that was always the matter with Wilson; he wouldn't ask for advice. The papers say the same thing about him that I do. Say, you want to hear the real low and inside of how Harding got President of the United States? It was a job, and I know it. They ain't fooling me a little bit."

"Exactly, Mr. Padgett," said the professor restively. "But I'm not running for the presidency, you know—or do you?"

"You can't always sometimes tell," said Bert, waving a hand. "I know you, prof. If you had the right manager you'd be up there fighting in the White House door with the best of them. You'd ought to have got me to manage your campaign, prof. I was speaking to Dunwoody about you only yesterday, and I says to Dunwoody ——"

"Dunwoody? You mean the president of Hudson University, where I am Bates Professor of Public Corporations?"

"Yeah, sure. Say, I got a letter from Dunwoody yesterday Writes me letters. Look at!"

Professor Buckmaster read the brief note; it was on the official stationery of the university head:

"*Bert Padgett:* You have passed me in your car again, although I hailed you. Please stop for me.

"ALEXANDER GRAHAM DUNWOODY."

"Likes to ride with me, Dunwoody does," said Bert Padgett, restoring the note to his inside pocket. "Likes to talk to me, he does. Well, he is not much of a talker at the best of times, Dunwoody isn't. More of a listener. Likes to learn something. Say, I'm the man that advised Dunwoody to build those new dormitories on North Field. Did you know that? Yes, sir, that was some of my work. He was hesitating about it because the dormitories would cost a million dollars, and I told him to go right ahead. Well, he did go ahead, and he's never regretted it. Never said so to me, I know."

"I met you at a political gathering, did I not, Mr. Padgett?" asked the professor, still engaged in placing this man whose face was known to him. "Did I meet you in Washington?"

"Might be. I was down there just before the war. It wasn't in the White House, was it? I don't think it was, because I never was in the White House. The door man said Wilson would certainly want to talk his plans over with me, and not forget to come around sometime next week. Well, maybe that big coat stuffer was just kidding me. Anyway, I didn't get in that time, as I had to come right back to New York the same day; but I wrote Wilson a letter. Yes, I wrote him a letter. Advised him to declare war, I did. Well, he took my advice, and I guess he's never regretted it. Never told me if he did. Well, prof, how's the campaign coming? I haven't voted yet, but I'm going straight out from here to bang a ballot right on the trademark. How's she look?"

"The political situation in the Fortieth Assembly District, Mr. Padgett," said Professor Buckmaster jadedly, "is one that must arouse burning indignation in every good citizen. Tammany Hall has nominated Hamilton Tooley, our present misrepresentative in the assembly and a venal rascal if ever there was one. You are aware that he has been recently exposed as a bribe taker and a vote seller; there is no doubt about his character. And look at the poor stick who is the regular Republican nominee—a boy just out of school, and now under strong suspicion of having bought his place on the ticket. I do not speak as a candidate, Mr. Padgett, but as one of the unfortunate citizens of the Fortieth Assembly District; if you know anything about me, you know that the office and the salary are no object to me. Next year happens to be my sabbatical year, so I shall be in a position to spend the necessary time at Albany, but I do not expect to find the association agreeable. My friends prevailed on me to stand for the office as an independent, but I say to you in all sincerity that if the ticket of either the Democratic or the Republican machine was one that a self-respecting citizen could support I should not be a candidate. The better element in this district will have none of either regular nominee, and I have received numerous assurances that they will support me at the polls."

"'At's the spirit, prof!" said Bert, working with both hands at the roll of money in his pocket. "Say, did you

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"I Met You at a Political Gathering, Did I Not, Mr. Padgett?" Asked the Professor, Still Engaged in Placing This Man Whose Face Was Known to Him

BUTTERFIELD'S RUN

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

FOR sixty-two minutes of actual play neither side had scored, wherefore the Kingston supporters were hysterical with joy. They had confidently expected their team to be ground to sausage meat by at least 30-0, for the line, except for one tackle and the ends, was mediocre; the back field was slow and unreliable; and there was only one man on the entire squad who could really kick. And yet, by desperate sabotage, they had contrived to prevent the enemy machine from ever getting into high gear. They had played inspired football, even after their star tackle and both ends had been carried off the field. So that naturally the stands were delirious and praying for a tie.

There is a certain milestone, however, at which sheer courage, unbolstered by technical skill, must take off its hat to superiors. And Kingston reached that boundary post in the sixty-third minute, when they lost their unique kicker and both the substitute ends. Abruptly, the team changed countenance, and from a marauding party, it became merely the shadow of a faint opposing host. The visitors, taking the ball almost under their own goal, marched a hundred yards in short, irresistible advances. They had a first down on Kingston's two-yard line, and they knew in their hearts that they had a touchdown in pickle. But at this juncture Willie Butterfield, a senior of the class of 1900, was sent in at left end. Inasmuch as it was Kingston's poorest team in a decade, and Willie was the seventh man to fill a wing position that day, you may reasonably assume that he wasn't a very good player.

Nevertheless, as the ball was passed, Willie charged the foe with all the accumulated venom of his four years of obscurity. And suddenly, dead ahead of him, he recognized his opportunity, which was both golden and leather; and he not only recognized it but he also seized it, and kept right on running.

Just as he crossed mid-field, leading the pack by some fifteen yards, the timekeeper blew his whistle; but according to the rules the last play could be completed, and it was. The foremost harriers gained precisely fourteen yards on him, but Willie took a wild header over the line, and Kingston won, 6 to 0. That night he got drunk for the first and only time in his life, but he did it on half a bottle of beer and potent glory.

"Lucky? You Were the Luckiest Man I Ever Knew, Bill. Apart From Everything Else, You Married My Sister"

It had always been an understood thing in the family that when William Chauncey Butterfield should become a bachelor of arts he wouldn't die on the vine. He was to forge ahead, acquire his A.M. and his Ph.D., and thus prepare himself for an earnest career in the teaching profession, preferably at some orthodox and poverty-stricken college within a cruising radius from home. And to judge by William Chauncey's appearance, this was about his proper speed.

He was nearly six feet tall and weighed a fraction more than a hundred and fifty pounds. He had an intellectual forehead, a moderately strong chin and somewhat speculative blue eyes. Except on the football field, he wore steel-rimmed spectacles. He was a confirmed winner of scholarships, debates and chess matches, and he was among the few undergraduates who, single-handed, could dog a Greek pun to its lair, smoke it out and laugh at it spontaneously as it emerged. He was neither popular nor unpopular; he was simply one of those neutral-tinted persons whom nobody dislikes, nobody avoids and nobody ever thinks of inviting anywhere.

Overnight, however, Willie pipped his shell. In the New York newspapers there were smudgy photographs of him, and two different accounts of the game were printed under the caption, Butterfield's Run. Unanimously, the student body jostled to shake hands with him, and his striped jersey was cut into shreds for freshman souvenirs. At the football dinner he was the principal speaker, and since he was thoroughly trained to the platform, he made the best speech that had ever been heard on a similar occasion. Afterward, a portly gentleman with a white mustache plucked him by the lapel.

"I was too late for the reception, Butterfield," he said, "so I haven't yet congratulated you. I'm Martin, '69. What did you think of doing when you graduated, Butterfield?"

Now until a month ago, Willie had looked forward to his Ph.D. in about the same spirit in which Sir Launcelot visualized the Holy Grail. It was the way he had been brought up. And what had knocked him galley-west wasn't so much the grandeur which his own university had wrapped around him as it was the appreciation from outside. Already he had received two hundred letters, fifty telegrams and half a dozen offers of employment, ranging from athletic coach to customers' man in a brokerage office, and the average salary mentioned was more than Willie had expected to earn for several years. For even with a doctor's degree, one generally began as assistant instructor at six or seven hundred. So that Willie had been tempted by adverse demons and had secretly been considering the offers—all of them

And now, as he stood smiling down at Martin, '69, the demons finally took out an iron-clad option on him, for Martin, Carson & Co. were one of the best-known bond houses in Wall Street, and Martin himself, as a Kingston trustee, benefactor and patron of sport, was little short of a tradition.

"Why, I don't know," he said; "I hadn't quite decided."

The older man returned the smile.

"Then listen to me, young sir. I think you've got qualities that we can use. They tell me you practiced faithfully for four seasons without ever getting in a game; but when your one chance came, you were Johnny on the spot. Well, we want men who can apply that same principle to business. Patient study, rigid determination, and then quick, accurate judgment. We're ready to propose you the usual commissions and twenty-five dollars a week drawing account. Think it over and then write me."

To Willie, who could play two simultaneous games of chess, blindfold, the problem was hardly more complicated than tit-tat-to. It would take him another four years to earn his doctorate, and this at the cost of infinite and continuous sacrifice on the part of his adoring family. And what would it get him? A squirrel cage of routine in some jerkwater college and six or seven hundred. To be sure, the academic atmosphere had always appealed to him, but that was before he had tasted blood. That was before he had received so many business propositions.

"Mr. Martin," he said, "I'm willing to give you my answer right now. It's yes—and thank you. And all I hope is that this particular end justifies his means."

The plump gentleman laughed explosively.

"Good! You're a bright boy. I don't mind telling you that we've invited only one other man this year—Cunningham. He's accepted too. Come on, we'll all get together."

Cunningham, incidentally, was the captain and the star tackle. Until the big game, he had always bowed to Willie, pleasantly enough, but for the past month he had been increasingly cordial; and tonight, after Martin, '69, had departed, he was brusquely confidential.

"Look here, Butterfield," he said, "let's talk brass tacks. The Eccentric Club is going to give you a bid. Well, do me a favor and hold it off a week, will you?"

Willie was dazed, but he didn't show it. He was too dazed to show it. The Eccentric was rated second, or at least third, among all the Kingston clubs. But Cunningham was an Octagon man, and Octagon was first by a mile. And Willie had never previously been approached, even in respect to the most humble of undergraduate societies. He had never remotely dreamed of it. Did the honest, hard-working peasants on the slope of Olympus dream of being nominated gods?

"It's like this, Bill," said Cunningham in an undertone: "Eccentric has a meeting before we do. But Martin was a charter member of Octagon and he likes you, and we've got certain K men pledged to vote for you—and that's all I ought to say. But will you hold off?"

Willie, coming out of the anæsthetic, told himself that as a matter of fact it was only what he deserved. He'd

saved their bacon for them, hadn't he? He was entitled to recognition, wasn't he? Well, rather! So that he gave his solemn promise to the captain, declined a bid from Eccentric that same night in his room, and a week later was duly elected to Octagon. No one but Cunningham was particularly enthusiastic about him, but nobody could possibly object to him; and after all, he was the outstanding figure of a football generation.

Once within the sacred portals, however, Willie grew self-conscious. He knew instinctively that something was wrong, but he couldn't tell what it was. Eventually, Cunningham enlightened him.

"Look here," said Cunningham awkwardly, "would you get sore if I gave you a couple of tips, Bill? I mean, strictly between ourselves, you're a bit shaggy in one or two little ways; they don't amount to anything, but—I mean, all this social racket depends more or less on set rules, and you're cracking a few. Let me steer you. Is it a go?"

Gratefully, Willie said that it was a go; and thenceforward, in regard to clothes, conversation and conduct, he took his orders from Cunningham. As a result, he lost the major portion of his self-consciousness before Easter; for his brain was spongelike in its power to retain information, and he also had a strong sense of the dramatic. His club mates said that he had improved enormously and his former cronies said that he was utterly spoiled. This was because he had learned to temper his affability by a slight reserve, except in association with his peers.

He missed his senior scholarship by an eyelash, and had to borrow money from his father to pay his graduation fees; but he was class orator, notwithstanding. And his last act, before leaving Kingston, was to refuse an instructorship in Greek at the state university.

When he went home for a brief vacation his family wept over him, pointed out the pitfalls of Wall Street and feebly attempted to reëstablish him in the rut of pedagogy. Indeed, in respect to Martin, Carson & Co., his father was irritatingly skeptical.

"You don't seem to realize, Willie," he said soberly "that those folks just hire you young athletes to exploit you; they want to cash in on the publicity you got in the papers. But when the noise dies down, they let you out. Why, Willie, do you guess you're a star bond salesman just simply because you had the fool luck to pick up a football and run a ways with it?"

"Well, if you'll excuse me for saying so," responded Willie a trifle coldly, "it wasn't altogether fool luck. I saw my chance and I took it And it's the same way with this job. I see another chance and I'm going to jump at it. And kindly don't assume I've failed or I'm fired until I tell you so myself."

When he arrived in New York he was as different from his earlier self as chalk is from cheese. He was dressed à la Cunningham, he was barbered à la Cunningham, and he wore a pair of fragile nose glasses instead of spectacles. He also wore a very mild swagger, which was curiously becoming to him. And up at the Kingston Club the older graduates flattered him and ordered cocktails for him, and even bought so many bonds from him that his drawing account was quite unnecessary. In fact, he outsold Cunningham three to one, but of course Cunningham had merely been captain of a rotten team and had never monopolized the headlines. And Cunningham was independently rich, anyway, and worked only because he was ashamed to be idle.

In New York, as in the last term at Kingston, the two were inseparable; they were the truest possible friends

Cunningham used to say to him, "Bill, you're a prince The only thing I've got against you is you were such a confounded hermit those first three years. Look at the time I wasted!"

Yes, Cunningham was a true friend and a staunch admirer. He thought that Willie was the cleverest man he had ever known. He bowed to Willie's intellect, roared at his humor, nodded at his philosophy, gaped at his bond sales and turned over to Willie a large number of his own best prospects. Why not? Cunningham didn't need the commissions and Willie did, and Willie was a wonder.

But more than this, Cunningham, huge, simple soul, launched Willie into society, and groomed him and guided him and chaperoned him until Willie could stand on his own capable feet and not turn carmine because a pretty girl liked to dance close. He continued to superintend Willie's wardrobe, and gradually accustomed him to spats, silk toppers, morning coats and gardenias. In two short years he had made Willie so much of a metropolite that in comparison with the pupil, the master could be distinguished only by his greater informality.

Moreover, Willie, who was a born student, proved also to be a born salesman and an embryo executive; and in consequence, at twenty-five, he was shunted first to Cleveland and then to Pittsburgh, to organize new branch offices. In each of them there were a number of cubs who at college had been well-known athletes, but Willie collected them and deflated them with an eloquent lecture, which went to show that in the long run true merit is all that counts and that the best man invariably wins.

When he returned to New York, Cunningham was almost pathetic with happiness.

"Gosh, Bill," he said, "but it's been lonesome! Only, while you were away, I put you through for the Patroons' Club. Martin and four others of the old crowd are on the committee, so don't slop over."

Willie didn't slop over, but he was nearly as dazed as he had been five years ago when Cunningham gave him his hold-off for Octagon. His ambitions were lofty, but this was an altitude which he had piously hoped to attain in about ten years.

"Well, that was darned white of you, old boy, but what does it cost?"

"Why, you see," said Cunningham diffidently, "we've got a by-law that after you're once through the committee, you can join whenever you like, whether it's tomorrow or thirty years. I mean, your membership stays in abeyance until you jolly well choose to come up with your twenty-five hundred initiation and a thousand dues. Only I think it would be worth while, both commercially and socially, to get aboard right off, Bill. So —— Oh, hang it all! What I'm driving at is this: If it's a bit too steep at the moment, why, I'll gladly slip you a check for thirty-five hundred and you can owe it to me. Honestly, Bill, you'd better do it It's for your own good."

So that presently Willie wrote home on Patroons' Club stationery, not in conceit, but merely to advise his father that he had been appointed city sales manager of Martin, Carson & Co. And since Willie was human, he couldn't

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He Took a Nap in His Chair While the Ex-Shrimp Sat Tense, Seeing a Kaleidoscope of Her Past Youth

TOO MUCH ROOSTER

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THIS Benito Salazar was a plucky rooster, sir, and when the wagon boss handed him a kick in the pants, his fierce spirit rebelled. He pulled a knife and sprang like a lion of the mountains on Jim Stofer and stuck it in his ribs very deliciously. Then he beat it. Yes, he thought it would be better to go away from there.

The cowboys, they were surprised and full of food, and before anybody could stop him Benito was nothing short a spurt of dust. They chased him a long ways, but his horse's hoofs thudded like rain on a roof. By goodness, that horse could run! Salazar had taken the precaution to grab the best one in camp, and he went like a bat out of hell down that valley and across a mesa and over the border. He didn't even take time to put up the line fence after him, and so two other horses which were grazing on the mesa wandered through also. They said Benito stole these horses, sir—what do you know about that?

Benito did not let the grass grow under his feet, because he was afraid some line riders might happen along and inquire where those lovely horses came from. He wanted to be alone, and he traveled swiftly southwest toward some mountains where there was a dandy hiding place he knew about. There he could rest safe from pursuit, and his cousin would bring him food, and when things had quieted down he could start out again and go to a country where nobody knew him and he would be free from persecution.

The stars had come out by the time he struck those mountains. Benito looked at them very gloomy and often he sighed, for he was thinking of a nice girl with violet eyes whose mother owned a farm on the San Pedro, and he wondered what devil would sit under the chinaberry tree while he was far away. Pity poor Benito, sir—at one stroke he had lost a fine farm and a good job and the beautiful Mariquita. The sword of justice would certainly be stretched out for him now, also, and he had no dinero to turn it aside.

"Moreover," he reflected, very sad, "the son of a gun jumped up from the ground and tried to climb on a horse; I didn't finish that job. Well, maybe the Divine Ruler of the universe will give me another chance at that guy." And so he rode away up into those mountains and came to the house where his cousin lived.

It was true, sir; the treacherous wagon boss did not die at all. He was always lucky, that Jim Stofer. The cowboys carried him to town in the chuck wagon and he cussed the whole way like the rough road was all their fault. And as soon as he got well he went around telling everybody Benito was a bad hombre who had stolen many noble calfs from the company. By goodness, some men are mean! Stofer had taken those calfs his own self. He owned a bunch of cows which grazed in the foothills, and his herd increased so fast people used to smile very queer and remark "Aha, there's a fellow who knows how to save money, sure enough."

His cousin was very glad to see Salazar and he remained up in the mountains nearly a month, but nobody ever came to look for him.

This surprised Benito because he made sure the whole country would be talking about his deed and the rurales would hunt.

Perhaps Jim Stofer did not care to catch the vaquero, for now when the manager wished to be informed where

"Yes, While Benito Salazar Endured Hunger and Peril Where the Eagles Build Their Nests, Jim Stofer Sat in the Shade of the Chinaberry Tree and the Widow Cooked Up Chickens and Chili for Him"

so many calfs had gone to, he could say, "That yellowbelly took them." What is your opinion, sir?

When he perceived there was no search, Benito came out of hiding and went to stay with his cousin, who was a woodcutter. But after a while the cousin's wife began to display a curiosity as to how long that loafer aimed to remain anyhow.

"How do I know?" said her husband.

"Ask him, coward."

"Ask him yourself."

"He will not even so much as help you with the wood. And the way he eats! You are a big fool, Manuel."

"But Benito is resting up. He has passed through terrible sufferings."

"Well, if you're afraid, I'm not. I'll ask him."

And she did. Benito sighed very moody and observed, "Ah, that is the question. Life is very hard."

"It is very hard on the poor," remarked the Señora Ortiz.

When he heard these words Benito pushed away his plate and cried in a furious voice, "You are right, Concha. Oh, that villain! Only for him I would now be rich and happy with my Mariquita. Yes, and able to recompense the friends who are loyal to me, Manuel."

The señora looked at him and murmured, "You have still the horses, hombrecito."

That made Benito extremely thoughtful. He perceived, sir, it was time to shake his hoofs.

"You are right, Concha. I will take them with me tomorrow."

Now, this was not at all what the Señora Ortiz had in mind, but she was so glad to get rid of her husband's cousin that she kept her tongue between her teeth, meanwhile planning something else again for next morning. But Benito fooled her. That son of a gun rose up very early and sneaked off without even saying good-by, for he thought maybe they might request him to leave one of those lovely horses behind. What do you know about that!

Well, he rode along, smiling to himself, when all of a sudden he saw something which caused him to laugh on the other side of his mouth. A man was waiting for him behind a rock with a great big gun, sir. Salazar turned around to beat it, but the fellow stepped into view, and it was Manuel.

"You are surprised, Benito, are you not? Do not be afraid. Know, then, that the woodcutting business is on the bum, and I will not stand no longer, also, that woman's tongue. It goes all night like a sewing machine. So I am going with you. Yes, I'll show her who is the boss."

"Fine!"

"You see before you a poor, ignorant peon, Benito, but a man with a great big heart who does not know fear. Yes, I will join this revolution you are about to make," said Manuel. "Why not? We will rob the rich and thus help the poor."

Salazar did not know what to do. He eyed his cousin and replied, "That don't go. Listen, hombre—I never judge a hunter by the talk he makes, but by the skins nailed on the wall. However, we will see about you. Get up on the brown horse."

Manuel was about to do so, sir, when they heard a screech, and here came the Señora Ortiz on a donkey, making the dirt fly. By goodness, her husband looked foolish! Benito pulled to one side without saying a word in order to give his cousin room to show who was the boss

Judge of his dismay, then, when that poor devil turned around and went home as meek as a sheep, with the señora screaming names at him and every now and again taking a scratch at his face.

"Yes, and I'll do the same for you if you ever show your ugly mug around here again!" she yelled back at Benito, who shook up his horses mighty quick.

"Aha!" muttered Benito Salazar. "A bachelor has lonely hours maybe, but he has more peace than another."

Well, he traveled many days' journey until he reached a distant state, and there he joined a revolution that was just starting. They were a striving bunch and Salazar soon had plenty pesos to jingle in his pocket. It made him very proud.

"You think you're tough guys, hey?" said this Benito "Well, know that I'm the toughest guy in the bunch, see?"

They were not all of this opinion, sir, and Benito was obliged to prove it on their hides.

"Gather round and hear me," he cried, swelling out his chest. "When I was a baby my mother fed me on raw meat and peppers. That made me strong. She gave me a wildcat to play with. That made me brave like I am. Am I the boss?"

"Sure."

"Then go and ring the bells and summon all the people of this place. We will proclaim a new revolution. Drink hearty, boys "

"Viva El Gallo!"

But while Benito was climbing the ladder of fame and enduring hardships for his country, a thief planned to steal the jewel he had left behind him. Yes, this Jim Stofer took to riding by the farm on the San Pedro where the nice girl with the violet eyes lived. Some men are rascals through circumstances and some are born that way; is it not so? There was Benito, a poor, honest fellow forced to flee like a wolf, while Jim Stofer reposed in the lap of luxury and schemed how he could grab more of those beautiful calfs. But Mariquita would not look at him, sir. She did not like the cut of his mug.

"What? You're still dreaming about that good-for-nothing Benito?" exclaimed her mother. "He is nothing short a bum, I tell you, and he will never come back, you'll see. But this Señor Jim Stofer—ah, there is a grand man! He is rich, too, and will make you a fine husband."

"He has eyes like a pig."

"What nonsense is this you are talking? Listen to me, girl—this Americano does you great honor, and husbands don't grow on bushes."

"Then have him yourself, mamma. He is more your age than mine."

The Señora Urbina went and got a stout club, aiming to pound some sense into that so stubborn child which took after her father in character, but Mariquita's words started her thinking, and she went to her room and put on her best dress instead, and rubbed glycerin and rice powder on her face, and sprinkled perfume like it was water, so that she smelled very sweet even from a distance. The next time Jim Stofer rode by he seemed very surprised.

"I can't hardly tell you apart," he told the widow. By goodness, he was a cunning devil! The Señora Urbina blushed all over like she had been drinking mezcal, and she killed two of the best chickens on the place for that guy's supper too.

"Now, I wonder what's on the old gal's mind?" pondered this hombre as he was riding back to camp.

Maybe Jim Stofer would have married the girl if she had been willing, but he had no such intentions as regards the mother. Yet the señora permitted herself to be blinded by hopes, and since Mariquita would have nothing to do with Stofer, she set out to get him for herself. That big villain laughed when he saw what she was up to, and often he would gaze fondly at the fat cattle eating grass happily in the fields. Yes, while Benito Salazar endured hunger and peril where the eagles build their nests, Jim Stofer sat in the shade of the chinaberry tree and the widow cooked up chickens and chili for him.

Well, she did not get Stofer, but he got most of her money. And after the last bunch of steers was shipped, what did that fellow up and do but go on about his business. I think he acted very mean. What is your opinion, sir?

The Señora Urbina could not believe the evidence of her own senses. She flew into a rage when Mariquita exclaimed "Aha, what did I tell you, mamma?" and gave the girl a sound beating, but they had to eat the fried chicken and nice chili and tortillas all alone. At last the widow had to admit Stofer was gone for keeps, and then she tore her hair and beat her breast and screeched that she had been robbed, and she would fetch her brother up from Arispe and Jim Stofer would soon find out if he could do a lady that way.

All her threats and tears failed to bring back Jim Stofer, or one centavo of her lovely money. Then the Señora Urbina got a lawyer and started to sue, but when she found out the big lie that son of a gun made up to tell in court, she soon changed her mind. And her brother would do nothing. No, the unnatural wretch told his own sister it was none of his affair and reminded her how often she had refused to lend him a single peso when he most needed it. It is sad, sir, the way one's relations act. The Señora Urbina had to hire a stranger to protect her honor, but although this hombre hid close to Jim Stofer's shack three whole days and nights, the wagon boss never came out or moved near a window. Instead, a couple of line riders sneaked up on Rafael from behind and arrested him for smuggling. They threw the poor fellow into jail and he stayed there a long time.

About this time Jim Stofer decided to move. He had engaged in numerous disputes over calfs and other things, and a lot of people said he was nothing short a thief. Then somebody burned his house in the night and he lost some cattle which laid down and died very mysterious, so the wagon boss made up his mind he had enemies and he had better move to a country where such things did not happen.

That was why Benito Salazar could not find him when he sneaked back over the border to see his sweet Mariquita.

"What?" he roared in a voice of thunder. "That villain has made off with our money? Wait till I catch him! I will hang his hide to the line fence."

But it is one thing to talk, and another thing to perform the same. Benito might grit his teeth until his eyes popped out, but he could not hurt Jim Stofer because Jim Stofer had gone far away. So at last he quieted down and began to think. It was evident something troubled Benito. He would gaze at Mariquita and sigh, and then he would frown very fierce at the Señora Urbina.

"Life is very sad," he murmured.

"What is the matter now, Benito?"

"The way they persecute me. They hunt me like a wolf from place to place. Hunger and thirst and no place to lay my head, and every man's hand against me."

"But you will have me with you now, Benito," said Mariquita softly.

"What is that I hear? You do not know what you are saying, girl."

"Surely you are going to take me with you?"

This Salazar tried to look surprised. "You are mad, Mariquita. Take you into the mountains? It would kill you."

But the Señora Urbina laughed, sir. Yes, she laughed a nasty cackling laugh right in his face, and she said to her daughter, "Now you see! They're all alike. This loafer does not want to marry you no more because we have lost our money."

"Peace, old crow!" bellowed Benito Salazar. "Stop your croaking. Know, woman, that I am beset by dangers. The federals fear me and have put a price on my head. Yes, the name of El Gallo makes them tremble. I am a dark cloud to my enemies, and so ——"

"Well? What about it? Get on, muchachito, get on."

"I must rejoin my brave boys. They need me. Later, maybe ——"

And then the señora laughed again. She was possessed of a disagreeable temper and she entertained an unworthy thought, sir, that Benito aimed to beat it and never come

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"Señor Dios," He Shouted in a Voice of Thanksgiving, "You Have Heard!"

ROOTS AND HERBS

By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

UNDER cover of the benevolent and mysterious night Dr. James Jopler wafted into the town of Blaine on three cylinders, and parked his democratic four in the universe, or that part of the universe which was next adjoining the Swan House.

Of his own free will Doctor Jopler paid for his room in advance, peeling a two-dollar bill from an anæmic roll of about six dollars, with the air of a man who must be careful because he has been careless. Having been shown to his room he took from his overcoat pocket a small bundle wrapped in a newspaper, and thoughtfully ate the sandwiches which it contained, finished off with a hunk of jelly roll, took off enough of his clothes so that he could fairly be called in negligee, and went to bed.

Next morning Doctor Jopler was the busiest man in Blaine. Before ten o'clock he had hired a suite of three rooms in the Questrom Block, paying as a deposit a large and unctuous smile, and had gone in debt with the editor of the Blaine Intelligencer for six inches double-column of advertising space, which he ornamented with the following:

HE COMES TO CURE!

This is to Announce That the Celebrated and Renowned

DOCTOR JOPLER

(50% Pure Cherokee Indian Blood)

Has Located Permanently in Your Beautiful Town After a Successful Demonstration in Europe of His Almost Miraculous Cures With His Remedies.

No Drugs, No Death-Dealing Poisons, But Just Sweet, Pure, Health-Giving Roots and Herbs.

Whatever Ails You, Folks, Call on Doctor Jopler and be Convinced. No Cure, No Pay, is His Method.

Read What the Great American Press Says of This Man:

"Another Galen."
—*Steubenville Banner.*

"Almost Beyond Belief."
—*Dicktown Sentinel.*

"Is This Man Superhuman?"
—*Crawford Enterprise.*

"To Know Him is to Love Him."
—*Three Rivers Blade.*

At the Questrom Block, Day and Night. Walk Up. Second Floor, to the Right.

N. B.—Doctor Jopler is an X-Ray Expert.

By noon Doctor Jopler was installed in his offices, with the help of two local young men, who moved a large number of boxes and barrels from the physician's light truck, and also brought over some articles of furniture from Scales' Store, to embellish the reception room and provide instruments of light housekeeping in the rear. The doctor contracted for the furniture on the nothing-down-and-so-much-a-week plan, and paid off his young workers with a bottle each—dollar size—of the Famous Elixir. The doctor was running close to the financial wind, he was free to confess, but his large and amiable eyes, deeply set in a countenance which overflowed pudgily beneath a shock of raven-black locks, opened all doors. His voice was loud and convincing, but mellow. He had an enormous paunch, but he carried it like a man of the world, and his broad shoulders were as straight as a ramrod. He wore a huge gray felt hat with a brim so ample that it could easily have performed the services of an umbrella.

Thus installed, the doctor finished his campaign with a broadside of small handbills, contracted for on the same terms as his advertisement, delivered by small boys who would have run their legs off for this impressive man the moment they came into his presence, and who were grossly overpaid by being permitted to examine an authentic tapeworm which was floating in a great glass jar. Then the newcomer sat down to await business. Fortunately he had arrived just in time to catch that week's edition of the Blaine Intelligencer. The very afternoon of his installation, the people of the town knew that another Galen was among them.

On the following morning a line of patients formed on the stairway of the Questrom Block, and almost fought for the chance to interview the man who had in his veins fifty per cent of pure Cherokee blood, and had just astonished Europe with his roots and herbs.

Among those who read the flaring advertisement of the newcomer was Dr. Horace Volney. Doctor Volney was one of the three ethical doctors in Blaine. He was a young and earnest man, who had recently bought a new automobile, hoping that the weather would turn bad or that in some manner the exasperating healthfulness of the townsfolk would be interrupted. This raucous and vulgar advertisement blasted the eyes of Doctor Volney and threw him into a fit of indigestion. The first thing he did was to step on the gas of his new Perfect Six coupé, and speed toward the home of Doctor Gearin.

"I'm Here in the Interests of the Public. Have You Got a License to Practice Medicine in This State?"

Doctor Gearin was also a young and enthusiastic and ethical physician, who had almost suffered a compound fracture of the eyeball when he saw the advertisement of the quack, and had thrown the newspaper aside and sunk deeply into his chair, showing signs of dysthymia. Doctor Gearin had been equally sanguine about the future, and had just invested in a car with four brakes, balloon tires and a traveling case on the rear, and was wondering whether it would be paid for during his lifetime or be a matter of litigation for his grandchildren.

Neither of these two doctors would have been perturbed had he seen Doctor Jopler come into town and sell a few dozen bottles of his elixir under the flame of a naphtha torch on a Saturday night. But this was different. "Has Located Permanently" were the words of the ad.

"I'll see about that!" cried Doctor Volney.

"He has, has he?" remarked Doctor Gearin, with a carbolic grin.

"What are we going to do about this fellow?" asked Doctor Volney of Doctor Gearin, when they were together in the consulting room of the latter. "Are we going to stand for this?"

"Not on your life!" was the reply. "Have you seen the lout?"

"No, but I just came past the Questrom Block, and there's a queue of idiots a mile long outside. I saw a dozen or more of my patients there, and some of them have been owing me so long that my statements have a tainted smell when I send them out. I'll tell you, doctor, we've got to act together, and act quick. This thing is an insult to us, and to the town. I suppose we'd better go over and see Doctor Sarah, first."

"Yes, we'll go over now. We want her in on this. We've got to act together."

"All I want from you two," continued Doctor Volney, "is your support, and I'll have this quack on the move before tomorrow night."

Dr. Sarah Pringle was older than the two other doctors. She had long ago acknowledged her fiftieth birthday, and then put the subject away forever. She was tall, thin, inclined toward severity of costume, and tight at the lips, which met and produced a straight line. In her eyes, back of her gold-rimmed spectacles, glittered determination and sagacity, and yet there was humor in them too. Dr. Sarah Pringle had her own clientele, which could not be taken from her; and she had been prudent, and she had had no family; she was reputed to be extremely well-to-do. Her quiet philosophic manner contrasted sharply with the youthful and vigorous combative spirit of the two men who came to see her.

"I suppose you know there's a quack in town!" blurted out Doctor Volney, in bitter haste, as soon as Doctor Sarah had shaken hands.

Doctor Sarah looked from one man to the other. "I hope you two haven't been quarreling and calling names," she said; and those two dark eyes shimmered with delicate malice.

Doctor Volney laughed, but it was the laugh of a livery-stable man when he sees the Standard Oil tank go by.

"Haw, haw, that's good!" he said. "But I'm not joking, doctor. You know about this man Jopler?"

"What Jopler? No, I don't. What's happened?" Doctor Sarah admitted not having read the Intelligencer, and also having risen tardily that day.

Having been excitedly informed of the reason for this unusual visit from her two confreres, Doctor Sarah took off her spectacles and poised them on her forefinger, and slowly rubbed the red mark on the bridge of her nose, where the spectacles had rested.

"Oh, I don't think I'd make any fuss about it," she said. "I've seen a lot of them come and go. They're tramps. Usually they're quite harmless, and it's merely the novelty that attracts folks to them. I'm not sure that it doesn't do an ethical physician good to have one of these chaps come, now and then. In the first place, it advertises medicine, it reminds people that they have ills; and in the second place, when they get through monkeying with this moonshine, they usually come back to us with contrition and—some payments, as a peace offering. No, I don't think I'd bother the poor fellow. After all, you know, we all have our living to make."

"But he's a menace to people that are really sick."

"No, I don't think so. Roots and herbs wouldn't hurt anyone. I suppose he puts plenty of whisky in his medicine. That chirks 'em up, and doesn't do any harm."

"Now, look, it's all right for you to take that attitude, doctor," broke in Doctor Gearin, "but you can afford to, no doubt. I've got two children to educate, and I've just bought a big car ——"

"I ride in a flivver," interrupted Doctor Sarah succinctly.

"Well, do I understand you won't stand back of us?" insisted Doctor Volney a bit angrily. "This man is practicing without a license. I'm going to run him out of here."

"How do you know he's practicing without a license?"

"Oh, I know he is. Of course he is."

"Well, I dare say he is. But you'd better be sure of it. As to whether I'll stand back of you—why, I suppose I will. But mark my word, if you start any fuss over this poor simpleton you'll regret it. There are always a lot of disappointed people, that we doctors haven't been able to

"I Saw a Dozen or More of My Patients There, and Some of Them Have Been Owing Me So Long That My Statements Have a Tainted Smell When I Send Them Out"

satisfy, who love to see us humiliated. They like nothing better than to say, 'Those regular doctors want to drive this honest man out of town. They hate to see anyone else get their business.' As sure as you raise this issue you'll also raise a small army on behalf of your quack. I advise you to let this complaint run its course. As soon as he gets a little money he'll move on. They're gypsies."

Having obtained a tacit agreement that Dr. Sarah Pringle would sanction his efforts, so far as they were in defense of medical ethics, Dr. Horace Volney smacked his hands together and said, "That settles it. Thanks, doctor. Bye-bye!" Outside, Doctor Volney said to Doctor Gearin, "You just leave it to me, will you? I'll call on this fellow and tell him where he gets off."

"Go to it," assented the other. "Kick him once for me."

Dr. Horace Volney was tempted to break in upon the long line of patients of Jopler then and thereupon. But a little delicacy prevented him from doing so. After all, even a quack has a sort of immunity from invasion during office hours. The doctor went out on one or two cases, and cooled his impetuosity until night came. Then he proceeded to the Questrom Block and mounted the stairs three at a time. He knocked loudly on Jopler's door. From over the transom came the odor of frying bacon and eggs. The disciple of Galen was just preparing his supper after a hard day's work. "I'm Doctor Volney," explained the caller.

A great hearty fist was stuck out. The two friendly, sunken eyes illuminated with welcome and pleasure. "Come right in, doc! Can I fry you an egg? Well, well, this is real good of you, I'll say! Last place I was in, what do you think—not a single doctor called on me. Snobbish, I call it. But you're the right sort. You ——"

"Wait a minute!" cried Volney. "You're getting me wrong. This isn't a social visit. By thunder, you've got a cheek! I'm here in the interests of the public. Have you got a license to practice medicine in this state?"

The kitchen knife, which Jopler had been holding upraised while he poured forth his thrushlike notes of praise, suddenly tottered and came down. He stared at the visitor in a hurt way. A cunning look took the place of that boyish pleasure in his eyes. Fat as he was, Jopler seemed to shrink visibly.

Marm Meachard

"Lord, I thought you were friendlylike," he murmured. "Now what's the use being onfriendly, what? Live and let live, that's my motto. I always say ——"

"Have you got a license to practice medicine in this state?" pursued the relentless Volney. "That's the question."

"Y-yes, I have," was the defiant answer, but without much conviction.

"I demand to see it."

Jopler hesitated a moment, and then shambled over to the couch at one side of the consulting room. He opened a black bag and fumbled inside. Then, with a sudden burst of triumph, he drew forth a folded sheet of Nile green crackly paper, and waved it. "That's it!"

A second afterward he started to thrust it back into the bag. But Doctor Volney, who was just behind Jopler, reached out and seized it. While Jopler stood, helplessly following the proceeding with his childlike and hopeful eyes, Doctor Volney scanned the document under the electric light.

Then he threw the paper down scornfully and said, "This valuable document says that if the bearer returns it, with nine more exactly like it, he will be entitled to receive one dozen jars of Ban-Zema Face Cream."

"By gorry, I must have given you the wrong paper. My eyesight isn't what it was," lamented the fat man. But he made no effort to look further for his license to practice.

"I'm not here for a selfish reason. I'm here in the interest of the public," went on Doctor Volney stiffly. "You advertise X-ray treatment. That treatment, except in the most expert hands, is highly dangerous. I don't believe you are qualified to use those rays. Where the devil do you keep ——"

"Now, doctor!" pleaded Jopler. "Let's talk this over on a friendly basis."

But the visitor had flung into the adjoining room, and was already staring at a clumsy, badly painted contrivance which looked like a combination window seat and an opium-joint divan as seen in the movies.

"So that's an X-ray outfit, is it? Where's the electric connection?"

"It—it runs by steam," ventured the owner. "Now look, doctor ——"

"Repeat the Hippocratic oath," commanded the visitor.

"I don't just remember it," Jopler said slowly. "Now look, doctor; any cases I can't deal with I'll send over to you. I ——"

"You can't bribe me," returned the other man. "I'll give you fair warning, Jopler: If you're not on your way tomorrow by noon I'll have you arrested for practicing medicine without a license. You know, as well as I do, that that is a felony. So you'd better be going. That's all."

Doctor Volney went out and slammed the door. Doctor Jopler went sadly back to his oil stove, scraped out the ruined eggs, which he had forgotten at the entrance of his visitor, broke four more into the pan, and prepared the rest of his supper.

But he ate without relish. Once in a while he shook his head as he thought of man's inhumanity to man. But Doctor Jopler had spent his life in the midst of alarums, and by morning he had quite recovered his poise and was ready to greet his patients.

Next morning Doctor Volney went to the police station to state his complaint with the vehemence of a righteous indignation. He found the entire police force of Blaine playing a two-hand game of cribbage. Cribbage is a game that calls for concentration, and the doctor's invasion created a bad impression. Capt. Frank Brumfit and Lieut. Caleb Coppins rose and put on their coats. Captain Brumfit promised that the case would be looked into.

But after Doctor Volney had gone the captain said to the remainder of the force, "You better run around and see what's in this, Caleb. Practicing medicine without a license certainly sounds against the law. I s'pose we'll have to pinch this feller. At the same time, this Doctor Volney is a regular nuisance. This is the second time he's been in here within two years, complaining of something or other. Does he think we've got nothing to do but chase around on his errands?"

The Blaine police force was a fine body of men, but one of them was much finer than the other. Captain Brumfit was a six-footer up, and a three-footer across. He boasted that he had never had a sick day in his life. He had a hand which some wag had compared with a bunch of bananas. He exhaled such an atmosphere of vigor that evildoers usually fell helpless at his approach.

Doctor Jopler

Caleb Coppins was not gifted with such abounding health. He complained more or less of his back, although he was not sure that it wasn't his heart. He suffered notoriously from neuralgic pains, flat feet, occasional dizziness and asthma. Beginning in the year 1901 he had started the round of the patent medicines kept at the local drugstore, had gone twice through the list, and was just beginning again with Doctor Cook's Tonic. He was the ideal man to interview Mr. Jopler. He had the most expensive knowledge of medicines in Blaine.

Until Lieutenant Coppins displayed his badge Mr. Jopler thought that his visitor had dropped in from some neighboring home for Civil War veterans

(Continued on Page 70)

Letters From Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles

V

Governor, Vice President, President and Private Citizen

AFTER his return from Cuba Theodore Roosevelt was nominated for the Governorship of New York and was elected in November, 1898. After his inauguration on January 1, 1899, he generally spent Friday night and Saturday at 689 Madison Avenue, where, as a rule, Senator Platt and Mr. Odell breakfasted with him on Saturday morning to talk over the important matters that were imminent, and during the day he had appointments with all the necessary people to consult with on official work.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

AT OYSTER BAY, N. Y.,
July 12, 1898.

DARLING BYE: Have you got my letter books which Root used last year? I do not seem to find them here and have a vague impression that they were left at 689.

I had a very interesting time at the White House, where the President jollied me to his heart's content. I do most earnestly hope he will get a definite policy and follow it out both in the Philippines and in Cuba. He is very confident about Otis, as is John Hay, and both feel what I trust is an entirely warranted satisfaction as to the outcome in the Philippines during the next dry season.

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Nov. 27th, 1899

DARLING BYE: That was a very sweet note of the Secretary's, and I appreciate it and, still more, your letter. I agree exactly with what you say about Dewey. His action was unwise, and indeed, foolish. But I do not think it called for any public comment, and it counts as nothing compared with the debt we owe him for what he has done. I felt that the clamor about it was worse than undignified.

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In October, 1899, Mrs. Cowles moved to 1733 N Street, Washington, owing to Captain Cowles having been appointed to work in the Navy Department.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Sunday, Dec. 17th, '99.

DARLING BYE: I have told Cabot that I did not want, and would not take, the Vice Presidency; also Platt. The latter assures me that he is for me for a renomination, and that there will be no opposition to me; too much faith must not be put in princes, even of the democratic type, but at present it looks as if I would be renominated. Of course, were my renomination out of the question I should accept the Vice Presidency were I offered it. But it seems to me there is more work to be done in the Governorship in two years than in the Vice Presidency in four; and with our kaleidoscopic politics it is foolish to look too far ahead as regards *places*—as regards the work itself, I always follow the same lines. My being in politics is in a sense an accident; and it is only a question of time when I shall be forced out. Just at present the Tom Payn fight seems my most serious rock ahead.

The South African business makes me really sad. I have a genuine admiration for the Boers; but the downfall of the British Empire, I should regard as a calamity to the race, and especially to this country. I am an optimist, but there are grave signs of deterioration in the English-speaking peoples, here and there; not merely in the evident lack of fighting edge in the British soldier, but in the diminishing birth rate here and in English Canada, as well as Australia; in the excessive urban growth; in the love of luxury, and the turning of sport into a craze by the upper classes. All these things may pass; but they would be greatly added to by the race humiliation of a great catastrophe. How much more if, thanks to our own folly, of the kind flourishing in the "Nation" and in the demagogues in Congress, we some day court military disaster through our own unpreparedness!

Edith has gone to meet Emily, very happy. I am taking the children out for a long tramp. Love to Will and blessed curly-headed Sheffield.

Yours ever, T. R.

PHOTO, BY [illegible]

A Family Group—Left to Right, Ex-President Roosevelt Holding Archie's Son, Mrs. Archibald Bulloch Roosevelt, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Richard Derby With Richard Jr. and Baby Edith

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Jany. 22nd, 1900.

DEAR WILL: It was delightful to hear from you. I have my hands full of parochial politics. Just at present I am in a horrid fight over the Payn business. All that I reasonably can do to stay in with the organization I will, but I will not renominate Payn. What the outcome will be I can't tell.

I am delighted to hear that Crowninshield has done so well. I have written Lodge and will write to Long.

Recently I have been having a little too much strenuous life with a large gentleman whom I have had up to wrestle with me. First of all he caved in my ribs. When I got over those I fetched loose one shoulder blade while endeavoring to give him a flying fall. I think I shall take to boxing as a gentler sport. The trouble is that I have so little time that I have to get my exercise in a highly concentrated form.

Give my best love to Anna. I have been so delighted to hear that Sheffield has been well.

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Jany. 23rd, 1900.

DARLING BYE: Some weeks ago President Schurman came here and suggested to me that I ought to take the Governor Generalship of the Philippines. I suppose the idea had been drifting latent in my mind, although I had never spoken of it or definitely thought of it. I told him that while I could not answer definitely, it was one of the things that seemed to me to be eminently worth doing, and I believe I mentioned it to Platt and of course to Cabot (I think twice) and to one or two other people, as among the possibilities which I should have to give up if I accepted the Vice Presidency—simply coupling it with, for instance, a cabinet position. Not that I believe I could get either that or a cabinet position, but that it was a bit of genuine work which, if the opportunity came, I should like to undertake.

The organization played the limit with me on the Payn business, but I have remained entirely good natured and entirely inflexible, with the result that I think they will come around to my side. I earnestly hope we can get Payn out. In any event, though I shall mind being defeated, I would a great deal rather try to get him out and fail than acquiesce in his staying in.

Corinne and Douglas spent a hurried thirty-six hours here. I have seen much more of them on the visits to New York, which I have really enjoyed for that reason. The work is of course of absorbing interest to me, because it is a great game, and because I am striving hard for the foundations of honesty and public decency. Whatever comes I am profoundly satisfied, and shall always remain so, with having made a creditable record as Colonel and I trust as Governor. It is something to leave the children. Give my love to John Hay and Henry Adams, and tell them I wish I could stop in to see them. As for Cabot, he is not only the staunchest friend I have ever known, but the very staunchest friend I have ever read of, and the more I see of public life, the more I realize and appreciate what he is and what he has done.

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

That winter Mr. Roosevelt made his headquarters at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson when in New York.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Feby. 5th, 1900.

DARLING BYE: It was delightful to receive your note of the 3rd. Substantially I agree with your view. Senator Platt is fond of me, but there are lots of big politicians and especially lots of big Wall Street men who furnish the money to politicians, and both classes are against me. They would like to see me put in the Vice Presidency because they think I will be harmless there. I have definitely decided that I will not take the Vice Presidency, and this you are at perfect liberty to mention to anyone. I have so written Cabot and Platt.

I am writing to the big game hunter Selous who knows African matters through and through. I see he takes very strong grounds in favor of the Boers and I want to know what his view of the facts is. I have a very warm feeling of regard for England, and have felt that though the Boers were perfectly right from their standpoint and also had the technical right in the case, yet that England was really fighting the battle of civilization. If Selous can show me to the contrary, I would like to find out.

I have just seen Montague White, the Transvaalist. While I do not take a fancy to him personally, he does seem to make out a very strong case against Chamberlain, Milner and the rest of the men who brought on the war. Heaven knows the military history of the past four months has made out the strongest kind of case against Lansdowne, Wolseley and all who are responsible for the military end of it.

With best love to Will.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Feby. 26th, 1900.

DEAR WILL: My view of the canal business is just this: If we fortified it, then in the event of a war with a stronger naval power, she cannot use it and we probably can. If we do not fortify it, then if our opponent is weaker than we are we still have another vital point to watch. But if she is stronger she can seize the canal and use it to our detriment. If the proposed canal had existed in the Spanish war, the Oregon it is true could have gotten through it, but we should then have spent six weeks of wild anxiety, during which we should either have had to watch the canal with a formidable detachment, or else to have run the risk of seeing Cervera go through it and then vanish into the Pacific, leaving us uncertain whether he meant to lay waste Puget Sound or sail over to attack Dewey.

Moreover, if the Monroe Doctrine means anything, it means that European powers are not to acquire additional territorial interests on this side of the water. I am not afraid of England, but I do not want to see Germany or France given a joint right with us to interfere in Central America for how can we then refuse a joint right to interfere in the partition of Brazil or Argentine? I cannot myself, in spite of our beloved Dewey's pronunciamento, see any rational defense for the treaty either from the standpoint of our sea power interest or of the Monroe Doctrine.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

Feb. 27th, 1900.

DARLING BYE: I am having my hands full here as usual, but somehow I contrive to wiggle through. Occasionally, I talk pretty to the gentlemen; occasionally, I thump them with a club, and by generally doing each at the right time and in the right way, I have been able to get along better than could reasonably have been expected. Seriously I think I can say with absolute truthfulness that I have administered this Governorship better than it has ever been administered before in my time better than Cleveland administered it. Everything is as straight as a string, and done as honestly as can be done. It is really a little irritating to think that the men who make believe to be for virtue should constitute one of the chief obstacles to what I have been doing. It is the dogs of the Evening Post and their like who have caused me most trouble—that is, most trouble among decent people. I do not think they have a very big effect upon the votes.

Love to Will.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Theodore Roosevelt Campaigning in North Carolina Just Prior to His Election in 1904

Photograph Taken While Theodore Roosevelt Was Governor of New York. From Left to Right—Theodore Roosevelt, With Archie in His Arms; Theodore, Jr.; Alice, Now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth; Mrs. Roosevelt, Holding Kermit and Ethel, Now Mrs. Richard Derby.

At the Left—The Ex-President and His Son on Their Return From Africa

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

AT OYSTER BAY, June 25, 1900.

DEAR BYE: The thing could not be helped. There were two entirely different forces at work. The first was the desire to get me out of New York, partly because the machine naturally prefers some one more pliable, but mainly because of the corporations' or rather the big speculative corporations' unhealthy attitude toward me. This desire was absolutely unoperative as regards results, for I stood Mr. Platt and the machine on their heads when the trial of strength came and forced the entire New York delegation to declare for some one else. It was the feeling of the great bulk of the Republicans that I would strengthen the National ticket and they wanted me on it at all hazards. Mr. Hanna was quite as much opposed to my going on as Mr. Platt was to my staying off, but both were absolutely and utterly powerless. While of course I should have preferred to stay where there was more work, I would be both ungrateful and a fool not to be deeply touched by the way in which I was nominated. The vital thing in this election is to reelect President McKinley and to this I shall bend all my energies. If we succeed, well and good, and as regards myself I shall try most earnestly, and I most humbly hope not to forfeit the respect and good will of the people who put me in as Vice President. If we are beaten, my own disappointment will not be a drop in the ocean to my bitter regret and alarm for the Nation.

Give my warm love to Will; I hope he is getting better

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

OYSTER BAY, August 18, 1900.

DARLING BYE: I wish I could accept, but it is absolutely out of the question. I cannot leave Oyster Bay until I start on my Western trip, for I have to do some state business every day, and all the rest I can get I can best get here at Oyster Bay.

I don't like some aspects of the political campaign at all. I believe we shall pull through, and of course there is always a large element of which we know nothing, so that it is always possible that there is a hidden force that will make a clean sweep either one way or the other; but the combination of all the lunatics, all the idiots, all the knaves, all the cowards and all the honest people who are

(Continued on Page 46)

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

I Had Never Discharged a Firearm, But I Extended the Article Well Before Me in the Direction of the Rascally Pursuers and Pulled Something

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

III

DESPITE my disguise I was under some apprehension of discovery for a long time after I reached the highway. With head bent and my too large cap pulled well over it, I walked briskly at the roadside, nor would I raise my glance to passing traffic. Not once was I accosted, however, and after an hour's travel had put me some three miles beyond the limits of Fairwater I began to feel more secure, though even now I did not loiter or look up, but continued as a pedestrian with a definite aim in view. By this time I was well into the agricultural districts, and, realizing that every furlong I gained lessened the chances of detection, I began to enjoy the peace and beauty of these pastoral surroundings.

At each homestead I noted with pleasure the twilight activities: the tired farm laborers returning from their field toil; the cattle being urged into their pens with musical shouts, often by children who seemed to make rather a game of it; the horses, still attired in their harness, sipping long drafts of water from the troughs; the strident squealing of pigs, and among the barnyard fowl an air of cheerful home-coming after their long wholesome day in the open.

Above all, I pleasured in my new and hardly won liberty in this great out-of-doors. I have always been fond of Nature, and not since I could remember, doubtless not since the days of my irresponsible boyhood, had I been free to enjoy its delights under auspices so stimulating. No longer could I be rebuked because of forgetting to perform acts alleged to be important; no disturbing voice could arouse me from meditation about the vital things of life. I might be as late as I chose for dinner and none would rate me soundly for it. I had, I smilingly reflected, in the language of some phrase-maker unremembered for the moment, burned my bridges behind me. I was carelessly sauntering over a pretty scene of hill and wooded dale, toward a sun already setting in the far west, emancipated at last from confinement grown irksome not alone because the house had not been one I should have chosen for an indefinite stay but for the reason that I need no longer be furtive. Now I could be fearless as well as free, look the world in the face and walk forward unregarded to that western sun. I might, indeed, continue on to the famed Rocky Mountains which I had ever wished to behold, and no one would have the right to question or hurry or retard my progress. I no longer moved with bowed head, but as one who has the right to live his own life in his own way. Often had I pictured myself in precisely this situation—set down, carefree, nameless and without responsibilities among a simple, kindly people who would accept me on my merits and where I might live for years with no harassing restrictions.

I might be as late for dinner as I chose! Again and again this thought recurred to me. Such was its persistence I at length discovered it to have a certain physiological origin. I recalled that I was already late for dinner, and observed the pangs of hunger becoming each moment more acute. Owing to the haste in which I had been compelled to leave the Leffingwell house not a morsel of food had passed my lips since the simple breakfast I had prepared there, and my brisk walking had sharpened an appetite that would have been exigent under any circumstances. I remembered the pan of excellent corn and beans I left unheated, and was stung with a new sense of my ill luck in those last moments. I wondered if I were not possibly approaching a village where food could be purchased. I considered venturing to apply at one of the farmhouses I passed, but decided that this would still be a risk, as I could hardly yet have passed the radius covered by news of my disappearance, and some busybody might recognize me, in spite of my appearance, and communicate with the searchers at Fairwater. It would be far safer to continue, hungry as I was, until a village was reached.

At this point I was brought to a sudden halt and heard myself utter a cry of dismay. Again and again since my escape I had been subtly warned by something at the back of my mind that all was not as well with me as it seemed to be. I had not been really troubled by this obscure reminder, and had dismissed it as often as it came, because all too plainly my position was sound. Yet now I knew the alarm had been genuine—I was penniless! In my delight at finding and in my haste in changing to the garments I now wore, I had neglected to remove any of my belongings from the objectionable suit I discarded. I had been possessed, I knew, of several bank notes amounting to twenty or fifty dollars or thereabouts, as well as a change purse heavy with silver; and in addition to these sums, there had been pinned in the upper right-hand coat pocket a five-dollar bill as a reserve fund in case I should find myself abroad and penniless—this later being a rule set in force by Mrs. Copplestone after it had chanced on one or two occasions that I had been compelled to solicit strangers for a small loan. And this stock of money, as well as my watch, notebook, fountain pen and other trifles, had been left behind. To retrace my steps for them was out of the question; I should not only incur risk of discovery but the valuables might even now be utterly destroyed by the fire-fiend. Nor could I longer, I reflected, resort to the device of requesting a loan from strangers on the presentation of my card. Not only was my cardcase among the left articles, but I realized that in my present guise strangers would be all too likely to regard me as not worthy of confidence. I had been begged for trifling loans by shabby fellows of my own present appearance too often not to foresee the result.

The alarming discovery was made while I paused midway up a steep hill, and I was suddenly conscious of a great depression. My feet were weary, my appetite clamored, and though it may scarce be credited, I suddenly found myself picturing as attractive the home I had not entered for three days and nights. I saw our table spread with appetizing viands, and myself eating to repletion; saw my comfortable slippers and the couch upon which I would later recline with the reading light at its head. It was but the madness of a moment, for I saw also the inevitable accompaniment of Mrs. Copplestone's reproaches and condemnations, so not long did I permit the vision to beguile. Who was I, the world spread at my feet like a richly patterned rug, to be making a god of my stomach? Who was I to become petulant under these slight discomforts when I had so ingeniously gained freedom of action and surcease from the frets of an adverse conjugal condition? With renewed spirit I pushed on up the hill to where the road topped it after a sharp turn on a still ascending grade, resolved to laugh off my plight in true gypsy fashion.

Night had now definitely fallen, lighted by only a few dim stars, so that I was in almost utter darkness. Nor could I discern the glimmer of any farmhouse where I might now have dared seek food and shelter. Scarce twenty feet could I see the highroad before me.

As I paused I heard the distant baying of a dog. The tone was that of a large animal, peevish about something, and it occurred to me that rather than to go on now and risk an encounter with the beast I might do better to rest

a bit by the wayside until he should have become quiet. Accordingly I left the road, climbed a low, turfed bank at its side, and reclined beside a clump of brushwood growing there. It was good to rest again on the fresh young grass, and since I had found among the clothing in the Leflingwell basement a rough shirt of heavy gray flannel, I did not find the night air insalubrious. Indeed it was almost balmy and the scent of herbage burned by the day's sun still came warm. In the wood back of me crickets chirped in ecstasy and, as I after a moment lay out at full length, their cheerful chorus had a lulling effect. Before long, my hunger in abeyance for the moment, my huge cap protecting my head from the ground, I slept.

That this sleep must have lasted some hours I inferred by my stiffened joints when I awoke in the night air, which had gained a sharp chill, though it was better lighted now by the risen moon. I drew up to a sitting posture on my bank and saw that I had been aroused by a motor car ascending the stiff grade that curved so sharply a hundred feet back along the way I had come. I heard its uproar, increased by an open muffler, some moments before its headlights gleamed down the highway in front of me. Instead of continuing, the car was brought to a halt at the roadside halfway between the summit and my resting place. I was rather blinded by the glare, but was able to descry two men emerge from it, and the car must have had a third occupant, for the lights were immediately switched off. In the dark, to which my eyes were now accustomed, I could dimly make out the line of the car and of the three figures grouped before it. Faintly I could hear the murmur of low-toned voices. My impulse was to join them, after a reassuring hail—so that they could not suspect me of evil intentions—and perhaps be invited to share their food, if, perchance, they had halted for a moonlight picnic. But something deterred me from this essay in comradeship, probably some quality of guarded tension in their quick but repressed tones. As I paused their talk ceased and they seemed to separate and secrete themselves. Whatever their mission it was not that of a moonlight repast, and I determined to have a better assurance of my welcome before announcing my presence.

I waited what must have been a quarter hour, idly reflecting the while that on the morrow I could perhaps discover in the wood at my back some edible roots and berries such as travelers so often subsist on in a strange land. I then concluded that the strange men in the car must have stopped to rest as I had done, and would now be sleeping. At the same moment I heard dimly in the valley below the clatter and rumble of another approaching car, a much heavier car, I thought, as the sound grew near; and in this I was correct, for when the lights shone at last over the grade I saw them to be on a heavy truck piled high with goods. So slowly had the heavy vehicle made the ascent it was barely moving when it reached the level and it had not regained speed when it came abreast of the darkened car at the roadside.

Hereupon I saw the three figures spring from the shadow of this car, and a voice of rough command shouted, "Pull up there, you ——" followed by an expletive so vilely foul that I knew this could be no mere prank of jesters. Nor indeed was it, for the truck at once accelerated its speed, and at the same instant there was the spitting of fire from its seat, followed by the report of a weapon. At once followed a fusillade of shots, marked by swift flashes of red, from the three who had lain in wait and who I now saw must have been highway robbers of the most desperate character.

Fearing for my own safety I arose and fled swiftly down the road along its raised bank perhaps a hundred feet. Behind me I was aware that the fleeing truck followed amid the continuous explosion of shots, and I had decided that I must diverge to the woods on my right if I would be safely outside the line of fire when I was deterred from this by the hunted man bringing his car to stop directly before me. "D——n them!" I heard him say in a violent tone, after which he groaned, while not so far back I could hear the sharp patter of feet on the paved way. I saw that I might be of assistance in foiling these evildoers, and sprang to the step of the car, crying to the driver, "A friend is near if you need help."

"Here, quick!" exclaimed he, and thrust a curious-feeling metallic object into my hands. "Give them h——l!" he cried.

I had never discharged a firearm, but I extended the article well before me in the direction of the rascally pursuers and pulled something. The result was a continuous stream of fire and a series of the most alarming explosions, while I could feel the weapon growing warm in my grasp.

"Good work!" shrieked the driver, clumsily shoving at me a second weapon which acted after the manner of the first when I had reached it well from me and pressed it with a finger.

Now we heard yells of pain from the rear and the most obscene imprecations I had ever listened to, but the pursuing steps had for the moment ceased. Plainly my shots had dismayed the rascals and they saw that I was not to be trifled with. "Good work!" again exclaimed the driver. "I bet you sent them all to the d —l." We both listened, and now shots from the pursuers were renewed, their bullets striking the back of our load.

"You can drive a car?" then demanded the fellow, who was all excitement. "Yes—you can drive a car." I was about to explain that I could do plain driving pretty well, driving, that is, straight ahead, but would hardly trust myself to back or sharply turn so monstrous a vehicle, but he shut me off, and indeed I instantly perceived that his need was not to back up but to go on.

"They got me in this shoulder," he said, "and my arm's no good." I saw that he was wounded, for blood trickled down his sleeve. Unhesitatingly I took the seat he vacated, put the car into motion, and we were off just as another bombardment began and another running of feet was heard on the road behind us.

"Drive like h——l and we get away, d——n them!" cried the wounded man.

Accordingly put on all speed while now faintly from the rear came other shots and cries of baffled rage. The incident had come upon me with so little warning and been so quickly over, it was difficult for me to realize how from my bed on the ground I should come in a few seconds to be driving a motortruck madly across the land, sitting beside a wounded man who clawed at his right shoulder with his left hand and muttered in the most profane manner. I wondered if I might not still recline on my hard couch in the clutch of a nightmare. Yet gradually a sense of realness came to my disordered fancies and I saw that my position had actually changed. My companion after a time with many groans took the two weapons I had used

(Continued on Page 98

"That Baby, He's Fast Company—Bing, Bing!—He Mows Them Down. I Was Near to Die and Needing for Help, and He Bring Me Off"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 23, 1924

America's "Isolation"

SO MANY of our own journals are swelling the European chorus of lamentation over the isolation of America from the affairs of Europe that it seems proper to examine this popular myth in order to see how broad a base it has to stand on.

In a large measure we have, indeed, succeeded in keeping out of European quarrels and situations that threatened to breed quarrels. That very aloofness, well in keeping with our character of benevolent onlooker, made it possible for the Dawes commission to frame proposals that were received all over Europe not only as an exceedingly able program for dragging half a dozen nations out of their common Slough of Despond but as a plan notably free from national bias or national self-interest. There is no fear or favor in any line of it. At this writing it looks as if the Dawes plan might be put into successful execution; and if it should be it will unquestionably prove to be the world's greatest contribution to the cause of European peace since the signing of Marshal Foch's famous document on November 11, 1918.

This is but one of a dozen examples that might be cited to show that our isolation is from the forces of evil and destruction, but never from those which make for peace and tranquillity and a return to international sanity. We did, to be sure, decline to accept a mandate for the administration of Armenia. We refused to undertake other enterprises that were so obviously out of our province that they were foredoomed to certain failure. Fortunately, for us and for the world, we refrained from doing foolish things that would now and henceforth make it impossible for us to do wise ones. If this is isolation, so be it, for we cannot have too much of it.

One of the curiosities of contemporary American journalism is the editorial policy of many respectable newspapers which are daily deploring our national sanity in keeping our fingers well away from the European buzz saw and at the same time ignoring our lamentable failure to keep European affairs out of the United States. The injection of Continental currents into American life is no idle figure of speech. Every shipload of immigrants that steams into an American port brings in an unseen cargo of European traditions, hates, blood feuds and ancient grudges, which thrive just as well on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. They are not declared to customs inspectors. They are not amenable to rule or regulation. No quota act keeps them out. No amount of travel saps their strength. If Balkan peoples which are at loggerheads send their nationals to America, they can hate one another in Gary or South Chicago or Akron just as violently as they could if they had remained in their native villages. They not only can, but they too often do; and any student of our foreign-language press will testify that they are not bashful in their endeavors to keep transatlantic enmities alive and kicking in the United States.

Close organization, indefatigable propaganda and political blackmail bring clashing European enmities to bear upon our national and local councils to a degree that would be incredible to persons who have not made a study of the subject. And yet patriotic American editors cover tons of paper and shed oceans of tears describing the plight of these poor aliens and their countless kin barred out by the Johnson Act, with never a thought for poor America or for our poor posterity who will people it a generation or two hence. When a woman from Southern Europe murders her pretty daughter for taking up with a young man because he is "too American" it gives them pause for a week; when there is a riot at an East Side funeral growing out of European racial differences they grow thoughtful for a moment; but in ten days the "episodes" are forgotten and the typewriters in these editorial sanctums again begin to click out Ellis Island sob stuff and to ring the changes on the ennobling influences of European thought and culture, so much of which has to be disinfected before it can be allowed to land on American soil.

The future welfare of America and of the world is just now more vitally conditioned by clear thinking, hard work and the spirit of live and let live, than by any other factors. As a nation we are hard workers. As a people we are distinguished above most for our good will toward other peoples. As thinkers we have no superiors when we are at our best; but when we maunder about our isolation we are at our worst.

Politicians' English

THE women delegates to the national conventions, by all accounts, carried off more than their share of the honors for dignified, graceful and convincing speech making. Forensic eloquence is today at such a low ebb that no one would be sorry to have it restored to its old place; and if this is to be done by the wholesome urge of feminine competition, so much the better.

Old-fashioned oratory went out of style in Congress because it was not worth the effort involved. Desired results could be achieved just as well without it. Washington observers are agreed that mere eloquence rarely changes a vote. The appeal of oratory is largely to the emotions. Today the appeal which passes bills and resolutions is that which carries with it a direct or an indirect *quid pro quo;* and it makes small difference how clumsy the approach or how slovenly the diction if that factor be present in force.

And yet it is not hard to believe that the radio may bring about a new set of conditions, with higher standards among speakers and listeners alike. For many weeks campaign managers and their lieutenants have been bespeaking broadcasting facilities for their candidates and their supporters.

The radio people have had to tell them very frankly what is and what is not worth broadcasting; the nature of the competition that they face and what the public will and will not endure in the way of political harangues. An audience of a million, or even of a hundred thousand, is worth pleasing and worth influencing.

An intelligent visitor from China or New Zealand might naturally suppose that in the House of Representatives we have a sort of national conservatory of public speaking, where the best traditions of the art are carried on, where the purest English is commonly heard, where correct diction is the rule, where the amenities of debate are observed to the letter, where American eloquence may be studied in its finest flower.

We should be frankly ashamed to tell the truth to such a visitor. We should prefer to conceal the undeniable fact that every educated American who for the first time listens to a debate in the House of Representatives comes away shocked and disillusioned. For he has not only heard a great deal of twaddle but he has heard his noble mother tongue submitted to every indignity of bad grammar, slovenly enunciation and grotesque mispronunciation. Some of the so-called English of the House is bound to impress him more deeply than the Washington Monument or the dome of the Capitol.

We would not have all political orators speak as much alike as if they had been brought up in the same village. This is a large country and its people are entitled to some diversity of speech. We would not forbid the New Englander his nasal twang, the Southerner his caressing drawl nor the Westerner his roweled *r's*. They smack of the soil of the different states and are part of a speaker's birthright. We would ask only to have each region represented by its characteristic best rather than by its worst or by its mediocrity. If we had the say we should altogether bar those comic dialects that so delight American audiences when they fall from the lips of Messrs. Weber and Fields. In the theater we are prepared to applaud them and clap for an encore—but not on the floor of the House.

The English language, spoken with at least colloquial purity, is the only tongue that should be heard in the Capitol. When bad English and Continental dialects are laughed out, good English will come into its own again.

The Spellbinder and the Radio

THE Democratic Convention was held in New York, but all America attended it; and it is probable that the groups who gathered about loud speakers all over the country were able to follow the proceedings more closely and with much less discomfort than the heated spectators who strained their ears to hear above the din from the Tammany-filled galleries. The convention, in fact, emphasized what is bound to become the main function and the greatest service of the radio. It gives events of national importance a national audience. Incidentally, also it uncovered another benefit that radio seems destined to bestow upon us, the debunking of present-day oratory and the setting of higher standards in public speaking.

"The speaker's power," declared a Greek Statesman, "depends for the most part on the hearers." Orators up to the present have been getting by on purely adventitious aids. A good personality, a musical voice, a power of dramatic gesture have served to cover up baldness of thought and limping phraseology. Speeches which made a deep impression when delivered often proved disappointing when reduced to the unsupported form of stark print. But the radio is even more merciless than the printed report as a conveyor of oratory. The reporter, as a matter of form, straightens out tangled syntax and saves the speaker from such verbal lapses as he may be guilty of in the fervor of his rhetorical flights. It is possible, also, for the orator himself to go over the proofs before his remarks are given permanent form and properly to round out such passages as may seem imperfect or unsatisfactory. But the radio is uncompromising and literal transmission. The listeners follow the speech with one sense only. There is nothing to distract their attention. They do not share in the excitement and movement of the meeting, nor does the personality of the speaker register with them. It is what he says and the words he uses in saying it that count with them. If he rushes into such phrases as "of which I am a proud member of," the unerring forces of Nature transmit the expression exactly as it falls from his lips to the listening thousands or tens of thousands, as the case may be. Somehow the spread-eagle sort of thing and all the familiar phrases and resources of the spellbinder sound very flat and stale over the air. Radio constitutes the severest test for speakers of the rough-and-ready, catch-as-catch-can school, and reputations are going to shrink badly, now that the whole nation is listening in. Silver-tongued orators whose fame has been won before sympathetic audiences are going to scale down to their real stature when the verdict comes from radio audiences.

Communism and the British Labor Government

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

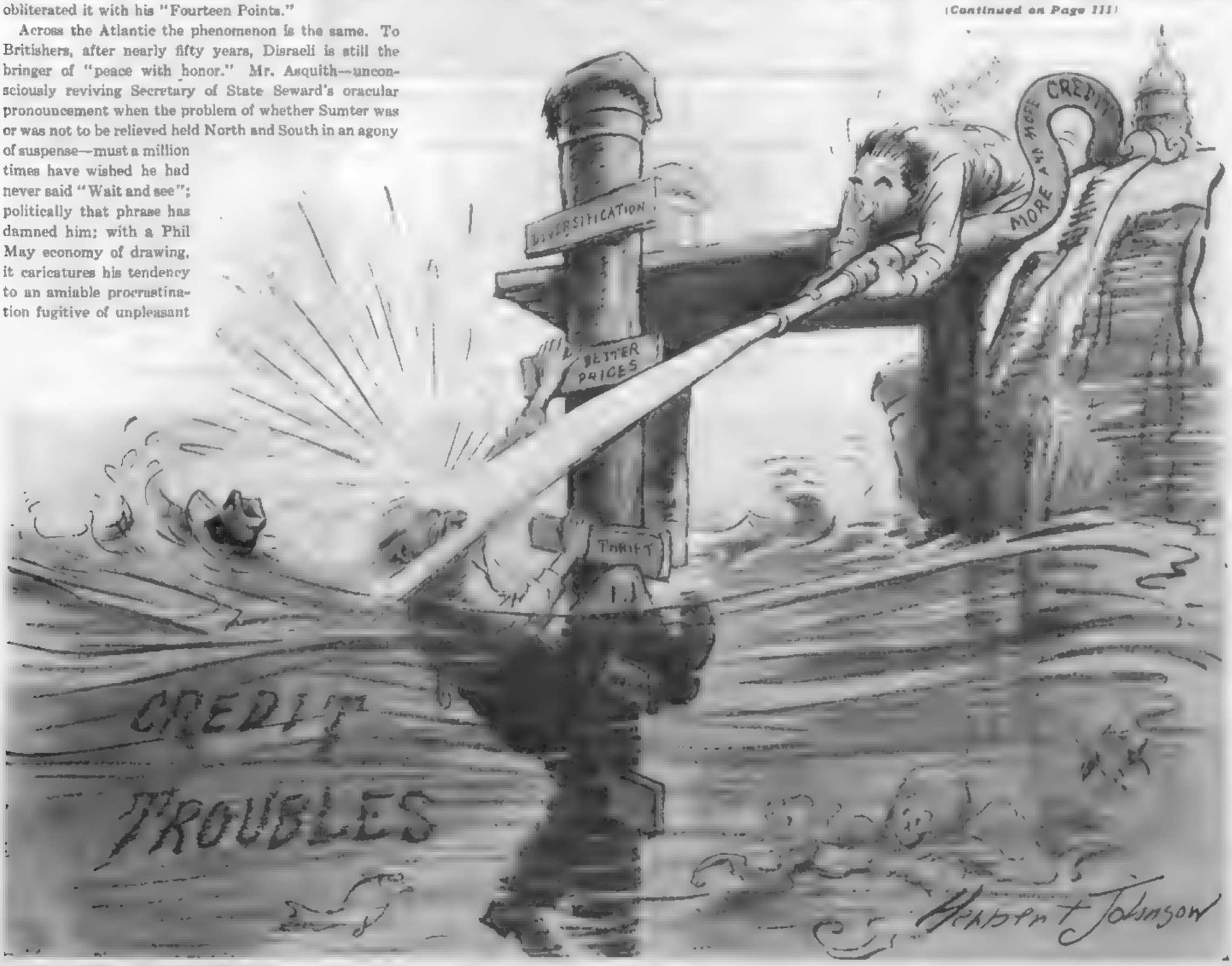
IT IS curious how often statesmen live in history—not the history of the unread tomes of careful professors but the vital history of popular memory—by one chance phrase uttered without premeditation in the heat of oratory or debate. In that instinctive phrase the essence of the man is crystallized to perpetuity. The subconscious mass mind of millions of men seizes on it with unerring perception and pigeonholes it for all time as a convenient symbol not only for the man but for the sociological complex of the period he represents. Louis XIV struts before us on his high, red-heeled shoes, fatuous in full-bottomed wig, with his "L'Etat, c'est moi!" Napoleon's whole career is illuminated with that one cynical phrase of his—"Providence is always on the side of the last reserve." The great-hearted, great-souled, rugged-featured Abraham Lincoln, standing above his dead at Gettysburg, could not have known in the emotion of that moment that the words "Government of the people, by the people, for the people" would be his imperishable monument. Roosevelt is still, vividly, "the big stick." The Woodrow Wilson of one administration would perhaps have gone down to history as "too proud to fight," had not the Wilson of the next obliterated it with his "Fourteen Points."

Across the Atlantic the phenomenon is the same. To Britishers, after nearly fifty years, Disraeli is still the bringer of "peace with honor." Mr. Asquith—unconsciously reviving Secretary of State Seward's oracular pronouncement when the problem of whether Sumter was or was not to be relieved held North and South in an agony of suspense—must a million times have wished he had never said "Wait and see"; politically that phrase has damned him; with a Phil May economy of drawing, it caricatures his tendency to an amiable procrastination fugitive of unpleasant realities. Mr. Lloyd George years ago was once indiscreet enough to boast of metaphorically "robbing hen roosts"—and the British public has never fully trusted him since. Similarly, in all probability, a recent dictum of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will be indelibly written on his identification tag. "Power?" cried Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at the Whitsuntide annual conference of the Independent Labor Party, in vehement repudiation of the reiterated Socialist plea that they were in office without power. "Opportunity is power!"

That phrase is reverberating through the British Empire. It is repeated, eagerly by an ardent minority, apprehensively by the mass of Britishers. Neither side disputes its validity. It is the potential application of it that worries most. "Power for what?" they ask. And the answer to that question is by no means clear to them. On the one hand, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald seems an honest man—he speaks exceedingly well—and he has certainly to a great extent reassured the initial nervousness of the British public. On the other hand, when Mr. MacDonald made that pronouncement he was speaking to Socialists, and he undoubtedly meant power for the advancement of socialism.

Now socialism is in its essence a quasi-religious faith which may or may not be the passport to the millennium, but the great mass of Britishers are still unregenerate. Far from accepting that religion, they are acutely afraid of it. Socialism, seen in practice through the persons and acts of its devotees, seems to them the negation of the British Empire; and it is the existence of that empire which enables forty-odd millions of people to live in a tiny island that could not otherwise support twenty million. Once more the question is imposing itself on the British people: "What does Mr. MacDonald really stand for?" Mr. MacDonald, in the British House of Commons, indignantly repudiates the suggestion that the Labor Party is less concerned than any other party with the maintenance of the British Empire. And at the same time, the party he represents is notoriously, now as always, enthusiastically active in support of any element that works for its disintegration. The British public has begun to like Mr. MacDonald personally—if only one could be certain of his ultimate

(Continued on Page 111)



SAVING THE FARMER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

An Unnatural History

I

DUMB animals, perhaps—who knows?—
Are not so dumb as we suppose.
We wonder if you've ever thought
What makes the Sea Lion, overwrought,
Slide off his rock with clumsy slither
And, snorting, swim now yon, now hither,
In frantic circles unavailing.
Is it our faces round his railing?
We wonder if you've stopped to think
What makes the Puffer Fish turn pink—
Instinctively, and without coaching
The minute we are spied approaching.
Why don't the Monkeys cease their chatter
When we draw near? Or don't we matter?
Sad apes, subjected to our peer,
Would seem about to burst in tears;
And Lions, lazy tails a-sway,
Will coldly look the other way.
Perhaps if we were back behind
Those bars we'd know just what they find
So wrong with us. Is it our faces?
Or do we lack the subtler graces
Some say distinguish Man from Beast?
This book will try to show, at least,
How we must look to those in cages.
We beg you, as you turn its pages,
Remember—lots of Nature's bungles
Aren't found in either Zoos or Jungles!

Oswald Prout—the Goldfish

THE Goldfish, as he swirls about,
Has nothing on young Oswald Prout.
For both of them dull hours must pass
Shut off from Life, behind plate glass,
Which screens them from the World's rude jars.
Oswald, you see, sells motor cars.

Ellsworth Cramm—the Clam

THE phrase "as happy as a clam"
Is apropos for Ellsworth Cramm.
At zymurgy an expert he—
Look up the last word under "Z."
Both Ellsworth and the Clam can get
A lot of fun just being wet.
While both, in dif'rent ways, are hearty,
And good to start a dinner party;
For, with no special grace endued,
They're at their best when they are stewed.

He Didn't Advertise. The Man Who Made the Best Mousetrap Waits for the World to Make a Beaten Path to His Door

The Porch Rockers—Cockatoos and Parrakeets

WE'VE often wondered what they say,
As back and forth their perches sway—
These cockatoos and parrakeets
Performing acrobatic feats
The while their cackling voices shrill,
And beady eyes, are never still.
Perhaps the secret we could find
If we should just sneak up behind
These ladies rocking on the porch
Of our hotel. Our ears may scorch
At what these ladies seem to know!
Let's take a chance, as to and fro
They rock and rock and rock and rock—
And, like the well-known raven, knock.
A portion of the conversation
Is spent on each one's operation,
As: "Gallstones. . . . Yes, my third attack . . .
She had hers out, but they grew back. . . .
The strangest case, my doctor said. . . .
Death's door. . . . Yes; seven weeks in bed. . . ."
But for the major part it's scandal.
Each passer-by is made a handle
On which to hang an Old Wives' Tale.
Let's listen while they Rend the Veil!
"I knew her when . . . they say . . . the minx! . . .
His second one. . . . Of course, he drinks. . . .
Don't trust a man, I always say . . .
She's forty-five if she's a day. . . ."
Et cetera. We think the Zoo
Is so much quieter, don't you,
Despite those noisy birds a-swaying?
At least we won't know what they're saying

Irene Delysle—the Giraffe

YOU'LL notice in most summer shows
Where groups of beauteous maidens pose
In tableaux representing Spring,
Or Night, or almost anything
From Slaves of Pharaoh's Court, let's say,
To Liberty, or Miss Broadway,
The topmost beauty of the pile
Is sure to be Irene Delysle.
Sometimes she holds a laurel wreath,
Sometimes Our Flag's between her teeth—
Depending wholly on the show, an'
If it's Ziegfeld's or a Cohan.
Though famed for form, for face, for walk,
We never yet have heard her talk.
No novice at Dramatic Art,
She's never had a Speaking Part.
She cannot sing or even hum.
She's beautiful—but oh, so dumb!
She's slender as a willow staff—
She makes us think of the giraffe.
Through years in jungle and in Zoo
He's never even learned to moo.
They say he lacks his vocal cord.
They also say Irene's too bored.
To talk. Alas, they little reck
There's no one home above the neck!

(Continued on Page 76)

Force of Habit

"Do You Mind if I Attend 'Pickers of Men' With You, Girls?"
"Really, Mother, it Isn't the Kind of Play You'd Understand — We'll Take You to 'Alice in Wonderland' Next Week"

Who are the world's most famous soup chefs?

Beyond all contradiction
Through merit and through worth—
A truth that passes fiction—
Our soups go round the earth!

The public has answered. Year after year the demand for Campbell's Soups has so increased that today the great Campbell's kitchens stand unique, alone.

Chefs who devote their whole lives to blending fine soups. Kitchens no home could hope to possess. Ingredients that are literally the best money can buy.

So now soup means something so much better that thousands of people who seldom ate soup before, do not let a day go by without enjoying Campbell's!

Campbell's Tomato! See if it does not taste as good as its reputation! The blend of all that is delicious in the tomato, rich butter and tempting seasoning. Wonderful, too, when you cream it.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Campbell's Soups

BALISAND

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Hate That, Richard. You Must Marry"

V

THE return to Balsand had all the aspects of a flight. Indifferent to the precarious road, he galloped Diggery away from the Gainges, over the marsh, through the later heavy dust; and when they reached their lane the horse was in a lather of sweat. Richard went directly to his room, where, half clothed, he sat in a gloomy physical inaction. His mind, however, went at a furious pace: he was appalled by what had occurred at Jordan Gainge's, what—so nearly—had happened within himself. The inescapable fact was that he had very practically kissed Zena; he had led her to believe that that was his intention, his desire. All he could find in his own defense was that he had been in ignorance of what was occurring to him. He didn't want to kiss her, and yet, all the while he had been moving steadily toward precisely that. This progress against his will, in opposition to his fundamental being, disturbed and frightened him; it gave Richard a sense of insecurity, of harbouring qualities capable of betraying him.

Women, for him, were divided into two classes—what he had come to call camp women and all the rest; he had had absolutely no experience in any mingling of those separate worlds. Rumours came to him of different conditions on the estates along the greater rivers, of scandals at Court; but his law operated with those as well—there were bad and good, none other. He held himself, too, as responsible for the maintaining of this: if a woman, through him, fell from heaven into hell, he became too low for life, for ever unfit for decent associations—and that, very nearly, had happened. But there he was wrong, unjust to whatever propriety was in him; no such accident had really threatened them, Zena and him; nothing more than the bare beginning. As soon as he had realized the possibility descending on them, he had killed it. As he thought about Zena he blamed her less; he increasingly regretted the tone he had instinctively taken with her:

She wasn't bad, he concluded; she was lonely and unhappy, and then—the Guinea blood. Actually, what she had hoped for was as direct and courageous as any act of Jordan Gainge's. Yet Richard couldn't forgive her attitude toward her husband: marriage was absolute, a duty to be discharged to the last minute of life and at every cost. Yes, the fault was largely his; he had suffered from a strange lapse of all that he was.

Curious glances, about the courthouse, followed the black cockade on his hat. Bradlock Wiatt, as usual politic, peace-loving, advised him to remove it.

"Why do you dig all that up?" he demanded. "Let it sleep. It will end by killing your chances for election, if you should run."

Richard Bale replied that, contrarily, it was his announcement of campaign.

"Everyone will know where I stand." If he remained standing, Bradlock dryly added. "Look here." He led Richard to the board on the courthouse where notices were fastened, and pointed to an announcement of the organization of the Democratic Club of Gloucester County. It proceeded: "Citizens, what is despotism? Is it not the union of executive, legislative and judiciary authorities in the same hand? This union, then, has been effected. What has become of our Constitution and liberties? We have reason to presume . . . monarchial ambition . . . not long be permitted to enjoy a Republican government."

Richard Bale deliberately tore the notice from the board and dropped it on the flagging under their feet.

Wiatt exclaimed, dismayed, "This is the courthouse!"

Richard asserted, "It doesn't belong to a party or any few men. No one, if I can stop it, will use it for such a purpose."

Riding away from the group of county administrative buildings a large stone whirled closely by his head. He didn't draw Diggery in or turn; but, home once more, he oiled and loaded a small pistol which he continued to carry in a pocket.

Beverley Mathews, as well, spoke about what he chose to call Richard's exaggerated conduct.

"Why can't you live quietly, like a planter? You did for a while. And now, at the worst time, you come out with this insult—that's what it is called—and get us all in trouble. I'm beginning to think a soldier can't be cured."

"It's splendid," Lucia contradicted him calmly. They were seated in the hall at Welfield, the wide doors on either side open. "And I agree with Richard—they won't really do anything. Besides, it shows them where they belong."

Beverley was amazed.

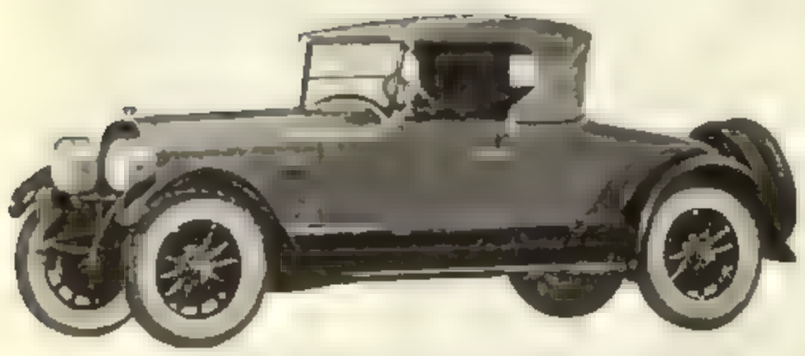
"Them!" he exclaimed. "Where they belong! That's a new song for you. I understood you were hot for the people and their wrongs."

She answered serenely, "Oh, never! You must have misunderstood."

To this he could only oppose a disparaging generality about women and affairs outside the kitchen. "I mean the stable." It was plain he was annoyed. Lucia smiled.

(Continued on Page 26)

Three Cadillac open models in four attractive color schemes, with Balloon Tires, Glass Enclosures and many other options.



The Roadster has a comfortable seat for two extra passengers in rear deck; also roomy compartment for golf clubs, fishing tackle, guns, etc.

FOR many people, the problem of choosing a motor car is purely one of deciding which Cadillac Body-Style best suits their requirements.

Those who are moved by the appeal of the Open Car may make their selection from among three models:

The Touring—extra-roomy, comfortably seating seven passengers, especially adapted to family and touring needs;

The Phaeton—admirably proportioned, combining rare distinction with dignity, a companionable car for four persons;

The Roadster—fleet, strikingly beautiful, favored by the young in spirit and by those who desire an extra car for personal use.

Available in four attractive colors, and mounted on the standard V-63 chassis, all three models share the quiet, vibrationless performance, and proved dependability which have made the new V-63 the acknowledged criterion of motor cars.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 24)

"Beverley had it in his head I was going to marry Gawin Todd," she went on. What a remarkable girl she was!

"Probably he wouldn't consent," Mathews' temper rapidly returned. "You ought to marry one of the great Northern stables."

But she said nothing further. It was cool, ingratiating, at Welfield, and Richard reluctantly rose to go. Lucia's tranquillity, her dark still face, were very engaging after his late unfortunate experience. How little she had changed since early girlhood: slim and straight and impersonal!

Again at Balisand, Thomas Ekkes came up to the house, looking for him.

"I met Jordan Gainge on the road," he said; "and the old man is failing at last. You wouldn't know it from seeing him; it's his mind. He sent you two messages without any sense to them at all." Richard listened with an uncomfortable attention he was careful to hide. "He advised you to keep a few extra men near the house. I asked him why, but he wouldn't say; and, when he was going, he wanted you to be told that he had drawn the charge from some pistol or other."

What was meaningless to Ekkes, Richard Bale fully understood. The first message was interesting to him from the probability that Jordan Gainge had taken its suggestion from his wife. Zena, who hated him; Guinea; the threats that were frequent! However, he would do nothing about it: he'd ride and live in his usual custom; the need of men to guard him and Balisand he laughed at. Yet he was glad to have been informed about the pistol. He had a great respect, a strong liking, for Gainge—a man in the old mould, old steadfast metal. What, he wondered, had happened at the Gainges'? It was fairly evident that Jordan had made a revealing discovery about his wife. He would abhor anything—as Zena had acknowledged—connected in the smallest way with treachery.

The Democratic Club, limited by the traditional Federal sympathies of the Tidewater, yet managed to progress. Its proclamations appeared at the tavern, the ordinary at the edge of Gloucester Court House, on trees and fences. And, whenever Richard passed one, he tore it down. They were very much the same; and, with creases where they had been folded, had evidently been sent into the County; probably from Philadelphia. The denunciations of the President, in them and the papers of widest circulation, were now virulent: there was scarcely any name he wasn't unhesitatingly called—for the ends Jasper Robine had indicated. They might, Richard perceived, be impersonal—though he doubted it—with minds, for purposes, like Jefferson's; but the attacks bred an actual enmity for Washington among the ignorant, the envious and the venal. Robine had intimated more—that the power they had created, the people, might, in the end, corrupt and destroy the Republicans. It would, Richard never questioned—and soon.

The French bonfire must exhaust the flimsy material of its flames. Sanity would return. But he was obliged to add that he saw no sign of this—the term sovereign had been resurrected: Genêt and the sovereign people of the United States; it was a stubborn article of faith with him.

It grew clear that, for the present, his political activities must be deferred. The Federalists were quiet, with the exception of Hamilton, who, at a meeting of the cabinet, demanded Genêt's recall. Richard Bale learned that a statement of the Frenchman's conduct had been prepared, to be forwarded to Morris, at Paris, against the protests of Randolph and Jefferson. They—now—charged that it would make the President the head of a party and not of the nation. The old treaty with France was again brought forward, the familiar cries of American ingratitude. Genêt, arriving in New York, was met with a salute of cannon and an address of welcome.

"Henfield was acquitted," Richard informed Morryson Bale. He flung the paper away from him. "Who the devil was that?" Morryson asked. "Another citizen," Richard told him; "an American prize-master on a captured British ship. If I'd had him before a court-martial ——"

"Richard," his uncle interrupted him, "a canoe came into the creek then."

They were on the portico; Mrs. Patton was seated in the doorway; and Richard gazed toward where, hidden in flowering bushes, the thrust of water and sand, from which Balisand had its name, ran in to the right of the lawn.

"You must be wrong," he replied; "a canoe would stop at the wharf."

As he spoke a man emerged from behind a clump of althæas, where Richard had been looking. He was, he recognized, strange; but, without hesitation, he walked deliberately across the grass.

"Why," Morryson exclaimed, "there is another, and another—a hundred of 'em!"

From all the quarters visible a small mob was coming together in front of the portico.

Mostly they were unfamiliar, but some Richard had often seen on the roads and at the courthouse; inconsiderable figures, holders of unproductive lands, of no land at all. He turned to Mrs. Patton.

"There is no need for you to receive these visitors," he said quietly, and, with her, he went into the house. There, from the hall table, he secured his hat with the cockade—it settled in customary military arrogance on his head and returned to where he had been sitting. Morryson, in a high thin anger, was speaking:

"What you're doing here, a dirty rabble, at Balisand, no one seems to know." He had been walking with a cane,

(Continued on Page 61)

"Don't Come In," She Begged Him; "I Couldn't Bear It Everyone Would See. It Would be Too Terrible"

Never Before

So much for the Price Walter P. Chrysler Says

It is not only in engineering design—in performance—that the good Maxwell now revolutionizes four-cylinder standards.

Never was there a car which gave the owner so much in fine materials and workmanship for anywhere near the price.

The Maxwell dealer will gladly go over the chassis and body construction with you, as intensively as you may desire, and you can satisfy yourself on that point.

But I do want to emphasize this fact: In every part which wears, or has to do with reliability, the good Maxwell is now actually stronger, pound for pound, than many a car costing four to five times its price.

You can depend upon the good Maxwell to stand up in toughest, day-after-day going—you can drive it with the same assurance you would feel with a costly car.

Indeed, if road conditions are at all possible, you'll never see a Maxwell stopped. Its brute pulling power seems always able to carry it through.

Perhaps the greatest boon to the good Maxwell owner, however, is the consistently care-free service it gives him, day after day and month after month.

There are a host of mechanical reasons why the good Maxwell saves its owners both trouble and expense. Here are a few:

1 Fine bearings, used extensively, eliminate friction. (With one hand you can roll the car on a level floor.)

2 The crankshaft floats on a film of force-feed oil, maintained under pressure in its three extra large bearings. This reduces wear to the point where there is practically no need for bearing replacement.

3 The clutch release or throwout bearing is positively and automatically lubricated from the transmission.

4 At all vital points the good Maxwell uses the same kinds of alloy and heat treated steels employed in the costliest cars.

5 The rear axle drive pinion—which bears the burden of propelling the car—is rigidly mounted on ball bearings which preserve permanent alignment and quietness.

6 The frame side rails are of unusually deep sections which insure great strength and rigidity.

The fact that the good Maxwell motor is practically vibrationless—that vibration, in any event, is not transmitted to the body—is another long-life feature.

I would like you to ride in the good Maxwell, now that Chrysler engineers are directing its development. I would still more like to have you talk with owners and learn their disinterested opinion of good Maxwell performance and economy.

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The Good MAXWELL

WEBER AND FIELDS

By Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout

After-Theater Time on Broadway Twenty Years Ago. The Theater at the Left is the Music Hall, Following the Separation of Weber and Fields. Daly's Theater Originally Was Colonel Wood's Museum

CROWNS of thorns and crosses of gold; full dinner pails and honest money; free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one; leather lungs and flumbeau clubs.

William Jennings Bryan, the Boy Orator of the Platte, Peerless Leader; Major William McKinley, the Little Napoleon; Marcus Hanna, of the dollar-marked tweeds; trusts!

The time, in other words, is 1896. We are taking our politics very seriously this year, but there is other news in the papers. The American liner St. Louis and the Cunarder Laconia are racing for the transatlantic speed record. No subways in a New York City of 2,200,000 persons. The word "automobile" has been coined, but few have seen one.

A headline reads, Prof. Bell's Radiophone—a Telephone in Which a Sunbeam Replaces the Wire, and the radiophone drops back into the limbo of uninvented things for another generation. Keith's Union Square, Tony Pastor's and Koster and Bial's music halls advertise a sensational novelty—the kineopticon, the animatograph, the biograph, the cinematograph. In another word, the movie! Flickering 300-foot shots of the Colosseum in Rome, the Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, or the Empire State Express rocking through Tarrytown at sixty miles an hour. A ninety-day wonder, falling away presently into the obscurity of nickelodeons to reappear two decades later a full-grown competitor of the speaking stage. Hollywood, meanwhile, is the name of a cemetery in Richmond, Virginia, nothing more.

Two newcomers invade New York—John Wanamaker, the merchant prince of Philadelphia; and a young man from California, Hearst by name, bringing a thing called yellow journalism. The granddaddy of all comic strips, Richard Outcault's Yellow Kid and his fellow urchins of Hogan's Alley, appears in the Sunday paper, now beginning to grow bulky. A dollar a day is a fair wage and $100 a month a salary goal to aim at.

Big Tim's Revenge

THE country is dancing the two-step and singing I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard, Put Me Off at Buffalo, With a Little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin, and My Pearl is a Bowery Girl. The Cherry Sisters of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, undisputed claimants to the title of the world's worst actresses, are convulsing audiences at Hammerstein's Olympia in their New York debut. Miss Maude Adams, playing in Rosemary at the Empire, is beginning to be heard of. A young Parisienne café chantant singer, Mlle. Anna Held, makes her first American appearance at the Herald Square in a revival of Hoyt's A Parlor Match. Melba and the De Reszke brothers, Jean and Edouard, are singing at the Metropolitan. Twenty-eight years ago, is it? Or another age?

On an early June afternoon in 1896 Joe Weber sat on a shoe-shine stand at the southwest corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway. His partner, Lew Fields, was summering at Rockaway Beach. Weber studied a bank book as his shoes were polished by an Irish lad recently from Clonakilty. The shining of shoes was not yet a Greek monopoly.

Joe and Lew wanted a theater of their own on Broadway. Their recent experience at Hammerstein's had convinced them that there was a place in New York for true burlesque, and the rash of ambition had broken out in a new place. For four years they had produced traveling variety shows successfully. The past season they had had three companies out. Yet the firm's cash balance was $300. There were the figures in a pass book of the Germania Bank on the Bowery. Why ask where four years' profits had gone? Fields now had a family to support. Weber, still a bachelor, had put his $5000 savings in an equity in an $18,000 house in Broome Street. He, his mother and his brother Max occupied the ground floor and rented the upper floors to a young lawyer, Otto Rosalsky, now judge in the General Sessions Court. Three hundred dollars was no capital with which to tackle Broadway.

As the bootblack signaled a completed task with his whisk broom, Louis Robie, manager of Harry Miner's Eighth Avenue Theater, happened by, and stopped.

"I hear you and Fields are looking for a Broadway house," he said. "Why don't you grab the Imperial over there?" Robie pointed across Twenty-ninth Street to the Imperial Music Hall, lately operated by George Kraus. "Miner tells me that Kraus has thrown up his sublease and quit," Robie continued. "Harry owns the lease and is looking for a customer. Better look him up. He's in his office now, or was a minute ago."

Robie jerked a thumb toward the Fifth Avenue Theater Building, a block below on Broadway. Weber did not go to see Miner. Instead, he took the next street car for Brooklyn Bridge, Rockaway Beach and Fields.

As constructed three years previously, the Imperial's entrance was on Twenty-ninth Street. Kraus had added a Broadway entrance by leasing a storeroom and converting it into a lobby. The added expense, it was supposed, had lost him the theater. Kraus and Big Tim Sullivan were partners later in the Dewey Theater on Fourteenth Street. Big Tim claimed that his partner owed him a large sum of money, payment of which he persistently evaded. Sullivan plotted a revenge that still is legendary on the Bowery. Big Tim rode up in front of the Dewey one day in one of the few motor cars then in New York. It was a foreign make, glistening in new red paint and with more brass work than a Haitian admiral. A liveried chauffeur sat stiffly at the steering rod. Big Tim alighted with a flourish, acknowledged the salutes of his admiring constituents and exchanged a few commonplaces with Kraus.

"That's a fine automobile you got there," Kraus said.

"Why shouldn't it be?" Sullivan is reported to have growled. "Didn't I pay $15,000 for it not five days since? Now I'm in a tight place. I can't lay me hand on any cash, and you won't pay me what you owe. It looks like I'd have to be selling the beauty for $10,000 and pocket me loss."

Kraus' eyes glistened like the car's brass work.

Truly Shattuck, California's Golden Girl

Stung!

"I KNOW a fellow, friend of mine, who might give you $7500," tradition says he offered. The same tradition has Big Tim calling his partner every name in a longshoreman's vocabulary. He concluded the tirade with: "Get me the $7500, and may the devil fly away with ye!"

Kraus paid, still in the name of the supposititious friend.

The chauffeur alighted and walked away with Big Tim. Once around the corner, they fell on each other's necks and either laughed or cried; curious passers-by were not certain which. Kraus inspected his purchase, and knowing nothing himself of these newfangled contraptions, sent for a mechanic.

The mechanic came, poked about the car cursorily and asked, "Where did you get this fancy teakettle?"

Big Tim, it developed, had paid fifty dollars for the ruins of a French car of the Louis Quinze period, spent several hundred dollars having it repainted, refurbished and its engine doctored sufficiently to get the bedizened old fraud as far as the front of the Dewey Theater under its own power. It just had lasted the distance. That night the Dewey Theater entrance was its garage.

The morning after his chance encounter with Robie, Weber stood again at Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, Fields with him. Their eyes roved over the exterior of the dark Imperial; they rattled its locked doors and found no watchman about. Neither ever had been inside the house. Crossing Broadway to think their problem out in the ease of the cushioned chairs in the Gilsey House lobby, they saw Leo C. Teller entering the hotel bar. Teller was Fields' brother-in-law, then a department manager in the A. I. Namm store in Brooklyn, now the Teller of the Shubert-Teller, Brooklyn, Theater. Weber nudged Fields.

"Why not Teller? He's a business man," he said, with an actor's respect for the commercial acumen of anyone outside his profession. "He's got real estate in Brooklyn. Let him in as a third partner for whatever money we need to swing the lease."

Teller was familiar with their ambition. He believed in Weber and Fields and appraised the project as a good gamble; and most of all, he desired never again to see a woman shopper. *(Continued on Page 31)*

51

The Milk that good cooks use!

7½ *teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 ounce can*

Every time you use cream in your cooking you prove the value of Libby's Milk. For you use cream rather than ordinary milk to give your foods a greater richness. Cream *gives* that richer taste simply because it contains more butter fat.

Yet in a whole cup of cream such as you would use for cooking there is only a trifle more of this enriching substance than in a can of Libby's Milk! Every 16 ounce can of this milk contains 7½ full teaspoons of butter fat.

It is milk from selected herds in the most favored dairy sections of the country with more than half the water evaporated from it—*the finest cow's milk in the land made double rich!*

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Thousands of good cooks are using Libby's Milk in all their cooking not simply because it is convenient to use and inexpensive, but because it gives them noticeably finer results.

There's Mrs. Adella Tromblay of Toledo, Ohio, for instance. She is a home cook well known throughout the city for the excellence of the foods she frequently prepares for exclusive clubs, bazaars and parties. One of her specialties is popovers—and if you want some popovers *par excellence* just try her recipe at the left! You, too, will want Libby's Milk always—milk that is rich in butter fat.

If your grocer doesn't have Libby's Milk, please tell us. We'll gladly send you, free, other excellent recipes from good cooks who use Libby's Milk; write today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 508 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

See how it enriches POPOVERS

Recipe from Mrs. Adella Tromblay
Toledo, Ohio

Beat one egg and yolk of another very light with ½ teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup Libby's Milk mixed with ½ cup lukewarm water, then add 1 cup flour sifted. Beat two or three minutes. Pour batter into buttered iron gem pans sizzling hot. Bake 20 minutes.

You'll find these popovers so rich, with such delightfully crisp brown crusts, you'll wish you had made twice as many

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Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	Pattern No. 408 (shown	1½	x 3	ft. $ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25	below) is made in all	3	x 3	ft. 1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50	sizes. The other patterns	3	x 4½	ft. 1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75	illustrated are made in	3	x 6	ft. 2.50
9	x 12	ft.	18.00	the five large sizes only.			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

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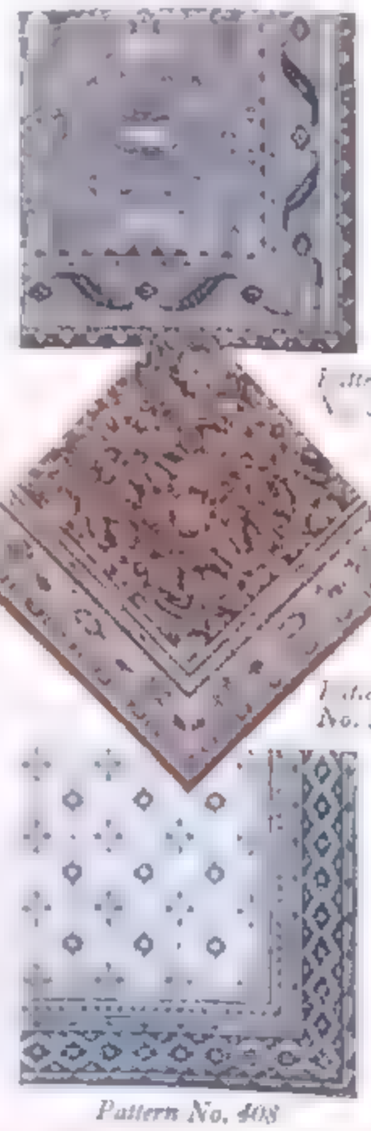
Below are shown a few of the many attractive patterns!



Pattern No. 408

(Continued from Page 28)

"Done!" Teller declared, and sealed the bargain with a handshake.

The three found Harry Miner in his office a block below.

"I like to see young fellows get ahead," Miner beamed upon them. "I'll strain a point and give you boys my three-year lease on the Imperial at $20,000 a year, $1500 down to cover the rent for the three summer months, $5000 before the house opens in September, $5000 on December first, and the balance in two equal payments, February and April first."

The full measure of Miner's generosity was not revealed to them for some time. Then they heard that $20,000 was double the rental that Kraus had paid.

Teller wrote a check for $1500. The three signed the contract, Joe and Lew without reading it, and took the keys. They had bought for three years a theater of which they knew nothing definitely except that it stood on Broadway. Being a music hall, the Imperial included a bar. The new lessees entered by the cellar stairs, which served as a stage door, and through the dusty saloon. On the barroom floor as he passed through, Weber found not a face but a twenty-five-cent piece. The old fifty-fifty rule was dishonored this once. Joe kept the quarter as a luck piece, and has it yet.

A single light, as required by law, burned on the stage and lit it feebly. The body of the house was lost in windowless night. Fields and Weber advanced to the cold footlights, did a quick dance step and sang to the empty and invisible seats:

Here we are, a jolly pair,
We own a Broadway thea-ter,
We own a Broadway thea-ter!

From somewhere in the gloom came an answering miaow from the house cat, as if the deserted theater itself had spoken.

Kraus had come to Broadway via the Bowery, and had embellished his theater according to the Bowery school of interior decorating, which went in heavily for gold leaf and Turkey red. When Teller found the switchboard and threw on the house lights the sudden radiance was caught up and reflected into their dazzled vision by a sunburst of gilt rococo and flaming upholsteries. In this first enchanted glimpse, Joe and Lew got their $1500 worth.

Bernard

THERE was ample width and height to the stage, but only sixteen feet working depth; so little that it was necessary to paint the bricks of the rear wall to simulate a back drop, and to pass through the cellar in order to get from one side of the stage to the other without being seen by the audience. But it was a theater, and on Broadway! It lay in the very heart of the Rialto and the Tenderloin. New York City was wide open and the city's night life flowed from Fourteenth Street to Thirty-fourth. The largest hotels, the important theaters, all were within rifle shot. Daly's Theater was next door, Shanley's café across the street, John Daly's semipublic gambling house immediately back of the theater.

Joe and Lew swept and scoured the house with their own hands. Sam Bernard, originally a paper hanger, bought a job lot of wall paper from a wholesaler and papered the dressing rooms himself, while Lew and Joe cut the deep-napped carpet that had lain on the barroom floor into lengths to fit the dressing-room boards. These touches were not lost on variety actors and chorus girls accustomed to the Spartan simplicity of a horse stall. Bernard, their boyhood friend, had been offered a partnership, but had declined out of distrust for his own business ability. No partner could have outdone him, however, in zeal for the success of the enterprise.

Sam Bernard was born Samuel Barnett. The New York City directory is rife with Colemans who were Kolinskys, Lewinskys become Lewises, Di Giorgios anglicized to Georges and Zuccarinis transformed to Flynn; but there is no other known instance of a man of so sterling an American name as Barnett dropping it for the typically foreign Bernard.

The change originated in a typographical error. Very early in his theatrical career a printer set his name and that of his brother Dick as Bernard. Unable to afford new programs, they let the error ride, and were Sam and Dick Bernard thenceforth.

By the middle of August, Teller had spent $2200 of his own money on the music hall and announced that he was at the end of his capital. Joe and Lew, who had thought of him as rich, were shocked.

"What about all that real estate in Brooklyn?" they demanded.

"All that real estate," he replied, "is one house, and that's in my sister's name."

When they protested that $2200 was no adequate price for a third interest in their ability, experience, foresight and goodwill, Teller said that he would have to get out. If they would make him manager of the house on a salary, he would surrender his partnership and wait for the $2200 until they were able to repay him. This was done, and Joe and Lew came into complete possession of what shortly was to be one of the most profitable ventures on Broadway.

With Teller out, new funds had to be found, and at once. Five thousand dollars more would be due on the lease soon, and there would be daily expenses. At Teller's suggestion they called on the president of the Germania Bank, custodian of their $300. The banker, who was a variety fan, knew them both as actors and depositors. He greeted them graciously.

"We would like to borrow about $5000," Joe got down to business.

"How much?" asked the banker.

"About $500," Joe amended quickly.

"Surely! Surely!" the banker agreed. "Just get some responsible person to indorse your note."

"What do you mean—indorse our note?" Weber demanded. The banker explained the process.

The Banker's Sympathetic Eye

"DO YOU mean to say," Fields cut in, "that after we've been leaving our money here for five years, you won't lend us your money without somebody else saying we're good for it?"

The president of the Germania spread deprecating hands. This was the universal banking custom, he pointed out.

"You haven't a glass eye, have you?" Lew asked.

"A glass eye? Certainly not, Mr. Fields!" The banker drew a cloak of dignity about himself.

"I thought not," Fields said. "Ever hear the story of the banker who had a glass eye so perfect that it defied detection? No? A client wanted a loan and the banker made him an offer. If he could distinguish the artificial eye from the natural one he could have the money. The man pointed to the glass eye at once. The banker was surprised and puzzled.

"'You're the first one to do it,' he said. 'Do you mind telling me why you were so certain?'

"'Sure,' the borrower explained. 'The glass eye looked more sympathetic.'"

Weber added his say.

"If you don't trust us, we don't trust you," he ruled.

In a huff, they withdrew their $300 and left the Germania to its fate.

Reluctantly Weber took the deed to his Broome Street home to Miner and offered it as security for the $5000 due before the music hall should open. Miner accepted it. Among their friends the boys were able to raise $2000 in small loans as an operating fund. Nothing now stood in the way of the theater's opening but talent.

Joe and Lew had two years of an old contract yet to fulfill and would be compelled to take to the road soon after the new theater opened, leaving the fate of their experiment in the hands of others. With Sam Bernard in charge backstage and Teller in the front of the house, their technical and business interests would be safe; but more was necessary. The company must be selected with unusual care. The variety acts would take care of themselves. Some two dozen turns, including many of the biggest on the boards, already

(Continued on Page 54)

Peter Dailey and an Early Music Hall Chorus Ensemble. Above—Frankie Bailey

Getting Started in Exporting

By J. R. SPRAGUE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

NOT long ago I chanced to attend a meeting of the chamber of commerce in an Eastern town when the export manager for a prominent manufacturing concern made a talk on foreign trade. He pointed out the fact that during the past few years American manufacturing plants have been geared up to such a point that they produce more than the country can use; that unless we find markets abroad to take a portion of our product we shall continue to have periodical bad times when factories are shut down, people out of work and soup kitchens have to be maintained in the big cities. The point of his argument was that it is the duty of every American manufacturer to try to sell some of his goods in foreign countries so bad times may be bridged over.

At the end of his talk the export manager stated he would be glad to hear any discussion of the subject, and a man at the far end of the hall stood up.

"I am one of those manufacturers you spoke of," the man said. "I have got a shop out here on the edge of town that I have worked up from nothing to where it keeps a hundred people employed. I know all about these slumps and what they cost, but I don't know anything about foreign trade and I'm not rich enough to sink a lot of money learning it. What I want to find out is this: How much does it cost to get started in exporting? And if I start it, how long will it reasonably take to get on a paying basis?"

Some Sound Advice

CERTAINLY these two questions as propounded by the manufacturer are important ones and of interest to everyone. Statistics show that the volume of business transacted in the United States varies only about 10 per cent between the so-called good years and the years of business depression. If all American factories making exportable articles could find a foreign outlet for even a small proportion of their products the result would go a long way toward eliminating the periods of unemployment and stagnation that have been a part of our national history during the past sixty years.

The object of this article is to set down in simple form the actual experiences of numbers of manufacturers who have made a success of exporting. Most of the men I have interviewed have been rather small operators whose problems are much the same as those of the manufacturer at the chamber-of-commerce meeting, and in each case I have repeated his questions: How much did it cost to get started in exporting? How long was it before your foreign business got on a paying basis?

Perhaps the clearest answer to these questions came from a manufacturer who has only recently gone into exporting; his experiences are based on present-day conditions and he related them to me in detail, step by step.

This manufacturer's product is a certain accessory that goes into the making of automobile and carriage tops, his plant being in a small Pennsylvania town where he has been operating for about fifteen years. Starting in a small way he made very good progress in domestic business and for the past five years has been on Easy Street so far as his finances are concerned—that is, he has enough capital to go along comfortably, his local banks advancing him money whenever he needs it to buy materials or to carry the accounts of his customers.

During the slump of 1920 and '21 he lost money. Orders fell off to such an extent that for the better part of a year he ran his plant on half time and some of his best people drifted away, a discouraging situation for all concerned. During the war a few foreign orders had come to him unsolicited through New York general exporting houses, and last year when his affairs had again become normal he began to think seriously about trying for an over-sea market which might take up the slack of future domestic slumps. He was business man enough to realize that he could not jump into foreign business all of a sudden whenever things happened to get dull at home; to put it into his own words, he knew the time to mend a leaky roof was in fair weather and not after it started to rain.

He knew nothing about the details of selling goods abroad, but through the secretary of a manufacturers' organization to which he belongs he was put in touch with a man in New York who was open for an engagement as export manager. This man made a trip to the factory for a conference.

The first thing the manufacturer asked the export manager was, how much it would cost to get into exporting and how long it would probably be before the export department would pay its own way. To this the export man replied that it would be time to look into such matters after an investigation had been made to determine whether or not the product would have a chance in foreign markets, because sometimes conditions are such that all the effort in the world will not make export operations profitable. The thing to do, he said, was to send to Washington and get from the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce a detailed report showing what quantities of automobile and carriage-top accessories were being imported into foreign countries, and where those countries were buying them from already.

In due time this report was received and the export manager was ready for another conference. The report stated that several European countries made practically the same products as the Pennsylvania manufacturer, not only supplying the European demand but also exporting considerable. Territories like South Africa, South America and Australia were considerable users of the material but did not manufacture it. The report also gave the amounts imported into each section of these territories.

"Basing my judgment on these figures," the export man told the manufacturer, "I see no reason why you haven't got as good a chance as anyone. I would not advise trying to break into the European market at first, because you would be handicapped by the ocean freight and by customs duties, but the rest of the world is open where you will be on an even footing. But before we go any further I want to ask you two questions: Will you be willing to stick to your export operations even though they do not show a profit for two or three years? And will you take care of export orders at all times, no matter how good business may be in the United States? There may come times, you know, when your customers at home can use all your products, and in such an event it will be a temptation to sell at home and let the foreigners slide."

To this the manufacturer replied that he meant business; that he did not expect to get rich in a day from foreign operations, and his main idea was to avoid such a period as he had experienced before when his factory was practically shut down and his employes were walking around needing work and not able to get it. That being settled the next thing was to see how far the manufacturer's bankers would be willing to go; for, as I have said, the manufacturer was not a rich man and all his available capital was tied up in his business.

The conference with the two local bank presidents started out rather unfavorably. Neither of them had ever financed foreign operations and it appeared a risky business their customer was considering, where he would have to ship his product to strangers thousands of miles away and take his chances of getting paid. One of the bankers came out flat-footedly and said he could not see why the manufacturer should want to take such chances; that things were going all right and a pretty good policy was to let well enough alone.

The Stage All Set

THE export man interposed at this point with the statement that the manufacturer would be taking no more chances in selling his goods on credit in foreign countries than he would be at home, provided he used the same common sense in selecting his customers, because in many cases it is easier to get reliable data about a business man's responsibility in a foreign country than at home. He called attention to the fact that not only are American credit agencies operating in foreign countries, but American export associations and large banks freely exchange credit information; and besides it is one of the functions of American consuls and commercial attachés everywhere to look into the financial responsibility of firms in their territories who are doing business with the United States. Faced with these facts the bankers concluded that the manufacturer might not be going off on a wild-goose chase and agreed to discount his foreign drafts in reasonable amounts on the same basis as though they were drawn on domestic customers.

Thus the stage was all set for the manufacturer's plunge into over-sea trade, the export man agreeing to handle the foreign business on a basis of salary with a commission on sales; so the only thing left was to find customers to export to. The manufacturer had supposed he would have to go to the expense of sending out salesmen, but the export man showed where that item might be eliminated.

"If yours was a large corporation," he said, "and turning out a product that sold in great quantities, your best plan would be to establish your own branch offices in foreign cities and have your own selling organizations working out from those branches. But you aren't big enough to do that and your product does not sell in large enough quantities to warrant it anyhow.

"Discarding the idea of foreign branch offices the next best way, probably, would be to send out a competent man who would travel through the various countries and appoint local selling agents, but this would take a good deal of time; for instance, a man could hardly cover South America alone in less than a year, during which time you would be putting out money without any coming in. Fixed as you are, the desirable thing is to get some business started as quickly as possible with as small expense as possible.

"Now there is a way to do this with practically no expense other than my salary and some postage. Let us see what kind of business men we want to get in touch with. The people who will ultimately use your product are mainly garage owners, automobile-top makers and carriage-body makers. Such people also are users of small tools and hardware specialties, and naturally they buy most of their supplies from the wholesale hardware dealers of their communities. Naturally, then, the wholesale hardware

(Continued on Page 34)

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THESE DOUBLE-THICK CORN FLAKES STAY CRISP IN MILK OR CREAM

FLETCHER

(Continued from Page 32)

dealers are our logical distributors. The thing to do now is to send to Washington for a government list of foreign concerns that specialize in hardware and kindred lines, and go after the most desirable ones to act as our selling agents."

Another question arose when the government list arrived. Many foreign firms were listed as regular wholesale hardware houses which buy merchandise outright, keep it on hand in their warehouses and sell from the stock thus carried. Others were listed as manufacturers' agents who carry only samples and sell to the dealers on a commission basis, the manufacturer shipping direct to the various purchasers and collecting his money from them. Naturally the manufacturer thought it would be safer and altogether more desirable to do business with the regular wholesalers who bought goods outright than to tie up with commission agents who would merely sell the goods and then let the manufacturer collect his money himself from the retail dealers. Here again the export manager's experience came into play.

"I know it would be more comfortable," he said, "for you to do business with a single representative firm in some foreign country, shipping your goods in larger lots and getting your pay all at once. But let's look at it from a plain U. S. A. standpoint. If you were going into Texas for the first time, for instance, wouldn't you rather have a lot of small accounts on your books, fellows who would be sending in little orders all the time, than a single big dealer who would buy perhaps once or twice a year? Of course it is more work to handle so many small accounts, but it also gives you a chance to spread your manufacturing out throughout the year. Even it is better from a credit standpoint. The one big concern, no matter how strong it is, may get into trouble, in which case you have all your money tied up. But it is inconceivable that a hundred little concerns would ever get into trouble all at the same time; some of them will always be solvent and able to pay their bills promptly. Remember, too, we aren't going to sell goods blindly in foreign countries any more than we would at home. We will have accurate credit data and look up of every man before we ship him anything."

The manufacturer was finally convinced as to the desirability of having many small accounts on his books rather than a few big ones, and the export manager started on his campaign to appoint selling agents. Taking the government list for Argentina he found about twenty firms in Buenos Aires named as manufacturers' agents and specializing on hardware lines. To each of these he wrote a personal letter in correctly translated Spanish, describing the product his factory makes, and stating that a responsible agent was desired to handle the product in Argentina.

In reply to his twenty letters he received answers from several firms stating their willingness to handle his line on a commission basis and inclosing references as to business standing and integrity. One of these firms appeared to stand out from the others in the amount of business it was doing and its financial responsibility, but there was one drawback. In his letters the export manager had expressly stated that any firm applying for the agency should name in detail all the other factory lines it might be handling; and on the list forwarded by this particular firm was the name of a European manufacturer who makes a product similar to the one the export manager was himself promoting.

Profitable Results

IN SPITE of all other considerations the export manager discarded the application of the outstanding Buenos Aires manufacturers' agency, and in discussing it he said this:

"They might have been all right and really desirous of handling two lines of automobile and carriage-top accessories, but I have been in the business long enough to know the danger of placing my line with any firm that sells a competing product. More often than not it is a scheme to get hold of a line merely to keep someone else from handling it; to kill it in the territory."

For Argentina, therefore, the export manager gave his agency to the second strongest firm and believes he acted wisely. Then using his government list he canvassed the other South American countries, finding, he believes, suitable sales agents in all, but taking the precaution everywhere to make contracts limited to one year, the idea being that a year is long enough to find out if the agency is an active one, but short enough so no great harm is done in case a reasonable amount of business is not forthcoming. He did not altogether stick to his plan of appointing manufacturers' agents as his representatives, because in the export business there are no rules that ought not to be broken occasionally. In one South American country, and in Australia, he happened to get in touch with exceptionally strong wholesale firms to whom he gave his line.

It was early in January of this year that the export manager sent out his first letters and his first actual order came in March. By June a fairly steady trickle of business was coming in, enough to pay the running expenses of the export department. In six months, therefore, the manufacturer was established in over-sea trade, and all it had cost him was the salary of his export manager, together with about sixty dollars a week spent on postage and cables—probably no more money than it would have cost to break into a new territory in the United States. He figures in another year to be selling 10 or 15 per cent of his product abroad, which will insure against another such disastrous time as he went through two years ago.

The foregoing story represents an exceptional achievement, for of course everyone cannot expect paying results from exporting in less than six months. It is doubtless true that this manufacturer helped his cause by going into his foreign operations with an open mind, willing to be shown and anxious to give his foreign connections the same service that he gives his domestic customers. Sometimes over-sea operations fall flat because the would-be exporter wants to do things abroad that he would not think of doing at home.

During the summer of 1923 an export man in New York who handles the foreign business of several manufacturers was approached by a man who manufactures radio sets. It appears that summer is a dull time in the radio-set business, both because people are away from home a good deal and because warm humid weather affects the efficiency of the instruments; and the manufacturer was anxious to have some south-of-the-Equator business, where the seasons are just the opposite from ours, so he might overcome his usual summer slackness. The export man was inclined to take on the line, as he believed he could work up a South American demand, and made a trip to the factory to look things over. He found the radio manufacturer was making a good product, but had some peculiar ideas about exporting.

Bad Selling Policy

"THE first thing I would like to do," the manufacturer said, "is to work off a lot of old-style sets that I have on hand. There are about a hundred of them left over from a couple of years ago, and my new models are so much improved that I don't like to offer these old ones to the trade in this country because it might hurt my reputation. Those fellows down in South America don't know much about radio, I presume, and it would be a good place to sell these old-time sets. I'm willing to make price concessions so the selling ought to be easy."

Naturally such a proposition did not much appeal to the export man, who knew the ins and outs of foreign trade from an experience based on twenty years' operations.

"I am afraid," he told the radio-set manufacturer, "that you haven't got just the right slant on this matter. If your idea in exporting is to work off a lot of your old models, the quicker you forget it the better. Perhaps you are right in assuming the South Americans don't yet know much about radio sets; I have never tried to sell them, so I don't know myself. But I do know the French manufacturers are covering the territory, and from what I know about French methods I would bet dollars against doughnuts that they are sending out their best and latest.

"You say you are willing to make price concessions but, even so, consider what it would lead to. The people who bought your sets would find out sooner or later that there were more perfected models on the market; no matter how cheap they had bought them, your name would forever after be associated with an inferior product and your chances for permanent business ruined.

"The situation would be all the worse if, as you seem to believe, the South Americans don't know much about radio. When a man is thoroughly conversant with an article you can go to him all open and aboveboard and explain that what you are offering is a little out of date, but you are willing to make up for it in the price. In such a case your customer backs his own judgment. You might, for instance, sell a short-winded horse to an experienced farmer at a low price, because the farmer knows the horse will be all right for certain jobs about his place; but you wouldn't want to sell the same horse to an amateur farmer who had an idea that the animal might be used both for plowing and for driving to town.

"Now about these old-style radio sets—if you want to work them off at a sacrifice price do it right here in the United States, where people are familiar with them and know what they must pay for an up-to-date outfit. Advertise them for exactly what they are and make a price accordingly. If you aren't willing to do that, then junk them. But for your own reputation and for the reputation of every other exporting American manufacturer, don't try to start an export business by selling something abroad that you hesitate to offer at home."

The question is often asked by inland manufacturers who are thinking about export if it is necessary to maintain an office in a seaboard city, or if the export department may be conducted from the factory's own office. I have put this question to many executives of manufacturing firms which make goods to be sold abroad, and almost invariably the answer has been that it is entirely possible to conduct an export department from an inland city; but usually the firm which starts that way finds it advisable eventually to establish an office in a seaport. One very successful export manager discussed the matter at length and in an extremely practical way.

"If an inland manufacturer should engage me to establish an over-sea market for his product," this man said, "I would want to spend two or three months at the factory laying out my plans and instructing someone on the factory staff to carry out the details of proper packing and shipping, after which I should do all my work from an office in the city where the goods were to be loaded on shipboard.

"There are several reasons for this. In the first place, in a city like New York, for instance, there are always foreign buyers, coming and going, who are looking for new lines, and the export manager who is right on the ground can pick up considerable business that might be missed if he were at the factory. He is also in contact with other export managers who can throw business his way when they receive orders for goods outside of their particular lines.

"But perhaps the strongest reason for maintaining an office away from the factory lies in the fact that manufacturing goods is one thing and selling the goods is another thing, each requiring a different viewpoint. If the export manager is at the factory he will unconsciously become influenced by the problems of manufacturing and he may hesitate to inaugurate new selling plans simply because such plans would add to the burdens of his fellow workers. This of course applies to domestic selling as well as export. The best sales manager is the one who keeps himself enough detached from production problems to be willing to try anything that promises profitable business. It is his affair to find out where things may be sold and how, and then depend on his colleagues in the producing end to tighten up their belts and carry out their part of it."

Aside from the problem of initial cost, the question is often raised by manufacturers as to how much extra capital they should have in order to market their product abroad. The feeling seems to be that foreign business requires more capital than domestic business.

In discussing this question with many export men and bankers the invariable answer has been that it takes no greater investment to finance sales in foreign countries than in the United States; that if a manufacturer is in position to increase his output it may be increased through sales in South America or South Africa on the same basis as though the extra business came from California or Arizona. A New York banker whose institution handles the accounts of many exporting firms recently said this:

"So much has been said about the long credits demanded by foreign buyers that many small manufacturers seem to think their money would be tied up too long in making over-sea shipments; that their capital could not stand the strain of having large amounts continually standing on their books.

"As a matter of fact, I believe the manufacturer who sells a portion of his output abroad usually gets his money as quickly from foreign customers as from domestic ones; and the reason for this lies in the fact that in our own country much of the business is done on open account, while foreign buyers are accustomed to have drafts made on them at a stated time."

The Importance of Exactness

"CONSIDER how this works out, let us say, in the case of some manufacturer in a small inland town. During his busy season he makes and ships out one hundred thousand dollars' worth of his product to customers in the United States. For probably half of this he gets from his customers short-time notes or trade acceptances, but for the other half he has only the open accounts standing on his books. Presuming him to be in easy financial circumstances, he has of course no trouble in going to his local bank and borrowing enough money to keep his factory going until these accounts are paid. But his credit at his bank would be a good deal better if all his accounts were in the form of notes or acceptances, instead of only half, because the notes and acceptances are two-name paper and as such are guaranteed both by the manufacturer and the various customers who signed them. In other words, the manufacturer's credit is augmented by the responsibility of the people who have bought goods from him, and whose papers are there to show it.

"Now in the case of shipments to foreign customers there are always papers to show where the goods have gone and customhouse documents to show their value, and besides this, foreign customers nearly always expect to have drafts made on them; it is very rare indeed that the manufacturer has to ship goods abroad on open account. When the manufacturer makes a foreign shipment he can take the draft to his bank and get the money on it at once, because it is a tangible evidence of a business transaction and regarded by the banker in the same light as the notes and acceptances of domestic customers."

All successful export managers stress the importance of exactness in dealings with customers in foreign countries. One man gave me a rather vivid illustration.

"It is the custom with many South Americans of good families," he said, "for a man to use the family names of both his father and mother, joining them with a small 'y'; for instance, Hernandez y Gonzales. In such a case it

(Continued on Page 44)

SUPERTWIST is a new word in the tire industry and a mighty important one. It is the name of the sensational new cord fabric developed by Goodyear. Tests show that tires made with this elastic and enduring new material *delivered as much as 100% greater* carcass *service* than tires made with an equal number of plies of standard cord fabric. In other words, ply for ply, SUPERTWIST literally *doubled* the *carcass* life of the tire. SUPERTWIST is used only by Goodyear, and is built into Goodyear balloon tires of *both* kinds—to fit new wheels, or the wheels now on your car.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

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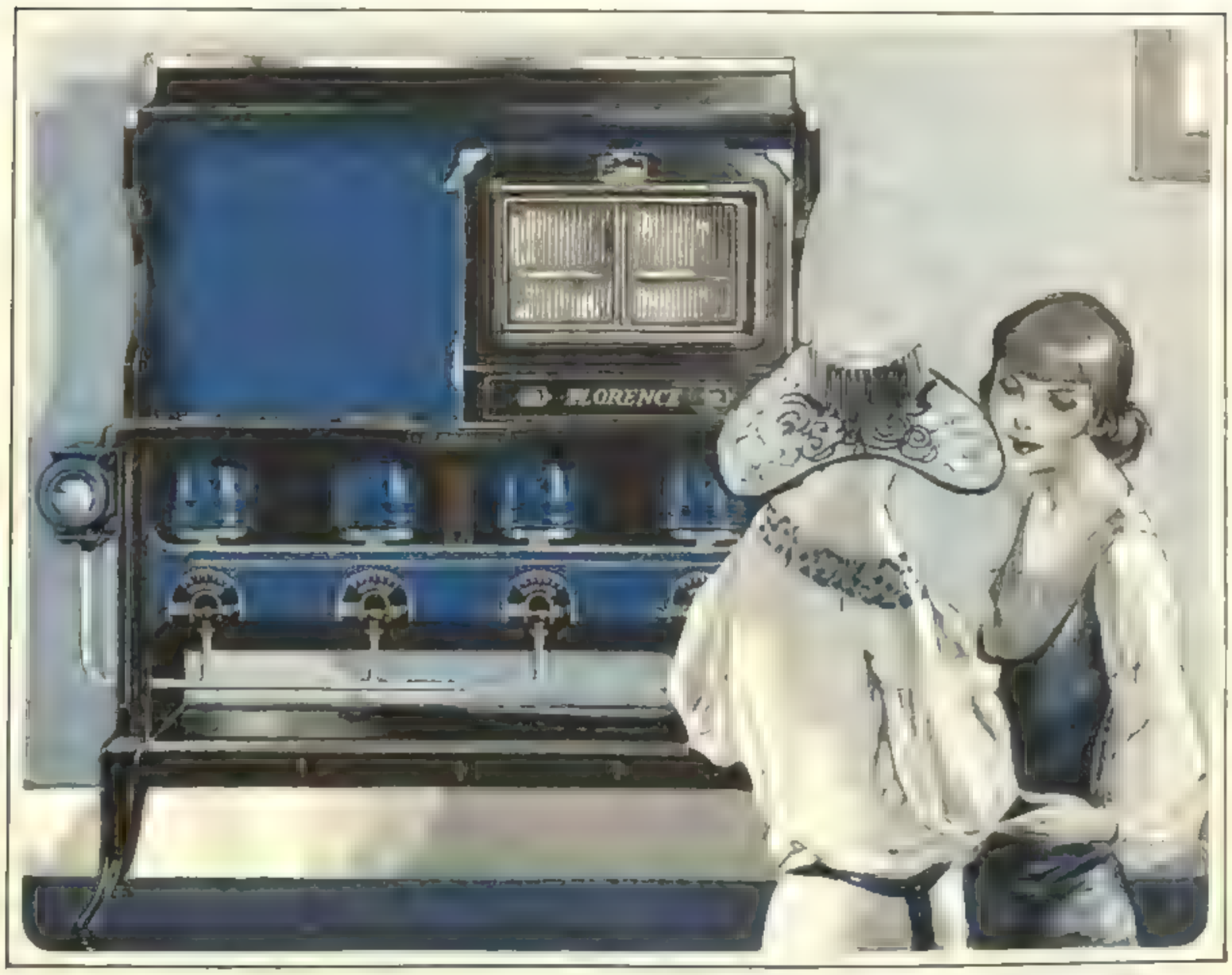


"There is my new Florence Oil Range! Isn't it good-looking? You can cook anything in the world on it; and it's so easy to light and to regulate the heat. And you can see how cool the kitchen keeps. That's because you don't light it till you're ready to cook."

Why keep a fire going when you are not cooking?

Comfort and economy both point straight to the modern oil stove

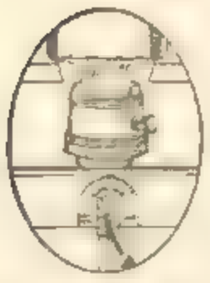
The Florence Leveler

Attached to each foot of the Florence, this device enables you to set the stove level on an uneven floor.

A cool kitchen in hot weather is worth almost anything to a woman. You can have a cool kitchen, and at an actual saving of expense. The Florence Oil Range cuts fuel bills radically, and the comfort you gain is beyond price.

You light the Florence only when you need it for cooking. That is one reason why it means both comfort and economy. The fuel is kerosene, which is cheap and plentiful. Everything you could possibly require for a hearty dinner—roast meat, vegetables and desserts—can be cooked quickly and well with this modern range.

The flame does not come from a wick



More Heat—Less Care

The heat in the big Florence burner is close up under the cooking, and is regulated by the turn of a lever.

To start the Florence you merely touch a match to the Asbestos Kindler. The flame is a *gas flame*. It is not a *wick* flame, such as you see in the ordinary oil lamp.

Quickly you have a clean, blue flame of intense heat, right close up under the cooking. The heat goes into the cooking, not into a mass of metal or out into the room. The turn of a lever regulates the heat to any degree you wish. When you are through cooking, turn the lever and the flame goes out.

Clean and beautiful

It is a joy not to have to shake the stove, not to have to bother with ashes and soot. Occasionally you fill the kerosene reservoir, and that is all. The metal reservoir is light in weight and easily filled.

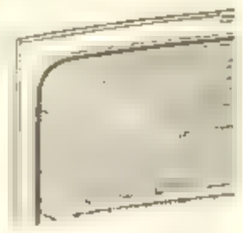
Porcelain enamel (either blue or white), black frame and nickel trimmings make the Florence Oil Range an object of sparkling beauty in any kitchen. The Florence is simple in construction and very easy to keep clean.

The portable Florence Oven has the "baker's arch" and patented heat-spreader to assure even baking. It can be used on any kind of stove. Each Florence Range has an ingenious device attached to the legs so that it can be set level if the kitchen floor is uneven.

See it and read about it

The most convincing argument for the Florence is to look at one. Won't you examine one critically at a department, furniture, or hardware store? If in doubt where, write us for the address of the nearest.

Ask us to mail you our booklet, "Get Rid of the 'Cook Look.'" It is free and you will find it full of useful information.



The Florence Oven

can be bought separately for use on any stove. Built on the principle of the old Dutch oven, it has the "baker's arch" and patented heat-spreader scientifically designed to distribute the heat uniformly.

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Florence Stove Company, Dept. 562, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters and Florence Oil Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

FLORENCE Oil Range

JUDGMENT

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"This Surprising Young Woman," Said Old Brewster, "is Engaged to be Married"

THE library was warm, for it was a thunderous summer night. The men sat indolently about the gleaming table, discussing, weighing, considering, arguing the case with more care than their physical attitudes indicated. They had dined well, and the dinner conversation had been pleasant and sparkling. But now they had a serious responsibility upon them—this decision.

"Shall we give him another chance?"

"His dishonesty is flagrant."

"What are the extenuating circumstances?"

"He is young; we find there were certain conditions in his life which must be weighed in his favor."

"Shall we?"

"Shall we not?"

The oldest member of the little group of directors who had gathered privately to adjudicate upon the case had lapsed into a semidoze. He was nearly eighty. It was a hot night. His daughter's dinners were so good; his son-in-law's wines not to be refused. He had been painfully interested, yet almost he dozed.

Just before he nodded off he had heard from the open nursery windows straight above the open library windows the gurgling coo of the youngest baby as she wakened for her ten-o'clock bottle. A gay person—the baby! Always ready to wake and laugh—little devil! So grandfather was smiling as he sank a little lower and a little lower into his chair.

And the earnest voices droned on, now quickening a little, now hardening, till he lost himself and them.

Then suddenly from oblivion old Brewster awoke with a shock, crying "Mercy!"

He looked around him in the pause of consternation—apologetically—smiling and rubbing his eyes.

"I was dreaming," he said. "I'm getting old. I'm asleep." His son-in-law rose from his chair at the head of the table and limped over to him. He was a tall austere man, very lame.

"I'm all right, my boy," said old Brewster. "Dreaming. That's all." He gazed around him. "I leave my share of this responsibility, gentlemen, to my son-in-law. His shoulders are big enough."

Then he looked up at his son-in-law.

A summer day, a little thundery. The sky, even in the sunlight, threatened the sea; but the sea, in the sunlight, still smiled. There were a lot of white gulls about, anticipating storm. Old Mrs. Pearce sat in the garden of her seaside bungalow under a great striped tent of an umbrella, reading a long letter over which she giggled a trifle, softly, now and then.

And quite often she paused in her reading to look toward a door in the old red wall of a garden that, above her and her little bungalow, ran right out to the cliff's edge. Over the red walls one saw the chimneys of a big spreading house thus cloistered majestically in retreat.

The third time that Mrs. Pearce glanced up she saw the figure she expected emerge from the door in the garden wall—the great international banker, Ross Brewster.

Ross Brewster came straight to her, down the slope of the hillside on which her pretty little bungalow seemed to grow like a flower; and he sat down beside her.

He was a great man with still the figure and bearing of an athlete, in his sixties; and old Mrs. Pearce was a soft, roguish, frail lady with the heart of an infant, in her sixties; and they looked what they were, two old lovers, long frustrated, long denied; at last settling down into a gray-haired romance of perpetual friendship. What had happened to them in their younger years, what parted them, what they said, what they did, what they suffered, might have made a great story; but it was all over now. Here they sat, at peace, content just with this exquisiteness of friendship.

"Ross," said Mrs. Pearce, "here is a letter from Julia."

Brewster glanced at his only daughter's many-paged communication to their old neighbor.

"Listen, Ross, and I will read you a little. It will make you young again."

The old lady giggled her sweet little giggle, and old Brewster thought what he always thought when he heard it: That it was a miracle her tragedy of a life had left her with such a sentimental-comedy heart. It was as if all that had happened to her was a bad dream—the rogue who had married and deserted her, taking with him to the ends of the earth—who knew where?—their baby boy; and the long, long desert of years.

She was reading:

"'Lying out in the hammock among the pine trees in the Farways' garden—you know the patch of garden I mean—I was thinking of all sorts of things. It was dark, and Irene Farway was playing her violin in the house. I wonder what it is that music releases in us that our thoughts instantly become bigger, and fly wider, and we get an understanding that stops when the music stops.' She wonders what it is that music does to us, Ross! Now listen: 'But to go on: I was thinking of a lot of things and people—men and women like you and father, chiefly. How you messed things up! Because you know it is obvious, even to me—little as you aged wiseacres think it—that you ought to have married each other, and I ought to have been your daughter instead of my poor mother's. Yet you and father allowed yourselves to be parted, and allowed yourselves each to marry someone else; and then, instead of ruthlessly setting it right afterward, you allowed yourselves to go on bearing things till now you're both old. Oh! I do wonder how your generation managed to bear life at all! The mistakes you made!

"'The mistakes you made were so shocking! We are different—my generation. You married a waster; you were so young and innocent, I suppose; I can just imagine you! You didn't know a bad 'un from a good 'un. Now neither Irene Farway nor I could ever be like that. Our eyes are much too wide open.' I ask you, Ross!"

"Go on, my dear," said old Brewster.

"The child continues: 'We choose much more gloriously nowadays, I suppose, because we choose sanely.' Do you hear that, Ross? They choose sanely nowadays! 'We see clearer. We feel as much, but we think more. Oh, if you only knew why it is that I've been lying out there in the hammock under the pine trees in the dark thinking all these things and far more—you'd be as thrilled as I! When I come home I shall tell you.'"

Old Brewster was sitting forward in his chair, fanning himself with his Panama hat. He smiled. He had a great rocklike face that could be tender.

"But the letter is postmarked," said Mrs. Pearce, "a hundred miles away from the Farways'."

"They were out motoring somewhere when she posted it, I expect, my dear."

"Three months she's been staying with them, and you've had all your weeks in London and week-ends here alone!"

"I had you here, my dear."

The old lady smiled, growing pink, for she had kept the knack of blushing.

"It has been a lovely summer, Ross. This garden—you here every Sunday to talk to."

"And Julia comes home tonight."

"Tonight!"

"I had a wire. That's what I came to tell you. And it's only early September now. We'll still have a month of glorious weather, with luck, we three."

"We'll go sailing!"

"We'll go sailing, we three!"

They looked out to sea. There were fishing boats lying on the water, far out, very still. The cliffs were of a sharp redness in the bright sunlight, the sea of a sharp and brilliant blue.

It was very, very hot. Old Brewster had a ten-ton boat, very smart and fast, which Julia loved to sail. They imagined themselves in her, tonight perhaps if the thunder cleared away, under the harvest moon.

"Come up to the house and help me, my dear," said old Brewster; "those servants of mine can't arrange flowers."

So the old lady rose and they went up the hillside together through the door in the garden wall. They stole from greenhouses and rose trees ruthlessly to make the house lovely for the young girl.

As she went daintily about the place, old Mrs. Pearce said, "You must be very happy, Ross, preparing for her. I have often thought if I had my lost boy coming home to me of the great things I should do for him. Not great things really, of course; only food and flowers and everything a housekeeping woman can think of like that. But it would be divine. Yesterday was ——"

"Boy's birthday," said old Brewster. "Still keep it?"

The old lady nodded. "His present came down from town in the morning. A fishing rod—a beauty. I have twenty-six presents put away for him twenty-six! How time goes! They begin with a Teddy bear that walks; the next was a book—The Water Babies. Then I got a train. Of course he was growing. There's a steam crane among them. How time goes! Twenty-nine candles on his birthday cake yesterday. You'll eat a piece with me this afternoon. If he is alive he must be a wonderful man, my baby; he showed such promise. He was beautiful."

"Yes, he must be a fine fellow, my dear."

"Ross! Oh, Ross! Is that gardener looking? Let us pick these orchids for her room!"

The young girl sat on the floor of her bedroom beside her opened trunk. The windows were open to a placid evening sea with red sunset over it. Cool air flowed in. She wore silk stockings and a straight white lace slip of a petticoat. She was pulling her lovely clothes lazily, pell-mell, out of the trunk. She had a rope of real pearls twisted carelessly round and round one bare thin arm, and her dark hair tumbled anyhow on her neck. She was dreaming and smiling, and her thoughts were as full of careless riches as the open box before her. Youth and ecstasies and profusion of riches were all prodigally hers.

And yet she was a darling. Fortune could not spoil her; and if suffering could, it had never touched her yet.

She sang as she pulled out her exquisite things and tossed them in a heap beside her. And she laughed out aloud very softly without knowing that she did it. Besides stupendous happiness she had also a stupendous joke.

She was only twenty-one. And she loved the sea and this cliff house and the ten-ton sailing boat; she loved her father and old Mrs. Pearce and the orchids on her dressing table and the whole sweet world.

She was motherless; but she had such a father! His room was next to hers. While she was dressing he was dressing too. As she sang she could hear him whistling, taking up the air. As she stopped to laugh at him his whistle broke for him to laugh with her. She flung a satin slipper at the wall nearest him, and he banged that wall in response. And her hands clasping and unclasping on her breast, she thought thrillingly, "If he knew! If he knew! Poor old love! What would he say if he knew!"

"Hurry up, father!" she called.

"Hurry up yourself!" he called back gladly.

When Julia came down she saw how all the rooms had been decorated for her—as if for a wedding, she thought. And old Mrs. Pearce had come up the hillside in her yellowed old cream satin with the black lace over it. There was champagne.

The old banker was never so happy as when with his only darling child. All the summer he had been without her, her return to him postponed again and again for this reason or that, and the battle-ground of cities had made him weary, and the week-ends here on the cliff had been lonely, looking out to sea and feeling—it was a queer unexplainable feeling—somehow, as if one's treasure ship were slipping out of harbor while one did not see, and sailing, sailing, sailing, over the edge of the world till she dipped down from sight, gone forever. But now he felt safe; the treasure ship was still in harbor; its helm was under his own hand, and she would only set sail upon the seas he himself had charted for her. And here they were, all three of them secure together; and with luck they would have a warm September.

The young girl looked at the old people. Poor old people, after all, in spite of her father's money and Mrs. Pearce's serenity! For they had lived in an age when there was no rebellion; when people had conventions instead of courage; when lovers sighed and resigned themselves rather than fight; when people suffered unimaginably rather than disobey a single rule. The young girl was sorry for them. They had missed the glory; they had made mistakes. In their youth they had not had her wisdom.

"Tell me what you did at the Farways'," said old Mrs. Pearce, prepared to listen with her dreamy enjoyment to tales of young delights.

"Oh, how could I tell you all that we did! We played tennis ——"

"And motored a lot?"

"Of course. We danced."

"There are nice neighbors?"

"Adorable neighbors. We swam; they have a lovely swimming pool."

"There are two sons, I think?"

"There are."

"What else did you do?"

"Oh, what else should we do, dearest? Isn't that enough to fill up three months of perfect weather?"

The old lady, hunting incorrigibly for romance, smiled and sighed.

"Irene is a great friend of yours."

"Irene is the best friend I ever had." Julia said that a little breathlessly, her eyes fervent. "She would do—has done—anything for me."

"You don't tax your friends very high, dear," said old Brewster, looking admiringly at his daughter.

"Not so high as I might tax you," Julia replied.

And she bent her head a little and pleated the lace tablecloth. They did not know that tears welled in her eyes—not unhappy tears; happy ones. She was all emotion tonight, simmering, seething, burning with it.

They were too old to see? Did they not remember? But of course it had been different in their day.

"Come Outside," He Said, "Into the Garden. Walk. Talk"

"You'll never tax me too high, my dear," said the banker.

Julia lifted her head and looked at him. She was sparkling, smiling, secret, inscrutable.

"After dinner I have something tremendous to tell you, father."

Mrs. Pearce had a beautiful shock at the words; they could mean only one thing, she thought. And incorrigibly she thirsted to hear romance. Old Brewster had a sorrowful shock, as if some poisonous wind blew coldly upon him, chilling him through. Yet, his mind told him, Julia might mean anything. She might only mean that she wanted a career. She was so new, so clear, so bright, full of ardor for more things than the old lady opposite ever dreamed of. Julia meant that she wanted that musical career about which she had once spoken? She and Irene Farway, little minxes, had settled it all between them that they should go abroad and study together? That was it?

He wondered if old Farway had been told.

Still, Farway, of course, had many children; he had but one.

They left their guest in the drawing-room, strumming at the piano. They walked arm in arm through the gardens, in a white blaze under the harvest moon. Julia counted her father as quite, quite old—wasn't he over sixty?—but little as she thought it, there were some things he had not forgotten. He could feel the young thing on his arm thrilling and tremulous. His heart sank. It was not a career. It was more than a career that she wanted; worse than a career. There was coming upon him the hour that fathers dread.

"Father, you mustn't be awfully shocked and surprised somehow it's so difficult to tell people in letters ——"

"Your letters have been brief and few, my dear."

"Oh, I know! I know! But I've been so busy. Presently you'll understand more about it. Father, I'm engaged to be married."

Old Brewster replied quietly, "I supposed it would be something like that, darling."

The garden seemed colder; but Julia, hanging on his arm, became instant by instant warmer, more vital.

"Did you, father? I'm so happy! I wouldn't have believed it possible to be so happy!"

"Is it one of Irene's brothers, Julia dear? The fair one who is going in for politics?"

"No, no! He is not connected with the Farways at all!"

"But you met him there?"

"No! Oh, no! They don't know him—except Irene. I let her see him, of course."

Irene—a dreamy-headed, already spinsterish, artistic sort of girl, with no common sense in her!

"Who is he, then, Julia?"

Julia paused for such a long while that cruel unease tormented Brewster. But it seemed she was considering the question, not trying to evade it.

"Why, father, the most wonderful man I've ever seen. I met him first at some friends' of some friends of Irene's. Irene and I have been motoring a lot together, you know, in her little car. His name is Elliot Owen."

"That says nothing to me, though a great deal to you, of course, little girl."

"You'll understand better, when you meet him, why I ——"

"How soon am I to meet him, child?"

"Tomorrow."

"Well, thank God for that!" said Brewster to himself.

"He is eager to come and see you, father."

"I hope so, my dear."

(Continued on Page 40)

The Refined OLDSMOBILE SIX

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(Continued from Page 38)

"I told him we should expect him tomorrow, in time for dinner, to stay illimitably!"

And she laughed.

"Do—er—do his business arrangements permit him to stay illimitably?"

"Oh," she paused. "I think so. I don't know that he has any pressing business arrangements, in fact."

"Julia"—and he stopped walking and took her little vivid face, all planned by the moon, in his two hands, and kissed it—"are you engaging yourself to one of the idle rich?"

Then they laughed together; though old Brewster's heart ached badly.

"I tell you he is wonderful, father."

"I believe it, my girl. Let's go in and tell her."

"Walk up and down a little more, father; just you and me."

Warm again at that, he put his arm about her. They walked up and down; up and down. At last they went into the lighted drawing-room again.

The old lady was singing, at the piano, in her still sweet, but dwindling voice:

"Take a pair of sparkling eyes. . . ."

They sat down, one on either side of her, and she dropped her hands in her lap.

"Now tell me," said she.

"This surprising young woman," said old Brewster, "is engaged to be married."

"That's not surprising at all," said Mrs. Pearce. "Tell me! Tell me!"

As Julia told again, both the old people looked at her. Where were her pride, her independence, her strength, her ardent resolutions? She was just the same soft, happy, tremulous, dreamy thing that Mrs. Pearce had been herself, long ago. And from her the old people glanced at each other, their subdued eyes saying, "We are all the same."

All next day Julia was restless; sailing in the morning on a hot bright sea with a troubled, devoted father; talking at a high strain through lunch; wandering about the garden, within sight of the drive gates in the afternoon, until it was time for the car to come round to take her to the station to meet this Elliot Owen.

She had said, "I'll go alone to the station. You'll be dressing when he comes, father; you can see him tomorrow, dear"—to Mrs. Pearce. "I think evening, just before dinner, is a lovely time to arrive at a strange house, especially such an important strange house! One comes in—it seems empty—one goes straight to one's room, bathes and changes. So quiet and leisurely. One comes down and finds everyone ready to be happy for the evening. Dinner helps so—en an anxious occasion. There will be champagne, father?"

"There will certainly be champagne, my child."

"Although," said Julia, as she passed out to the car, "there is nothing to be anxious about. You will love him—be proud of him, father."

"I know," said old Brewster.

Then he went up to dress. His room had an inland view. He could see the car a mile away, flashing, black, between the green hedgerows.

It was five miles to the station. Even then she was early, in her eagerness. He smiled sorrowfully as he stropped his razor. His little girl had gone.

"I mustn't feel like that," he said to himself. "I must say I'm getting a son. A fine son, such as I never had myself. And this must happen. I wouldn't have it otherwise."

He bathed and shaved and dressed. He was a very fine old man indeed when he had finished, so tall, broad, spare, fresh as a pink, the hard resolution of his rocklike face informing him with the sign of power over men.

He had great power over men; financial, influential, personal. He had more than that. He had international power in the realms of finance. In the finance of great cities he was a figure. He knew it. And though lovable to those he loved, he was a despot to many who feared him. He knew that men feared him. The fear he inspired was one of the causes of his success. As for love, there were just two people in the world he wanted it from; Julia, and the old lady down the hill.

When he was halfway through his shaving he heard the car come back, but he did not stay his hand and look out. The car stopped, and then doors in the upstair corridor opened and shut softly.

The banker went down to the hall—a great lounge hall of extreme comfort, where the heavy front doors were open to a night of such beauty as made him exult. There was the reddest sunset over the sea, blazing a great royal road across the paling waters. All was still. At the end of the garden, fringing the cliff where it fell down sheer to the beach, a few tall pine trees stood up against the light. There was a broad paved walk, bordered with flowering shrubs, right down the center of the garden. It was a beautiful place.

Then down the stairs into the hall came a young man. The banker turned and went to meet him.

"This is he!" he thought; and he cleared the bitter grudging from his mind and held out a welcoming hand.

Then for some seconds the men stood looking at each other. Old Brewster could read men. He read the man before him like a book. He gazed into the pale, sharp-cut face, into the dark-fringed light eyes that stared into his own; he looked at the easy-curved, yet hard, acquisitive mouth; he marked the degree of grooming, the exact hand grip, the first tone in which the first words were spoken. He had seen this kind before, drifting round Continental cities; fleecing youngsters in the card rooms of big liners, and in places less reputable. When he saw a crook and a wastrel he knew him on sight. He knew one now.

Julia's father had never seen her look so beautiful as she was that night. At dinner she was like a glowing light. She put out the gleam of candles and glass and silver. No luster could compare with hers. And old Brewster watched her.

He noted the man but carelessly. He had summarized him and his mind was made up. He needed to examine him no more. He talked to him suavely; he was even genial; he was generous with his finest champagne. He led him into many difficult places with many questions of seeming innocence, and from all those many places he noted how the young man slid aside. He noted it, but not importantly. His mind had resolved itself in that first instant of meeting in the hall. The man's avoidance of questions, his answers that old Brewster, with carefully molded face, knew to be lies, but confirmed his swift diagnosis.

But he watched Julia in a hidden agony of watching. And as he saw her face, already, as it seemed, ripened from girlhood to womanhood, as he heard the richer cadences in her young voice, felt the whole rapture and expectation of her, he thought to himself, "The horrible miracles of the innocent senses! My Julia—so proud and clean and fine and happy, with every ideal untarnished and bright—stooping to this!" Then he could image her married to this man; the awakening; the humiliation; the fears that the wife of such a man must know; the silences; the bitter lessons learned; the sweet pride in the dust; all the good dreams dreamed and finished forever. He could image all this and put it from him.

Between Julia and this marriage he stood, implacable.

They sat alone at the table, he and the man called Elliot Owen, with his oldest port before them. That port had been brought out to do honor to a great occasion. Now the banker, his face carefully molded to its suavity, watched the fellow sip the port, taste it and realize it at its worth. Talking pleasantly, he watched his eyes rove over the dimly lighted dining room, valuing the furniture, genuine Chippendale, every piece of it. He watched him look around him, as it were, listening. A heavy knock sounded on the side door of the house as the postman delivered the last post of the day, and the young man did not start, but he stiffened a very little, and his pale skin seemed for a moment to take on a livid tinge.

"You are nervy!" said old Brewster in a sudden dry voice.

"Well, you know, sir," the young man answered—and as he spoke, Brewster acknowledged to himself a charm in him—"it is a nervy occasion, meeting you."

"Father and lover," said old Brewster. "Father and lover. I suppose so. The meeting of two forces naturally opposed."

"I hope the opposition is only a natural one, to be duly overcome."

"Natural, Mr. Owen, no doubt it is. But it is definite, too, and never to be overcome."

There was a moment of silence, Owen's light eyes between their dark fringes, too merely beautiful for a man's eyes, staring into his. Old Brewster knew that kind of stare. It looked open; there was no honesty in it. It was bluff. He knew that an honest man will often show confusion when a rogue exhibits a false candor bright day.

"Do I understand you, sir? You have other views for Julia?"

The fellow's way of saying that was careless. He was alert, but not overcome.

"You understood me perfectly."

The young man sipped his port. "May I know why—you ——"

Old Brewster wasted no time. "I know men. I know your sort. Knew you when I saw you. This is no place for you, and my daughter is not for you either."

"What do you mean—you knew me?"

Brewster had the sense here that he was dealing with a man in a certain kind of trap. The air between them was electric.

"Nothing specific. I know the cut of you. I won't have you."

"Sir, Julia will have something to say to that."

Acknowledging this, Brewster yet spoke from a fairly confident mind. He knew Julia would have something to say; he also knew what the fellow before him would have to say if he knew the girl went to him without a penny.

"Yes, she is of age," said the banker impassively.

"I do not think her age matters under the circumstances."

Brewster did not move, but he breathed harder. If the fellow meant he loved her ——

"What do you mean?"

The young man looked at him steadily out of those womanish light eyes.

"I lay down my cards, Mr. Brewster. I am a desperate man."

"Let me see your cards," said old Brewster.

He leaned forward a little; the young man sat back.

"Question me," he suggested; "it might come more lucidly."

"How long have you known my daughter? Where did you meet her?"

"Three months ago at a house I was visiting. I had once met one of the daughters of that house while on a holiday. You don't know the people. They are acquaintances of Miss Irene Farway."

"After that meeting?"

"Julia and I met secretly. I found out who she was."

"You found out she was my daughter—likely to be a very rich woman indeed."

The man nodded.

"I was in a desperate position; am in a very desperate position indeed."

"For money?"

"Not only money."

"I'll bet," said old Brewster, with savageness under his cool tone, "that you have often been in a nasty corner before."

"You're right, I have. This time something has to be done."

"Done?"

"By someone."

"Someone?"

"You."

"I?" said old Brewster in a peculiar voice of rage.

"You love her. You idolize her."

"And for that reason I'll save her from you!"

"She loves me. She idolizes me."

The young man said this quite simply, almost modestly; gravely; so that there was strangely little offense in the words, considering what they were. And they carried a perfect conviction.

"And you? You love her? You idolize her?"

Brewster's emphasis was unutterably savage.

"Perhaps not. I have never loved. I have victimized," Owen said frankly. "But if I could love—I have never before met intimately anyone like Julia." The word "intimately" seethed in Brewster's heart. "I don't think there is anyone else like Julia."

"No," said Brewster, "there is not. You shall not touch her."

"You won't consent to our engagement and give me the help I must have, although the happiness of your only adored daughter hangs upon it?"

"That's what you're playing for, is it? To get me through my daughter?" said Brewster. "It has been done before with other men. Not with me. Get out!"

"If I took her without conditions then? I could."

"You could, but you wouldn't. It's the money you want. Get out!"

The young man was livid now.

"I've got to have ——"

"You've got to have nothing!" Then a thought struck Brewster. "Wait! Listen! If I tell her she can't have you —— No! It can't be done like that!"

For quite a long while there was silence between them.

"I have," said Brewster, in a strange voice, "a respect for certain things in life. Not many. A woman's dreams are extraordinarily beautiful. I wouldn't destroy a woman's dreams. I wouldn't let her marry you and find out what you are, just to save her from a little trouble now. But neither can I forbid her to marry you. You must tell some plausible tale and clear out."

"I must, must I? Now let me tell you; I shall not break with your daughter."

"On terms you will! I know you! I'll give you a thousand pounds for a likely story and a quick clear-out. And that's my offer; final."

"Is it?" Then the young man laughed. It was a curious laugh, with a sort of sinister joke in it. "I need more than a thousand pounds."

"The devil you do! You won't get it here. Take her then!" said Brewster. "Take her without a penny."

Then he watched his man. It was a safe bet.

Still Owen persisted. He had a soft monotonous voice in stress, and Brewster saw that he was in deadly stress at this moment. On his forehead were little beads of sweat, which he wiped away with a silk handkerchief wielded by a too-white hand.

"I lay my cards on the table, Mr. Brewster. I have no address, no occupation. My pocket is now quite empty." He pulled his pockets out gracefully, showing the linings. "I was brought up by my father to live by my wits. By my wits I have lived. I have dodged the law. At one time the police in two continents were watching for me, but they couldn't have done much. I have dodged the law by the skin of my teeth. I needn't go into my mode of life; I lived anywhere and everywhere. I'm not so soft as I look. But—to come to the crux of this matter—I am wanted for a fraud, a fraud so big that ——" He stopped and moistened his lips and drew his breath in a sigh. "The idea of a prison—years and years of it—sends me mad."

Triumph began to gleam in Brewster's face.

"You're taking a risk coming here and confessing to me, when all I have to do is to ring the bell and hand you over ——"

Owen held up a hand.

"Julia."

"You think you have me in a cleft stick!"

"Shall I go on, Mr. Brewster? I am wanted in connection with the Norman Bank fraud."

Old Brewster sat with gleaming eyes, tensed, saying nothing.

"There are half a dozen men involved, as you know," said Owen. "So far I've escaped. Now they've got wind of me. They've been looking for me for three months under the name of Sarony. Owen is the name I was brought up with and I suppose it's my own."

"Owen? Owen?" Old Brewster thought aloud, gripping the arms of his chair. "Owen?"

"Yes, you know the name," said the young man; "I shall come to that presently. For the present, here is my ultimatum: You're a personal friend of the general manager and all the heads of the Norman Bank. You have immense power, immense influence. You could, if you managed it properly, get me clear out of this, I demand it."

"You planned for it when you made love to Julia!"

"Yes. I was, as a matter of fact, planning for something else when I met her, and realized who she was. The links of life are very extraordinary."

Old Brewster leaned forward again, his face set, cruel as a rock. "Now my ultimatum to you, you fool: You mistake your man. Give me a plausible tale for Julia, and get out, and I'll let you go. I'll let you take your chance, and I'll give you a rail fare in your pocket. Refuse, and I ring that bell and I keep you here till the police come and fetch you."

The young man did not blink an eyelash.

(Continued on Page 42)

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 40

"I did not mistake my man. You have a reputation that goes before you, Mr. Brewster. I haven't told you all. I prepared for difficulties. I married Julia."

Again there was a great silence in the room. Old Brewster could hear in the silence the low surge of the tide beyond his garden. And it was as if the waves of the sea all came up over him, beating upon the rock of him. And still he sat there immovable in his chair, until the waves of the sea drained away again, leaving him with a clear and terrible vision.

The young man had begun to speak again: "She didn't want me to tell you that. She wanted to tell you herself after I had prepared the way by making you like me." Then again that laugh! "By making you like me!"

Old Brewster fixed his eyes upon him.

"I respected her wishes there; we have both just said there is no one quite like Julia. I almost wish I were a decent man. But I'm not. I was saying—curious the links of life! I have a mother living here near you, a lady who has again assumed her maiden name of Pearce. I don't blame her! The other disgraced her, I'm sure! A great friend of yours, Mr. Brewster. My father left me information about her, but I've never troubled her till now, when I was making for her to see if I could raise the money to get clear away or get a hiding place perhaps. But on my necessarily circuitous way to her, I met Julia. And I thought you would do better than my poor old mother, whom even I am loath to disturb like that." And again the laugh! "Even I!"

"Well," said old Brewster, speaking to himself, "there are two women's dreams to save then, it seems. Two dreams precious beyond compare." And he remembered the birthday cake and the cupboard of toys for a child and gifts for a young man.

And he asked in quite a soft voice, "Then—how long have you been married to Julia?"

Owen replied, "Nearly three months."

"Her letters—from the Farways?"

"Miss Irene arranged to mail those. They were written on our honeymoon. At least, she thought it was a sylvan honeymoon. I was hiding."

Old Brewster dashed his hand down on the table, and his glass broke. Port spilled over the table. He knew what he would do. It was clear to him.

"Come outside," he said, "into the garden. Walk. Talk."

He dashed the curtains aside from the window with the fury that had smashed the glass; and he went out into the garden, Owen stepping out behind him. Sea and earth were flooded with moonlight. Old Brewster walked, with his athletic suppleness so strange to his years, down the straight flagged pathway. He heard the young man's feet following him. They stood together at the end of the path on the edge of the cliff

The banker turned. He could look down upon the smaller man.

"And still," he said, "you have not made sure. She shall never know what she has done to herself." He pointed to where, sixty feet under them, the edges of the tide lapped about the strewn rocks. "Throw yourself down."

"No!" whispered the young man, after a long shuddering pause of horror, during which he had looked over the cliff and seen the creaming edges of the tide on the rocks sixty feet beneath. "No!" he said, starting back from the edge and wiping his brow with a hand very white and shaking in the moonlight. "No. I do not throw myself down."

"You prefer fifteen years' jail and everlasting disgrace?"

The young man turned and walked quickly up the flagged path again, the banker towering, grim, behind him. He glanced back.

"I shall not throw you over," said the banker. "I shall not lay a finger on you to impel you over. I am not such a fool."

"I shall not have fifteen years' jail," said Owen, and again he wiped his sweating brow. "You will save me for Julia's sake. You can do it. You know you can. It will take brain and influence, but you have them both. I did not implicate myself so stupidly but that it can be done by one who has the power. You will do it for Julia."

"It is for Julia that I order you over that cliff. And she shall believe it was an accident. Bereavement," he said, speaking to himself, "a clean wound anyway." They were near the house. "Turn back and walk down again with me."

"No; I will not go to that cursed cliff."

"Then you will not discuss your difficulties with me."

The banker turned and walked very slowly, calmly, down the path. He looked tremendously tall and black. The young man, horribly alive to his predicament, knowing that any hour might see the hounds of the law picking up his trail, ran after him.

"I'll come with you to talk. Listen. I'll tell you more about myself. I've been a rotter, of course. But I've not yet absolutely gone in so far that I couldn't be pulled out—again—by you. My part in that big fraud now brought me practically nothing—except expenses. The others tried to bilk me; the law got 'em. I'm only suspect so far, but any minute of any day may see me caught for it."

"Your mother is a dear friend of mine."

"For her sake then, as well as for Julia's."

"You hold me up, do you—their happiness against your rescue? You dirty blackmailing dog! No, you don't hold me up! Come here!"

The banker took him by the arm; impelled him to the edge of the cliff

"You wouldn't throw me over!"

The banker put his hands in his pockets and stepped back a little.

"Jump!"

"No."

"It's your only get-out."

Again they walked up the flagged path, Owen hurrying first, turning to talk. "Listen. I'm a bad bargain. You've been tricked; you're mad. Why not help me? I'll go straight. I've abilities. I —— I'll see that drop on those rocks in my sleep."

"Those rocks are where you'll sleep tonight. But you won't see them. Turn!"

They turned, the young man expostulating, pleading. They were on the brink again.

"Fall," said the banker in his horrible quiet voice. "A step too much; shut your eyes; easy. You haven't the pluck of a louse."

"Oh for God's sake, come away!"

"Walk again. Another turn. Think it over."

So again they approached the house, walking like automatons.

Suddenly into the stream of light that flowed from the open windows of the drawing-room ran Julia. She came to them, laughing, trembling, vivid. She clasped Owen by the arm

"I've had to tell him all, child, all the news," said Owen, stretching his white lips in a ghastly smile. But the moonlight made all their faces white, and she noticed nothing

"Oh, father!"

The banker stood silent. In the moonlight stiffly he managed a smile too. Yet the sight of her there, on the thief's arm!

His resolutions fixed unalterably. She fixed them, laughing there. The next walk to the edge of the cliff should be the last. She was so happy!

He spoke: "Run in, love. We've still something to talk about."

She laughed out loud.

"I'll give you both something more to talk about. Elliot! Tell him something you don't know yourself!" And she whispered in her husband's ear, and was gone.

The young man stood rooted to the ground where she had left him. The smile froze on his lips. The banker waited.

Owen looked up. "Come. Let's walk back. You were going to suggest it."

"You are right."

They both spoke grimly; and they walked in silence, save when once the young man laughed to himself. And when they were within a few yards of the cliff he stopped.

He spoke lightly, but with pride: "Good night. You promise me—no mud-raking? A clean get-out? Good night."

And he ran, and the banker saw his black figure leap into the air against a background of pale light, and drop. The night was so still that one heard a splash, a faint dull impact.

The banker went very quietly and slowly to the end of the path and looked over. On the dark rocks, in the shallow water at the tide's edge, he thought he saw something darker than the rocks. It lay still.

Brewster was an old Alpine climber of considerable fame, out of practice now, but not yet too stiff to manage the perilous climb down, clinging to the face of the rock and the bits of bush growing here and there. A sheer climb, dead straight, even one or two overhanging layers of rock to negotiate, but his ankles were supple, his body still agile and his nerve of iron. So he went down, perhaps shaken, but relentless, to see that all was over.

He found himself standing quite alone on the silvery shore beside the huddled figure that had battered down upon the rocks. Owen lay still; flung; spread. But as Brewster leaned down for certainty, he opened his eyes. He did not speak.

Old Brewster in that moment lost sight of civilization; he was a savage alone on the silvery shore with the enemy who had not died yet. He obeyed his instincts, escaping from his spirit's control. He stooped, and in his two hands lifted a rock perhaps five stone in weight. He held it for a second poised over Owen before it should drop.

But he looked down into Owen's eyes. Civilization flowed slowly back into old Brewster. He could not kill the maimed or the wounded. He hurled the rock from him with an oath.

And suddenly he was impelled by some spirit within him to ask, "What was it she told you to tell me?"

Owen replied, weak but clear; and with that light pride: "That we shall have a son. I—I hadn't—thought of that. God forbid that—my son—should know his father—as his father knows himself. You promised —— You promised me—a clean get-out."

Then suddenly old Brewster knew what had illumined the young man, when, just now, he had laughed on the cliff. He had a saving grace; he had in him the grace of fatherhood.

"Queer, queer world!" he whispered to himself. "Queer, queer world!" And he whispered, "The widow and the fatherless. The widow and the fatherless. What have I done?"

He fell on his knees.

"Where are you broken?"

"All over, I think," the young man gasped faintly

"In pain?"

"In hell."

"Thank God!" half sobbed Brewster, getting to his feet. And he thought, "Then his spine's not gone."

He sagged weakly over that helpless figure, and felt himself an old man.

"Can you go on speaking a little? One more question."

The young man moved his lips.

"You made her happy? She is happy with you? She has never known—guessed—regretted ——"

"H-h-happy—as—the day—is long!"

Old Brewster stood up and shouted "Help!" till the cliff echoed with it, and servants ran from the house and threw down blankets and cushions and brandy. But helpers to carry Owen had to come by a circuitous way, and until they arrived half an hour later old Brewster sat beside his son-in-law, keeping him alive.

Old Brewster roused from his half doze, hearing himself cry "Mercy!" and, ashamed, he apologized: "I was dreaming; I'm getting old; I was asleep."

He could hear that little devil, the youngest baby, cooing approval of her bottle between gulps. In the drawing-room Julia would be sitting with her very old mother-in-law, who somehow grew more radiant daily.

Here in the library they had been discussing an offender. Should they give him another chance? Should they? Should they not?

The offender was young. They had sifted out certain conditions in his life which maybe ameliorated his dishonesty; and maybe not.

"I'm all right," said old Brewster, still sleepily. "Dreaming, that's all. I leave my share of this responsibility, gentlemen, to my son-in-law. His shoulders are big enough, and his heart is big enough too. So he will vote for us both."

Then he looked up at his tall lame son-in-law with the light eyes fringed in curiously long dark lashes; his brilliant son-in-law who was a partner in the banking firm and a power in the City; and his son-in-law smiled back.

Trees at Night

Quarreling Neighbors

DODGE BROTHERS
4-PASSENGER COUPE

This new type again reveals Dodge Brothers uncompromising adherence to the principles of sound value.

Its unusual beauty, roomy interior and smooth performance are simply the more obvious features of a car that is characterized throughout by careful workmanship and correct design.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

GETTING STARTED IN EXPORTING

(Continued from Page 34)

would betray a lack of knowledge if I were to address a letter Mr. Hernandez Y. Gonzales, which a new stenographer almost invariably tries to do.

"It might seem like a waste of effort, but I always go through the outgoing mail to see that no such mistakes are made, realizing how a letter addressed in a faulty manner may mean a loss of business. It is just a matter of human nature; almost everyone has had the experience of having his name get on the mailing list of some mail-order concern, perhaps spelled wrong, and every time a communication is received there is a little feeling of resentment.

"Now people are people, whether they live in South America, Tasmania or the U. S. A.; and if you or I get a letter full of generous sentiment, but with our name mutilated, we aren't going to feel like sending an order to the concern writing it, even though it promises the finest bargains in the world. More than that, we feel that a concern which was careless about getting our name right might also be careless about filling any order we might send in. And that, precisely, is why I am so particular to see that every letter going out of this office has the address correct and in the style of the country."

The above is of course only good business and applies to conditions in the United States as well as any other country. This same export manager has another custom that he believes is a help in getting the confidence of over-sea customers.

It was hot weather when I talked with him, but on his desk was the draft of a New Year's letter he was preparing. There was nothing remarkable about the letter, it being merely a plain message of good will expressing in everyday language his appreciation of the business he had been favored with during the year and asking for suggestions that might enable him to give better service in the future. The letter was, he said, intended for South and Central American customers, some of them of Spanish and others of Portuguese extraction, and in such a communication it was especially desirable that there be no slips of grammar or construction. His method was, therefore, to have it translated into those languages by a clerk in his own office and then sent to an outside translator to catch mistakes.

He was equally particular in the matter of the letterhead for these New Year's communications, calling my attention to the fact that on it there was no illustration of snow or ice, no sleighs or stormbound farmhouses. Most of the people to whom the letters were going, the export manager said, had never seen snow, and if they had it would have been in July rather than January; and it would look a little self-centered for him to illustrate New England conditions to people whose impressions of the day were connected with summer heat.

A Reputation for Exactness

"I should do the same thing," the export manager said, "if I were working on domestic business and had a lot of customers in Florida or Southern California that I wanted to be polite to. It is just one way of showing them that I know something about geography."

Lastly he explained how he sent out his New Year's letters.

"I have them all ready well before the first of December," he said, "but I never mail them all out at once as I know some of my competitors do. Instead, I watch the steamship sailings and carefully figure the time I should mail to each country on my list to get the letters there as near New Year's Day as possible. I figure it would be a great deal better not to send any greetings at all than to have my message reach a man the middle of December or the tenth of January. In such an event, what is the inevitable conclusion the foreign customer draws? Simply that I am careless; that I don't know enough to mail letters at the proper time; and that I will probably be careless also about shipping his orders correctly."

A reputation for exactness is one of the big things in the export game, and everything else being equal the firm that pays the most attention to detail gets along best. A great many demands that appear like fussiness on the part of foreign buyers are only necessary and businesslike requirements. Not long ago I was in the New York office of a manufacturer of small hardware when a letter was received from a customer in Peru, making a claim for rebate on a shipment of merchandise sent him a few weeks before. The vice president of the concern chanced to be down from the factory at the time, and the Peruvian's letter was handed to him first. He read it and then tossed it over to the export manager with a somewhat cynical remark about the business ethics of some foreigners who seem always to be looking for a chance to rob someone.

The export manager read the letter carefully, looked up some records, and then remarked to the vice president that the Peruvian customer was absolutely correct and was entitled to a rebate of forty-odd dollars. A little later he explained in detail.

The Peruvian Was Right

It seems the Peruvian's order, which had been sent in by the factory's South American agent, called for a rather high-priced assortment of door locks, the total weight of which amounted to about two hundred pounds, and the order expressly stated that shipment should be made by parcel post. At the time the locks had been assembled and ready for shipment the foreman of the export packing room happened to be on his vacation and his place temporarily filled by a subordinate. This man looked at the two hundred pounds of locks and at the instructions on the order which called for parcel-post shipment. He knew that Peruvian parcel-post regulations forbid individual packages of more than twenty-two pounds. Faced with this anomalous situation he decided to use his own judgment which was not too well-balanced.

"This Peruvian guy must be bughouse," he remarked to his helper, "to think I can send him a whole cartload of stuff by the post-office route. Nix on the p.p. It goes like it ought to, by freight."

The regular export foreman got back from his vacation a day or so later, and when he learned what had been done tried to recall the shipment, but the box was already on board steamer and could not be taken off.

It was no mistake on the Peruvian's part to order two hundred pounds of locks sent by parcel post. He knew the postage would be far more than freight, and he was willing also to pay the extra cost of packing them in ten different boxes instead of one, so as to bring the weight of each package within the twenty-two-pound limit. His peculiar shipping instructions were given because of a certain rule in force in Peruvian customs duties, which allows merchandise to come into the country by parcel post at a very much lower rate of duty than by freight. On account of the failure to follow his instructions the shipment cost him more than forty dollars extra in customs duties, and he was clearly entitled to the rebate he asked for.

It might seem to the uninitiated that foreign lawmaking bodies lie awake nights to frame up complicated customs rules for the vexation of exporters, but it all comes from the difficulty in making general rules to fit specific cases. In our own tariff for instance, there is a feature that worries French dressmakers and millinery manufacturers considerably, the rule being that a dress or hat without lace is taxed 60 per cent, but the same hat or dress bearing the merest shred of lace is subject to 90 per cent duty.

It was in the shipping room of the same hardware concern I have mentioned that I saw a quantity of goods being made ready to be sent to Australia. There was one tremendous box of builders' hardware weighing perhaps four hundred pounds, and beside it a little case containing a dozen or so hatchets. It was natural to ask why the hatchets had not been put in with the hardware, thus saving the extra freight made necessary by sending two separate boxes, besides the work of making out two sets of shipping papers. The answer was this: Australia levies a light duty on hardware, but a very heavy duty on tools. Hatchets are tools; if they had been put in with the hardware the entire shipment would have been assessed the higher duty.

Such things perhaps are responsible for the feeling prevalent among many American manufacturers that export operations are a mysterious, complicated matter, all right for great corporations, but quite beyond the powers of the small man. As a matter of fact, the selling of things abroad is no different in principle from selling the same things at home. Any manufacturer who has been smart enough to build up a domestic market for his product is also smart enough to build up a foreign market. There are certain requirements to be observed and certain rules to be followed, but authoritative government information regarding these things may be had for the asking, and after that it is a matter of making good merchandise and playing the game according to the rules.

A great deal has been said and written about American exporters' being faulty and careless in their shipments of over-sea orders. These criticisms may be merited in some cases; it is hard to realize how important certain details are in exporting, and it is human nature to believe foreign customers are unduly captious in their requirements.

One New York export manager who had received many complaints from South American clients that their shipments arrived in bad condition made a special trip to his Ohio factory to try to straighten things out. The foreman of the shipping room was inclined to be resentful at the charge that goods did not go out properly packed. He had, he said, been foreman of the place for ten years, during which time he had sent out tens of thousands of packages all over the United States with no complaints. His theory was that the South American buyers clubbed the packages with sledge hammers after they got them, so as to be able to make claims for damages.

Practical Tests

Not wanting to cause hard feelings the export manager did not push the argument further, but next day he visited the shipping room again when a lot of merchandise was being assembled for export. There was one box weighing three or four hundred pounds being put on a freight elevator to go to the upper floor of the factory, and the export manager stated he believed he would ride up with it. When the elevator had got about twenty feet above the floor he stopped the machinery, peeked over the edge to see that no one was underneath and shoved the heavy box overboard. There was something of a wreck when it hit the cement floor, and the export manager came down again to the scene of confusion.

"It was terribly clumsy of me to do that," he remarked innocently to the sweating foreman of the shipping room, "but probably it was lucky, at that. When stuff is being handled on or off an ocean-going steamship accidents of this kind are liable to happen any time, and a box that won't stand a twenty-foot fall isn't strong enough."

Then he walked over to a packing bench where some small packages were lying ready to be sent by parcel post and looked them over critically.

"Sometimes on a long trip even mail is handled pretty strenuously," he observed. "I wonder how these would stand it."

Then he picked up three of the parcel-post packages and threw them as hard as he could against the shipping-room wall with disastrous consequences to all three. No further argument was necessary to convince the foreman and his helpers that perhaps foreign clients were not wilfully destructive of the factory's output, and that packing which would carry merchandise safely to Arkansas or Wyoming might not be adequate for a trip to South America.

A few months ago I was in a city in the southwestern part of the United States where there is a wholesale firm which during the past few years has built up a trade with Mexico amounting to several million dollars annually, and according to the general manager this has come about mainly because the firm has learned the rules and takes pains to follow them. It was in the shipping room that I saw a practical demonstration of what this means.

Among other items of merchandise that was being packed for shipment into Mexico there was a great quantity of men's silk garters, and a man was engaged in taking the garters out of the little pasteboard boxes in which they were contained, placing the garters in one pile and the boxes in another pile. The general manager explained the reason for this operation.

"Mexican customs duties," he said, "are levied on the basis of weight, and silk carries an exceptionally high rate. If we sent those garters into Mexico in their cardboard containers our customer would have to pay the duty on the combined weight of the silk and the cardboard, so we pack the garters in one box and the cardboard containers in another. It is a little more trouble for us to do this, but we save the customer money. We try to look out for our customers' interest all the time, and that is the basis of successful merchandising whether one is selling abroad or at home."

He Talked Too Much

Among experienced exporters there is a saying that it is never advisable to send a man to do business in foreign countries merely because he is a linguist; and it is likely that a certain Western firm is puzzled over the defection of its distributing agent in one South American country, which came about because the firm failed to heed this truism. The inside story of the affair was related to me by the representative of another concern who has been calling on the South American trade for many years.

It seems that the Western firm had sent a new man to call on the South American trade, a young man whose principal qualifications were a knowledge of the Spanish language and kinship to the firm's president; he had had a little experience traveling in the States and was looked upon as something of a go-getter. The firm had been in South American trade for several years and one of its good customers was a Spanish firm located in the principal city of the country in question.

The young traveling salesman called on this firm and was received cordially enough by its head, an elderly Spanish gentleman with long whiskers who promised to have his subordinates check over the stock and see what might be needed. Calling again next day the salesman was informed that owing to press of business the stock had not been fully checked and he was requested to pay another visit the following day. During his stay in the city the young salesman had formed the acquaintance of another traveling man, and on the occasion of his third call at the business house the friend went along with him.

It was probably mainly from a desire to impress this friend with his own importance that the young salesman let drop a disastrous remark. In his previous two calls he had heard nothing but Spanish spoken, and so thought he was perfectly safe in saying whatever he wanted to in English.

"If this old whiskers hasn't got my order ready for me this time," he stated loudly, "I'm going to leave him cold. He's got to learn that he can't make me fool around his comic-opera town forever. It's either an order right now or I get out on tomorrow's boat. You've got to let these greasers know who's boss!"

Unfortunately the young salesman did not know that the elderly Spaniard had a son recently returned from a five-year course at Oxford University who was at that moment sitting at a desk scarcely a dozen steps distant.

The son got up from his desk, made a polite bow and remarked in the most correct English: "I am sure my father will be desolated to know you have decided to leave our city without seeing him again. He has been working on the order we intended giving you, but under the circumstances I think I will not disturb him. Good day, señor."

Three weeks later the Western manufacturers received a letter from the South American firm canceling its selling arrangements, but giving no reasons. The young salesman's report merely stated that business in the city was rotten.

Year's Racing Proves Champion Superiority

When Jimmy Murphy flashed over the wire a winner at Kansas City on July 4, he brought the climax to a year of racing success for Champion spark plugs such as no automotive equipment has ever before approached.

In every big race since the fall of 1923, Champions have been equipment on the winning cars; and in nearly every event new records were established.

Drivers give great credit to Champions for helping them attain greater speed and also because Champions have gone through these various races without change, something previously unheard of in motor car racing.

Harlan Fengler, with Champions, set a new track record of 113 miles per hour at Kansas City on October 19, 1923.

On Thanksgiving Day at Beverly Hills, California, Bennett Hill finished first with Champions and every one of the 10 first cars was Champion equipped.

At Beverly Hills, on February 24, 1924, Fengler, again using Champions, set a new mark for 250 miles, attaining the tremendous speed of 116.6 miles per hour.

Tommy Milton, at Lake Muroc, made the world's record for cars with engines of 183 cubic inch displacement, when he drove a Champion-equipped Miller special 151 miles per hour.

In the great Indianapolis 500-mile race on last Memorial Day, every car that finished was Champion-equipped and both Boyer and Corum, who drove the winning car for a new track record of 98.24 miles per hour, had the highest praise for Champion dependability.

Jimmy Murphy, also using Champions, established a new track record of 114 miles per hour at Altoona on June 14; and on July 4 at Kansas City bettered that time by covering the 150 miles at an average speed of 114.43 miles per hour.

These victories are powerful additional proof that Champion *is* the better spark plug—for power, for speed, for better all-round performance.

All Champion spark plugs—the X for Fords as well as the Blue Box for all other cars—which you can purchase from 90,000 dealers are made of exactly the same materials, and in exactly the same way as the Champions used successfully by these leading racing drivers—and they cost you less.

Dealers everywhere recommend Champions, the spark plug with the double-ribbed sillimanite core and the special alloy electrodes. Blue Box, 75 cents. Champion X, 60 cents. (Canadian prices 90 and 80 cents.) You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed core.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

LETTERS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO ANNA ROOSEVELT COWLES

(Continued from Page 17)

hopelessly slow-witted is a formidable one to overcome when backed by the solid South. This is the combination that we now have to face. There is disaffection among the Irish and Germans, the disaffection being utterly unjustifiable. There is disaffection among the independents of the lunatic class, who, I am bound to say, in my judgment have done as much harm to the country as the worst Tammany men. Moreover, the best interests are curiously apathetic. They do not care to subscribe money. They take no interest in the campaign. In this State, Platt is going on the rule or ruin principle, acting with a folly almost as great as that of Carl Schurz or Godkin. So there is plenty of room for alarm. I think we shall win, of course events may take a turn that will make us win with a sweep; but at the present there are exceedingly ugly features in the situation.

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Colonel Roosevelt at His Last Public Appearance

BUFFALO, N. Y.,
Sept. 7, 1901

DARLING BYE: Many thanks for the telegram. The President is coming along splendidly. The hideous thing about the affair is that under our law I question if more than ten years, which for good behavior would have to be commuted to seven, can be given to the scoundrel who attempted the assassination. Awful though the crime was against the President, it was a thousand fold worse crime against this Republic and against free government all over the world.

I can now say definitely that I shall be at your house for October fourth, fifth and sixth.

I wish I knew any particular politician whom I could ask you to advise with about having any people meet me while there, but I shall have to trust to your own knowledge. You will ask both the Senators and the Governor, will you not?

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

October 16, 1902.

DARLING BYE: I was very much interested in Mr. Reid's letter. The situation in the coal strike has been as difficult as it well could be. I do not know that I have ever had a more puzzling or a more important problem to deal with. One great trouble was that the little world in which the operators moved was absolutely out of touch with the big world that included practically all the rest of the country. Without going so far as one prominent member of my Cabinet, who, in speaking of the Philippines, remarked that in his judgment, Manhattan was our most troublesome insular possession, I yet feel that in a peculiar degree New York is not representative of the country, and what is more that almost each considerable section of New York is peculiarly unrepresentative of the State as a whole. The commercial and business world, the world of Wall Street, of the banks, of the big mercantile houses, and of the clubs, has absolutely no touch with the world of the East Side; just exactly as the little knots of idealistic reformers who mean well but do not know, have no kind of touch with the great and rather sordid political machines of the city, which emphatically *do* know, and often do not mean well at all. The trouble with this particular coal strike was that the conditions were absolutely peculiar, because we dealt with a necessity of life. There would be no warrant in interfering under similar conditions in a strike of iron workers. Iron is not a necessity. But I could no more see misery and death come to the great masses of the people in our large cities and sit by idly, because under ordinary conditions a strike is not a subject for interference by the President, than I could sit by idly and see one man kill another without interference because there is no statutory duty imposed upon the President to interfere in such cases. Great though the questions involved were as between capital and labor, and vital though I deemed it that violence should be stamped out and the right of the non-union man or of anyone else to work without hindrance established, yet everything had to give way to the prime necessity of saving the people as a whole from a fearful calamity—or rather, had to be postponed to thus saving them. When the calamity has been averted then the other question can be taken up. . . . If the water supply of New York was deliberately polluted by the Governmental authorities so that the New Yorkers within twenty-four hours would be dying of thirst or of disease, then every other consideration would have to give way to bringing such a condition of affairs to an end. The trouble with the excellent gentlemen who said that they would far rather die of cold than yield on such a high principle as recognizing arbitration with these striking miners, was, that *they* were not in danger of dying of cold. They would pay extra for their coal and would get insufficient quantities and would suffer discomfort; but the poorer people around about them would and could get no coal and with them it would not be discomfort but acute misery and loss of life. In other words, these people really meant that they would rather somebody else should die of cold than that they should yield. Such a position was impossible.

Now the operators have acceded (and parenthetically, may Heaven preserve me from ever again dealing with so wooden-headed a set, when I wish to preserve their interests); and Mitchell has yielded. If the miners do not back him up, we have at any rate made an enormous stride in advance, for we have the issue of right and wrong clearly defined, and I think that the strike will practically be broken. But I earnestly hope that the miners will back him up and that in a day or two the strike will be over.

It has been delightful to see so much of Will.

Affectionately yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., August 24, 1903.

DARLING BYE: Your letter was very interesting. Tell Whitelaw Reid that there has been very strong pressure for General McCook from all kinds of interest, financial and political, the latter including, for instance, Senators Foraker, Platt, etc. I answered that the matter was already decided and that Taft had accepted; and that furthermore it was idle to press any man upon me for the Cabinet, because I would count it against any man who was so pressed for such a position. I had some funny experiences in this matter about which I shall tell you when I see you.

Will wrote a very amusing letter the other day. I do wish you could have been down here for the review of the fleet. I am delighted to know that Sheffield is rowing so well.

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

July 30, 1904.

DARLING BYE: We have appointed Admiral Converse. On the whole it seemed best, if we passed by Evans, not to go below an admiral's grade. Morton is taking hold well.

By the way, I took him and Metcalf for a scramble down Rock Creek yesterday. They both thought they were good walkers, forgetting that when a man is in the late forties he finds the term "a good walker" very different from what it was in the early twenties. They were distinctly limp long before the end. I wish you could have seen Moody's delight over what he termed "the initiation of the two new members of the Cabinet!"

Edith and I are having a really lovely time in Washington. The house is delightful. We breakfast on the portico, and then stroll through the garden; and at night we walk through the garden or on the terraces. Tomorrow we intend to cut church, and to ride out to Burnt Mills to spend the day, walking through the gorge, and come back in the evening. I certainly do not know any one quite like Edith. She spent part of the last hour before we left Oyster Bay in reading Shakespeare's King John aloud with Ethel and Ted, each taking one or more parts—both of the children being delighted when it fell to "Mother" to speak as the executioner! . . .

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., June 22, 1908.

DARLING BYE: Yes, Cabot did splendidly at that Convention. I am very much pleased with the result; and now, as regards myself, I am already looking away from politics and toward Africa. When I am thru with a thing I am thru with it; and as long as I have power to work I want to turn heart and soul to the next bit of work to be done. With the life I have led it is unlikely that I shall retain vigor to a very advanced age, and I want to take the African trip as a mere holiday, and I am trying to arrange, and hope to succeed in arranging, that I shall go on a regular scientific trip representing, say, the National Museum, with one or two professional field taxidermists to cure the trophies and arrange for their transport back to this country.

Love to dear little Sheffield. All our boys are now back here. Ted seems to have done well and I am pleased with him. He is glad to get out of college and glad to get to work. I am pleased, for instance, to find the amusement with which he greets the suggestion of people that he should go to Africa with me instead of "holding down his job" here.

Your loving brother,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.,
September 21, 1908.

DARLING BYE: I am extremely pleased that Joe Alsop was nominated for State Senator. Give him my hearty congratulations and tell him that they are genuine and not in the least perfunctory. I grow to value more and more highly men who with entire courage and honesty, combine cool good sense and capacity for hard, steady, efficient work. He is the kind of man I would like to have near me if I were beginning instead of ending the administration.

Mabel Boardman is a trump! Of course it will be a pleasure to see Pierrepont. I suppose the truth is I am not very sympathetic about diplomacy. There are a few exceptions; but taking it by and large, it is the Joe Alsops and not the young gentlemen at foreign courts, whose careers appeal to me.

As for Foraker, this of course absolutely justifies my attitude about him. Personally, I wish Taft would hit harder, would smash into Bryan in effective fashion, and would openly repudiate Foraker and express his abhorrence of him. But each man must play the game his own way.

Love to Will. I hope his cold will soon be better.

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Joseph Wright Alsop, of Connecticut, had married the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and Kermit on the Steps of the Church at the Derby Wedding

(Continued on Page 48)

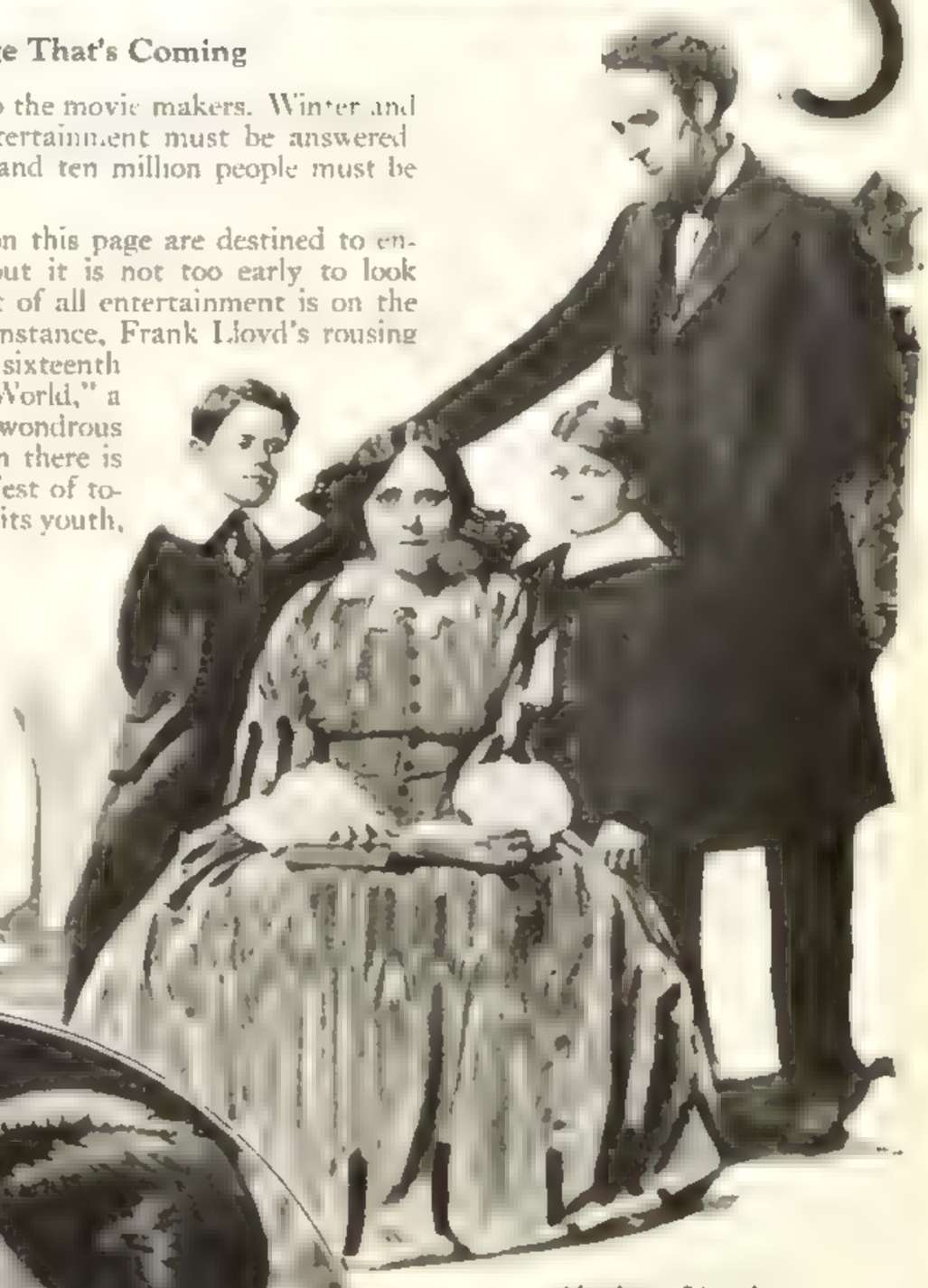
First National Pictures

The Golden Age That's Coming

THERE are no seasons to the movie makers. Winter and summer the call for entertainment must be answered Ten thousand theatres and ten million people must be supplied.

All the pictures described on this page are destined to enliven summertime evenings but it is not too early to look toward the fall. The greatest of all entertainment is on the way. "The Sea Hawk" for instance, Frank Lloyd's rousing drama of fighting men and a sixteenth century romance; "The Lost World," a strange, fierce adventure to a wondrous place of prehistoric life. Then there is "Sundown," a story of the West of today, clinging to the freedom of its youth, but ever changing as the towns dot its once open plains.

Every month is movie time but the golden age of the screen is just around the corner.



The Return of Nazimova

NAZIMOVA, the lithe, graceful star of international fame, she of the fiery emotions and subtle humor, is about to resume her screen career, deserted recently for the stage. She will appear in "The Madonna of the Streets," a picture version of W. B Maxwell's novel, "The Ragged Messenger." Milton Sills will be co-featured with her and Edwin Carewe will act as producer and director

Watch for this drama of the high and low places of London life.

Abraham Lincoln

ALL the world knows of Abraham Lincoln, but few know the intimate story of the man himself—his family life, his boyhood struggles, his hopes his joys, his sorrows, his defeats, his triumphs, his loves. Al and Rav Rockett after years of untiring labor, have made one of the greatest pictures of all time

The Start Toward Fame

WHAT makes a child a great screen actor?

Jacky Ott, the newest recruit to the ranks of boy wonders, who appears in "Born Rich," caught the eye of Director Will Nigh as he aquaplaned his daring course in the waters at Palm Beach. He was put to the rigid test that all screen aspirants must meet—and passed with flying colors. Now he is appearing with Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Cullen Landis and Doris Kenyon in "Born Rich."

He is another reason why "Born Rich" will be the most popular of the summer movies

A Desertion from Flapperdom

COLLEEN MOORE, who hewed a twinkling path to popularity in "Flaming Youth" and "The Perfect Flapper," is ready for a vivacious reentrance!

But no longer is she simply the flapper- Farmer the shining light of America's bobbed-haired cohorts. She appears in "Flirting With Love," in which she is co-featured with Conway Tearle, in a new type of rôle. She becomes the blasé actress of—sh! a play called "The Lost Kimona," who meets a young man living only to uplift the stage. He is Conway Tearle, of course, and before he has finished his job, he has uplifted Colleen along with the stage.

It's an unusually dramatic story that reveals Miss Moore as an actress even more charming than ever.

MISFORTUNE sometimes changes the focus of one's outlook on life and gives a better perspective. "Single Wives" is a screen story of a man and wife who saw their duties and obligations with blurred vision until the time of a supreme change

Corinne Griffith and Milton Sills (above) have the featured rôles and make it a society drama destined to bring entertainment to ten million hearts

First National Pictures, Inc., presents a consistent high quality program of screen entertainment in the best theatres of the country. Questions on its pictures and players will be answered by John Lincoln, First National Pictures, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, N. Y. City.

(Continued from Page 46)

NAIROBI, Dec. 17th, 1909.

DARLING BYE: It was dear of you to cable. We are as well as possible, and certainly the trip has been most successful. Kermit has become a really notable hunter, and has accomplished feats that would have been utterly beyond me even in my prime. I do wish I could see you and Will and Sheffield next week! And of course I am frightfully homesick for Edie and the children

Apparently my articles have done well, and I hope that the book when it appears will represent, in a very mild way, a certain amount of permanent achievement.

There are a certain number of the people I have met here of whom I am really fond; two of the women, Lady Delamere and Mrs. Sanderson, are delightful

I am rather bothered by everyone writing that I must not come back until after the fall elections: in the abstract they are right, but in the concrete I haven't the slightest intention of allowing myself and poor Edie to be kept longer away from our home and children. I do not entirely understand the political situation at home in its larger aspects.

Your devoted brother, T. R.

P. S. I can't imagine anything more satisfactory than the marriage of Joe and Corinne.

This is in reference to Joseph Wright Alsop and Corinne Robinson.

THE OUTLOOK

August 8th, 1911.

DARLING BYE: It was fine to get your letter! Our people have a curious lack in that very important department of life which the French call *savoir vivre*. We know much more about it and practise it much more efficiently than we did fifty years ago, for instance, as a whole; but there are classes of the community that have actually gone back—the Southern planters, for instance, and there are other classes that have not shared in the forward movement. One reason why such hordes of our people drift aimlessly and vapidly over to Europe, journeying through Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Italy in those sad, unutterably dreary companies which have probably been made immortal by Mark Twain, is that they have not any similar amusement provided for them at home. Of course they ought to have tennis courts, a golf course and everything of the kind at the dreary hotel to which you have just been; for otherwise people will not go there permanently to drink the waters. In the same way, Oyster Bay ought to have a park with a bandstand and a Y. M. C. A., and tennis courts and everything of the kind; but they have not got anything; and the very clergymen who profess especially to be shocked about the saloons are quite apt to assail any movement which will give the saloons any possible rivalry. Edith and Ethel are now going into a movement to see if we cannot help some of the leading villagers to supply at least certain of these deficiencies. . . .

We are leading a very quiet and very happy summer. Archie is studying very hard, I fear almost too hard. Excepting Ted the year before he went to Harvard, I have never known any of our boys to study, for any length of time as Archie has been studying this summer Every evening he passes "Half Hours with Father Bright-Hopes" so to speak, in the shape of lessons by me on civics, illustrated abundantly out of my own checkered career and on classic history, as to which with iron firmness I seek to control my own views and instil into him for examination purposes the often entirely opposite views of the text books. Quentin is a funny little soul. He is always cheerful and good tempered, and the great majority of his pursuits are purely mechanical; but he has his own original ways. He does not really care for exercise, but on the authority of colored James, I can state that he catches and bats well, although scandalously deficient in the matter of base running. He rides Edith's huge horse with much enjoyment, but with none of the natural taste for horsemanship that the other three boys have. The other day he got himself up in armor of partial proof and tried to start a beehive, by plundering a nest of bees in the hollow of a large dead chestnut tree. He was fairly successful and thoroughly enjoyed himself, not caring in the least for occasional stings

Ever yours,

T. R.

THE OUTLOOK

October 27th, 1911.

DEAR WILL. I am amused and interested with Bryce's questions to you, and really I am surprised that a man as sensible as he is should ask such questions In the first place, when he asks us whom we are fortifying the canal against, it would be safe to reply by another question—What is he fortifying Gibraltar against? It is not a present enemy, it is against a possible future enemy. That canal may last for centuries. If Japan goes on growing and we go on growing, no human being can be certain that there never will be war between us. If Germany should ever overthrow England and establish the supremacy in Europe she aims at, she will be almost certain to want to try her hand in America; and if ever we became involved with either Germany or Japan and had not fortified the canal, our people might have cause to rue it for generations. As for saying that we could protect it with a fleet, that is such nonsense that I cannot understand an ex-member of the British Cabinet uttering it. The one thing that a fleet should never be used for is as a substitute for fortifications. A fort is placed so as to leave the fleet footloose. Take the case of Gibraltar again What would Bryce think if you asked him why the British Fleet could not defend Gibraltar instead of having guns to do it?

Edith is slowly improving. She is very much shattered, but she is really better week by week. She saw Corinne and Douglas for a few minutes the other day

Ever yours, T R

This was written after he was shot at Milwaukee

MERCY HOSPITAL
2537 PRAIRIE AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILL.

October 19th, 1912

DEAREST BYE: I am dictating this in bed, and it will have to be signed for me by Edith. It is just a line to tell you I am in great shape. Really the time in the hospital, with Edith and the children on here, has been a positive spree, and I have enjoyed it. Of course I would like to have been in the campaign, but it can't be helped and there is no use crying over what can't be helped! Do tell Joe Alsop and Herbert Knox Smith from me how immensely I appreciate the wonderful work they have done. I hate not being in Connecticut to speak for them. Joe especially has been a tower of strength throughout all this contest. I love Will's letter, and I am very proud of the praise he gave me, for I know no man who is gamer and cooler than Will in time of danger, or shows to better advantage in a crisis

Your loving brother,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hope to get home Tuesday for lunch. Will telegraph you that P. M. He is very weak and easily tired. E.

On account of the shooting at Milwaukee he was unable to take any further part in the Progressive campaign.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.
May 31st, 1913

DARLING BYE: It was dear of you to write; and tell Hopkinson I was much pleased by his message. But I had all the witnesses I could use, and the libeller finally capitulated. I deemed it best not to demand money damages; the man is a country editor, and while I thoroughly despise him, I do not care to seem to persecute him. I wished once for all to expose the infamy of these slanders, so that never again would I need to notice them; and I have achieved my purpose. The way my friends rallied has been really very touching. We have been very comfortable, for we have been staying in the big pleasant house of George Shiras, who is a trump, if ever there was one

I am looking forward to a week from Saturday. By the way, I wish to ask Will some questions about the Admirals on the cruise of the battle fleet round the world.

Goodbye, dearest Bye.

YOUR OWN BROTHER.

The libel suit was undertaken to prove that the accusations of his drinking were untrue.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
April 2nd, 1915.

DARLING BYE: That's an excellent book of Neeser's He says so many things that are urgently necessary to be said that it is almost hyper-critical to point out, what nevertheless should be pointed out, that to make this book valuable there should be concrete criticism of people in the present. Our Navy in point of efficiency stood second to that of England alone in 1909. It is certainly inferior to-day both to the Navy of Germany and the Navy of Japan; and this is largely due to the policy of Wilson, Bryan and Daniels. It is not well in a book of this kind to ignore such vitally important facts, for the improvement can come only when they are recognized and faced, and when Wilson and Bryan are attacked

What a trump Olivia Cutting is! It was delightful seeing you the other day.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Olivia Cutting is Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting.

SAGAMORE HILL, Feb. 3d, 1916

DARLING BYE: I have been unable to find out anything about a shooting place for March or April; I am sorry.

Herbert Smith is a trump. I most earnestly hope the Republicans will *not* nominate me; for my belief is that the country is not in heroic mood; and unless it *is* in heroic mood and willing to put honor and duty ahead of safety, I would be beaten if nominated.

I do wish Will could have come to lunch; thank him for his note to me. We'll let you know as soon as we return. I hope you'll be in N. Y.

Ever yours,

T R

SAGAMORE HILL,
April 27th, 1916.

DARLING BYE: Thank you for both your dear letters I am particularly pleased that you liked my last statement. It seems unlikely that it will do any good; our people are incredibly shortsighted; but there is just one chance in a thousand that a small amount of attention can be attracted by pointing out conditions in a really imminent crisis.

The evening at your house was delightful. H. K. Smith was down here the other day; as soon as possible

(Continued on Page 50)

The Missouri River, Near Helena, Montana, "The Gates of the Mountains"

Admired for Its Beauty Everywhere

FROM Del Monte and Long Beach to the fashionable summer places of Maine—wherever well-dressed people congregate—there you will find the pure silk luster of Real Silk Hosiery.

You, too, can be admired for ankles perfectly clad. Besides assuring you of clinging fit and unbelievably long wear, Real Silk offers you the opportunity of matching the most delicate tones of your summer costumes. You have your choice of forty fashionable shades personally selected by the Real Silk style expert with headquarters on Fifth Avenue and Rue Notre Dame des Champs, Paris.

Best of all, you buy Real Silk at a material saving direct from the mills through the Real Silk Representative who calls at your home.

If you have missed the Real Silk Representative when he called, 'phone the Real Silk Office in your city and this remarkable service will be rendered to you promptly.

Long wear is insured by sturdy, special processed hose in the toe, heel and top

EVERY PAIR IS GUARANTEED

REAL SILK
HOSIERY MILLS

Indianapolis, Indiana

Continued from Page 48

I shall get him and his really charming wife to come here for Sunday.

The country is not waked up; the farmers and labor people think only of their immediate interests and animosities; the public men, business men and publicists who should be the leaders are but little influenced by the consideration of great and vital national needs, and do not look ahead; they are absorbed either in paying off private grudges or in securing, as they believe, conditions which will be to their advantage for a year or two—they can not look beyond.

Under these conditions there is in my judgment hardly a chance that the Republican Convention will turn to me; and no one else of prominence, except Leonard Wood, realizes in vital fashion the gravity of the problem, and has a solution. Mere outside preaching and prophecy tend after a while to degenerate into a scream; after that point has been reached the preacher can do no good, and had better keep quiet; and I am within measurable distance of that point.

Love to Will. I do hope Sheffield is in fine form. Ever yours, T. R.

THE LANGDON
5TH AVE. & 56TH ST.
NEW YORK

June 16th, 1916.

DARLING BYE: Just a line to say I loved your note. Well, the country wasn't in heroic mood! We are passing through a thick streak of yellow in our national life. This has been a perfectly easy campaign for me, and it hasn't left me with even the smallest feeling of personal chagrin. I shall of course support Hughes; with how much heartiness, his own attitude must decide.

Darling Bye, I think of you and Will and Sheffield all the time.

EVER YOUR DEVOTED BROTHER.

SAGAMORE HILL, April 26th, 1917.

DARLING BYE: I have put the application on file; the attitude of the Administration is such that I doubt whether there is any serious purpose to use me.

Wilson is pursuing with much ingenuity the course best calculated to put a premium on tepid indifference and to discourage the qualities in our boys and young men which above all others ought to be encouraged. He is using his conscription proposal not, as it ought to be used, to make everyone serve the country, but to prevent as many as possible from serving the country. "Universal service" means that everybody must serve; he is using it as a means to prevent the very men who can best render service from rendering it

Sheffield and his companions offer a case in point. Training camps should be provided for all such boys. As it is I would suggest that he *and a large body of his friends* arrange to go together to the Plum Island, or some similar camp.

Quentin is now an enlisted man in the Aviation Corps with the rank and pay of sergeant. The other three boys are going to the officers' training camp at Plattsburg.

Love to Will; *He* is doing his part.

Ever yours, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, May 17th, 1917.

DARLING BYE: I doubt whether the President lets me go. We all have our troubles! Quentin has grave difficulty with his back; the other three boys at Plattsburg have no idea what they will be sent to do. It is exactly as if we were fighting the Civil War under Buchanan. At present they have made absolutely no provision to utilize the young men between 18 and 21—those who did more, relatively, than those of any other age in the Civil War.

I enjoyed my conversations with Joffre; and at neither dinner was there another soul who could speak French to him. Balfour and Malcolm were as pleasant as possible; we enjoyed their visit; and I think they did also.

My work has become almost unbearable; I am now receiving between four and five *thousand* letters a week.

EVER YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

SAGAMORE HILL, Dec. 31st, 1917.

NEW YEAR'S greetings, darling Bye; 1918 is hardly apt to be a happy New Year for any of us. I enclose a letter to Sheffield, which give him if you see fit.

Archie has won his Captaincy by service at the front; we are both very proud. Quentin is having a hard time, but as his chief ground of complaint is that he has not been permitted to go into the fighting this January, Edie and I are able to bear his ills. General Duncan writes me that Ted is the best Major in his brigade. Kermit's last letter was three months old.

It is bitter weather here; Edith and Ethel are reasonably well, and the two grandchildren are dear. Ethel gets fine letters from Dick.

Give my love to old Will. I feel bitterly regretful to be of no use myself; but I am more than glad that my boys are doing useful and honorable and dangerous work.

Ever yours, T. R.

SAGAMORE HILL, Sept. 5th, 1918.

DARLING BYE: By George, Sheffield is as fine a fellow as ever wore the United States uniform! It made me thrill with pride to have him refuse to be an aide and stick by his machine gun; it is like him, and like my boys, to wish for a place in the fighting line; then later he can take any position in which he can render best service, whether it is or is not near the flashing of the guns.

Did you get the note I sent him?

Lovingly,
YOUR BROTHER.

Archie arrived yesterday, perfectly natural and in much better shape than I had anticipated. Gracie is so happy! and Edith.

SAGAMORE HILL, Sept. 25, 1918.

DARLING BYE: Ted has been promoted to be Lt. Col. President Poincaré has sent me the same certificate for Quentin that is given for the French who are killed in battle.

Good bye, gallant sister gallant mother of a gallant boy!

YOUR LOVING BROTHER.

THE KANSAS CITY STAR
OFFICE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NEW YORK OFFICE,
347 MADISON AVENUE,
December 28, 1918.

DARLING BYE: It was very dear of you to keep writing me. I feel like a faker, because my troubles are not to be mentioned in the same breath with all you have gone through. Mine has just been a case of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism and a little sciatica, and while I won't be able to do much for a couple of months, I have every reason to think I shall in the end recover completely. I got out home Christmas morning so that Edith and I, Ethel and Alice and Archie and Gracie, had Christmas dinner together. Richard and little Edie are the darlingest small souls you have ever known. Little Edie is the busiest person imaginable, and runs around exactly as if she was a small mechanical toy.

With dearest love,

Ever yours, T. R.

P. S.—That was a very nice allusion to Quentin in Collier Platt's letter.

This was the last letter he wrote his sister. His death occurred on January 6, 1919

GOVERNMENT BY BLACKMAIL

(Continued from Page 4)

Right there is the distinction between a strong democracy and a democracy which shows signs of breaking down. In a strong democracy such as our republic has always been supposed to be the representatives act through their own calm judgment for the good of all; in a weak democracy where representatives have degenerated into subservient messenger boys the government acts not by judgment but by fear. While we tolerate organized minorities seeking to gain their ends by threats we are tolerating a government by blackmail and preparing for the degeneration of our democracy.

The whole test is whether our Government is legislating and administrating to reflect the will of the majority or is being intimidated into special-favor legislation and administration by a variety of organized groups. It is of no consequence that some of these groups serve pious or sentimental causes. In one case we still have a good machine of democracy; in the other we need to make repairs or we shall see the machine of democracy go toward the junk pile, doing immeasurable harm to national unity on the way. What does our legislation represent today—judgment or fear?

Let us look at the whole wide-world experience with failures of democracy. What are the symptoms which precede the crash? They have been as visible as the sun

As I have said already, representative government the government by parliament or congress—usually starts out with the theory that the people will elect representatives who can resist passing clamor and wear no leading string. On this conception of representatives the whole fundamental idea of our own republic is based. But as time goes on the tendency is to lower the standards of representation. When that comes about, representatives in upper and lower houses no longer hold their places because they are wise in government for the good of all of us, but because they keep their ears to the ground in order to answer the demands, justified or unjustified, of any single group, class or organization of constituents whose votes in the next election may defeat them.

Have we maintained the standards of our representatives or in the main are they growing to be like messenger boys? Anyone can answer that question

When all the standards of legislative representation are lowered, it becomes more and more difficult to get men of integrity and capacity to take office. This is the second symptom of the breakdown of a democratic government. Have we seen anything of it?

The third symptom of the breakdown appears when the representatives neglect national policy and sometimes covertly betray the interests of all the citizens in order to favor the needs or meet the demands of organized minorities. Is our representative system exhibiting this symptom?

In the experience of other democracies the course of the breakdown has gone on from this to ever-increasing difficulties. Selfish, avaricious minorities, or minorities gathered around some impractical dream of reform, carry their campaigns into politics. They form new parties, and these parties multiply and parliaments become the scenes of eternal debates and contests ending in stalemates. The people cannot understand this wrangling and turn from it in disgust. A parliament or a congress, instead of possessing a majority party responsible for its own performance, is filled with discordant elements, each one pressing selfish claims. Has this symptom of the breakdown of democracy threatened us?

Destructive Coalition

Of course if the leaders of a minority party or group cannot put through legislation, the first thing which comes to their minds is to unite with other important minorities, not because they will have any constructive program or purpose in common, but for the one purpose of destroying a ministry or creating difficulties for an administration The groups, blocs or coalitions of one minority with other minorities are for the purpose of destruction only, and democratic government goes toward a mire of cheap political intrigue.

Destructive coalitions are formed by various groups to create obstacles and obtain the balance of power so that they can blackmail a ministry in Europe or an administration in America into trades, concessions and barter. Have we seen this symptom of the breakdown of democracy on the horizon?

Under the blackmail of organized minorities the executive end of a government is tempted to compromise its principles Sometimes a prime minister in Europe or a President in the United States must feel that the only way to avoid defeat and humiliation is by concession and by adopting a policy of trying to please everybody. Good administration becomes impossible. The executive is engaged in constant clashes with a destructive legislative group. Sometimes a courageous executive refuses to yield his principles, but often, as has been proved in European countries, the pressure on successive ministries is too great. Then the government becomes flabby. It adopts the fatal program of governing by granting favor instead of governing by exercising authority. This only makes matters worse; the clashes between ministry and parliament, or in Washington between the White House and the Hill, go on with renewed intrigue and fearful wastes. Do we notice any symptoms of this breakdown of democracy?

Once a government begins to become the victim, it invites a complete system of national life based on selfish organized minorities. The spirit of national unity disappears. Men and women take away their loyalty from the nation and attach it to a group or class. Citizens begin to think of government as a flabby institution for the granting of favors and the yielding of loot. They begin to think of it as a bank where no deposits are required and all drafts are honored. Citizenship loses its sense of responsibility and of self-help and of willingness to give service; it wants the government to solve all problems, heal all wounds, undertake all ventures, provide all salvation and to ask its citizens for nothing. Have we observed any of these symptoms of the breakdown of democracy?

The function of government is not to impose upon individuals regulations of their thoughts, intrusions upon individual privacy or the tyranny of personal morality dictated by those who are holier than thou. And yet we have seen organized minorities twist the function of government to these purposes.

A wise government will give the least government possible. It will not pile legislation onto the statute books. And yet we are burdened with endless legislation, much of it forced through by the lobbies of organized minorities by blackmail of loot seekers and busybodies.

If you will put yourself in the place of a doctor at the bedside of a patient it will not take you long to diagnose the case. You will say that American democracy, even in the early stages of the disease, has been weakened and corrupted by the swarming bacteria of organized minorities. You will say that our political parties who are pretending to treat the patient do not even dare to say what the infection is for fear of offending some of the germs.

If you are in doubt about it, think over those doctors who have presented themselves this year as candidates for nomination for the presidency. Consider them all together. Do their prescriptions or programs deal with the welfare of the United States as a whole? Do they pay first attention to the welfare of the unorganized majority—you, me, the taxpayers, those whose chief interest is the least and the best government possible? Was their appeal a national appeal? Were they thinking about the whole United States? Not by a jugful! We have seen them go forth in the main with open or secret appeals to organized minorities—to religious minorities, racial minorities, labor minorities, bonus minorities, League-of-Nations minorities, geographical minorities, endless minorities. To the extent that these minority interests have distracted attention from a national program and our majority interests, they have weakened our sense of national cohesion; to the extent that these minorities oppose one another either in demanding attention or in conflict with one another, they are positive forces of disruption of our national peace and unity.

Geographical Self-Interest

This is not an article of political partisanship and therefore I will not name the two exceptions among the candidates who, no matter how little they have made clear of the coming clash between majority interests and minority, have at least prepared to resist the blackmail of organized groups and certainly have made whatever program they have a program of national interest The point is that the group picture of presidential aspirants disclosed a lot of men who were competing in bids for the favor of the organized minorities. Even the attempt to form a third party has failed to produce a program of national political policy. It stands, as the Irish bull would say, like a centipede on a thousand legs of various organized minorities, of which the most dangerous is one based on emphasis on geographical self-interest.

(Continued on Page 52)

Try This With a Stop-Watch

From 5 to 25 m. p. h. in 9 seconds
From 10 to 40 m. p. h. in 15⅘ seconds
From 30 to 50 m. p. h. in 16⅕ seconds

(Announcing Franklin closed car acceleration results. Open car results previously published.)

Go to your Franklin dealer. He has a stop-watch. He will show you something about acceleration in traffic, up hills and over the road that will give you a standard for ability; something about deceleration with the powerful transmission brake that will give you a standard for safety.

With its unapproachable riding comfort---with its long life and dependability---with its entire freedom from care or even thought of the cooling system, the Franklin car offers the highest type of motoring performance known.

FRANKLIN

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Watch This Column

CLARA BOW

"There is a garden in her face where roses and white lilies grow."
—CAMPION

"Wine" is one of the best pictures UNIVERSAL has ever produced, and I am more than pleased to recommend it to the entire family, not only for the startling entertainment it affords, but also because of the enlightenment it will give. The story is that of a beautiful debutante whose father fails, goes to bootlegging and involves the family in threatened disaster. CLARA BOW, an unusually attractive young woman, plays the debutante with fine effect and is supported by FORREST STANLEY, ROBERT AGNEW, MYRTLE STEDMAN and HUNTLY GORDON.

In all his brilliant career, LON CHANEY has never had such an opportunity for sensational and versatile acting as in the character of the hunchback in UNIVERSAL'S great picture production of Victor Hugo's classic, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*** The production is one of the most notable in screen history.

Again I must refer to ***"The Signal Tower,"*** which has caused so much admiration that I am proud UNIVERSAL made it. I sat through it for the fourth time recently, and it struck me that it is a vast asset to secure real artists for any picture. VIRGINIA VALLI, ROCKLIFFE FELLOWES and WALLACE BEERY work together like the wheels of a watch. Look for ***"The Reckless Age," "The Turmoil"*** and ***"The Family Secret,"*** all splendid pictures.

The JACK DEMPSEY ***"Fight and Win"*** pictures are creating a sensation. The champion of the world is shown at his favorite pastime in every one.

Carl Laemmle
President

To be continued next week

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 50)

The day when a Roosevelt or a Cleveland with a strong backbone and inspiring leadership brought us together on a national issue touching every heart and every home has yielded to a day when candidates, more or less frankly bid for the support of the nursemaids' union, the Hungarian vote, the farm tenants of Northeastern Iowa, the retail druggists, the Society for the Forgiveness of Sins and European Debts, the unfortunate one-armed wall-paper hangers of the South, the Society for Presenting the United States Treasury to the League of Nations, and the National Association for a William Jennings Bryan Papa-and-Mamma Government.

In these days a candidate might do well—for himself—if he went to each of the five hundred special-interest organized minority bureaus in Washington and said, "You don't have to spend any money in blackmailing me. If you will throw your group vote to me I will sign on the dotted line right now." The growth and blackmail of organized minorities have produced already in America catch-basket candidates and catch-basket political parties.

The Forbidden Question

Naturally enough the average voter is amazed at the power of organized minorities and asks how they accomplish their ends. I will give a short lesson in the art of organizing a minority for political action.

The first step is to get an organizer. On his appeal to the selfish or cranky interest of a particular group he has no trouble in raising his own salary. We have cultivated since the war a whole new crop of pious-faced organizers, secretaries, money raisers and propagandists. It has become a regular profession like that of a veterinary. I know some of them very well. When they have their hooks fixed into a minority interest their first step is to determine whether their catch is that of loot hunters or that of minority moralists. Of course in either case there must be an atmosphere of kindly benevolence, of goodness, of being defenders of the weak; in either case nothing whatever must be said as to what the relief or generosity asked of Congress will cost. The one sentence outlawed by any organized minority is the sentence, "What will it cost?" If the minority consists of those who want the United States to go to the relief of the Patagonian giants, heaven help the brute who says, "What will it cost?" If the idea is to make it a crime to sit on a park bench with your wife you must not say of enforcement, "What will it cost?" If the hope is for able-bodied men who once were so patriotic that they paid their full due of income tax now to obtain a flivver at the expense of the Treasury the last thing to be heard is, "What will it cost?" We will be asked to put our head into various European nooses, allowing some minority and its leaders to make a grand gesture and perhaps reside abroad with foreign decorations on their chests, but how offensive is the person who arises to ask, "What would it cost all of us?"

According to the nature of the minority organization, plans are made to create chapters all over the country. If the organization is for moral bossism or long-distance benevolence, it is possible to rely on unpaid workers. The morbid taste for gaining control over other people's conduct or morals is a widespread perversion. Some men and women will always cast the mote out of the other fellow's eye and even pay for the chance to do it. Pious men and gentle ladies there are who can be relied upon to ask their neighbors to help the foreigner who is thousands of miles away when there is publicity in the job, although the same men and women will not turn a hair to help the same foreigner if he comes to America and lives around the corner. We hear a great many charges about isolation of the United States from other nations, but very little from these same good voices about our isolation from other races who have been landing in million lots as immigrants.

The professional organizer knows that names on the stationery and devices of that kind will keep a staff in cases where the organized minority is held together by the passion for piety plus publicity; but in cases of looting Congress and the Treasury to satisfy the pocket nerve of a purely self-interest minority, workers must be paid workers.

When the office is fitted out in Washington and some kind of an ex is procured as a lobbyist, the next move is propaganda.

I can recommend to any of the organized minorities who have not tried it the straw vote or referendum. Take a straw vote in various colleges, various districts, various factories, various classes of citizenship. Pick the places for test with proper discretion. Send out a printed ballot. You may depend upon a kind of innate decency in mankind which will prevent those who would vote no to your proposal ever sending the card back. Furthermore, those who do not care a fig about the matter will throw your card into the wastebasket. Only those who are with you and for you will respond largely and therefore you can be assured of an overwhelming vote in favor of your cause. You may not believe that this vote represents any truth but—what of that?—everyone else may.

Furthermore, you may depend upon a tremendous fundamental advantage which the organized minority has over any opposition. It has the head start.

The head start is a wonderful advantage. When you and I and other unlabeled citizens are confronted with a new organized minority we are reluctant to jump in against it. We do not like to be kill-joys. It is less a matter of vital concern to us of the majority than it is to the hot-interest minority. The minority has gained a good deal of headway before it attracts our attention, and this also makes it appear as something difficult to crush or to stop without a row.

We all think twice before enlisting against the organized minority. It is always so much more articulate than the rank and file of the unorganized majority, and so well provided with propaganda, that if we have a touch of cowardice we are reluctant to accuse it of trying to burglarize the Treasury or charge it with starting an emotional sentimental spree. If you oppose the organized minority you are not sure that the ordinary citizens as a whole will back you up, and you can be perfectly sure that the organized minority will scream to the skies that you are a heartless criminal, that you are against the brotherhood of man, that you are employed by Wall Street or the Germans or the saloon keepers or the devil, and that in 1893 you tried to kiss your school-teacher. Whenever you buck the organized minority it will tell you privately that it has tipped you the black spot and that if you ever seek office the whole force of the minority membership and of the churches and of the women's clubs of your district will be brought against you.

In other words, your opposition to the organized minority, no matter how conscientious it may be, no matter how much founded on your uncolored judgment of what is for the welfare of your country and your fellow citizens, will encounter precisely the same kind of blackmail that is encountered by the senators, congressmen and to a certain extent the President, and candidates for these offices.

No matter how good a representative may be, he is to be hounded if he does not sign on the dotted line for the organized minority which works on him. He may be standing firm for you and for me, but he knows that we are unorganized, that we are spending no money on propaganda, while the organized minority stands ready to punish him by investigations and accusations of all kinds, by solidified group opposition at the polls, by political defeat.

If he does not know it beforehand, the pious-faced lobbyist of the organized minority makes it clear to him. This lobbyist goes up to the senate or representative offices and puts a hat on the senator or congressman's desk, looks around at the engraving of Niagara Falls and says, "Well, my friend, can we count on you?"

If the representative who has his mind fixed first on the national welfare says, "No, I have studied the question and I think the taxpayers cannot afford what you are asking," then the lobbyist says:

"Let me show you the names of the various societies and organizations that are indorsing our cause, and let me tell you what happened to Congressman X of Xville. He said what you said. But I helped the fellow who was getting the pension-extension bill through Congress and so he threw the pension-extension vote against Congressman X and we beat him. It is all very well for you to talk about the taxpayer. But remember, my friend, that the taxpayer ain't organized and that we are! Furthermore, I understand that your wife was divorced before she married you and we can bring that unpleasant fact out if necessary. And finally, do not forget that our cause is a high moral cause and that there is enthusiasm for it. It is an emotional cause. And if you oppose it we can picture you as being a hard-boiled, cold-blooded reactionary."

It is this kind of attitude on the part of the organized minority that wrecks a government of national unity and national policy and creates a government by collective special interest whose blackmail is a constant force, driving government into the channels where the failures of democracies lie like wrecks, driving government by authority out and installing the fashion of flabby government which may be shaken down and spun around by any group.

"The sad part of it," said a senator to me the other day, "is that the voters of the organized minority, being either cranks or having a pocket interest, go to the polls. The weaker government becomes and the more the ordinary voter is disgusted, the less the ordinary voter goes to the polls. The force which brings the ordinary voter to the polls is some large national issue. What is that issue today? I defy you to name it. But you can name a dozen organized minority interests."

Apparently the senator is quite right. When I was fifteen years old more than seventy-five out of every hundred possible voters in a national election went to the polls. Before I was forty less than one out of every two voted. That was in 1920.

It is a terrible thing when the ordinary voter says, "What's the use?" And a good deal worse when the organized minorities answer, "For us, a lot of use!" When that day begins to come, democracy is no longer a machine of dignity but a good-natured old cow which will stand still for those who want to milk her.

The Tyranny of the Few

But there will not be any milk! There's the rub. In the end, not even the organized minority can get anything. The resources of government do not come from any magical spring. They come only from the supply of service and contribution we all make to it. Even moral legislation is a dead duck without the contribution of the free will of the people. The benefits of government are not handed down to the people until they are handed up by the people. And there is something grotesque in the picture of you and me handing up taxes if an organized minority is going to take them out of the Treasury. We are ready to give loyalty to our Government, but it is a ridiculous picture if organized minorities can blackmail that Government into becoming a moral tyranny forcing upon us—the once free many—the habits, rules and beliefs of the few.

As I see it, the greatest opportunity open to any of the candidates for the presidency is the assumption of leadership in reassembling our sense of the preëminent need of national unity. The political parties as parties have listened not to the country but to the organized minorities; there remains the chance for personal leadership in organizing us into a majority interest ready to resist the whole pack of selfish or mushy minorities. To line us up behind such unity requires something more than negative action; it requires vision and courage and a willingness to speak out and to act positively. Roosevelt saw the necessity before he died. So did Harding—clearly. I am in a position to know that had Harding lived he would have shown a firmer, more independent leadership than this land has known for a long time.

The backbone of this leadership cannot, I believe, be expected to stiffen the Senate or House. There is in these bodies no voice strong enough, no personal leadership of the necessary size to put national unity as a political force in opposition to the forces of organized minorities, special privilege, too much government and those which tend to make Washington a kind of counter over which fools think favors can be served without end. The individual senator or congressman is swamped by the fashion of his fellows and competitors.

It is to someone strong enough and courageous enough for positive inspiration if not the leader of his party now, then the leader of his party four years from now—to whom we, the great body of men and women in America, must look to stem the tide of minorities creating by their political blackmail moral, racial, religious, geographical, economic disunity and to set against their assaults the stone wall of the American majority.

Men! there's kick in it

—You fellows who don't know *all* about soap have something to learn

Once over with *my* kind of soap and hands are cleaner than after two or three washes with the ordinary kind.

Try it. Then you'll know. Your hands will show it—*convincingly* clean to the eye, to the sense of feel.

A LIFEBUOY bath, all over, multiplies that refreshing, tingling exhilaration as many times as your body is bigger than your hands.

And after a LIFEBUOY tub—work, exercise, dance—no matter how hot the weather, how hot you get, you're *clean* hot—never unpleasantly so to others.

You can't satisfy LIFEBUOY users with any other soap. Ask them. *Absolute, definite, satisfying cleanness* is what a man has a right to expect from soap. Cleanness that makes the skin and body glow with health. Take the big red LIFEBUOY cake in your hands *and wash. Then* you'll have a *conviction* about soap.

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The first rule of radiant health is *cleanliness*. Bathe often. There's nothing so good for the skin as the creamy, antiseptic lather of Lifebuoy. You will like its clean smell, *quickly vanishing*.

YOU know Lifebuoy by its orange-red color, the color of one of its principal ingredients, pure palm fruit oil.

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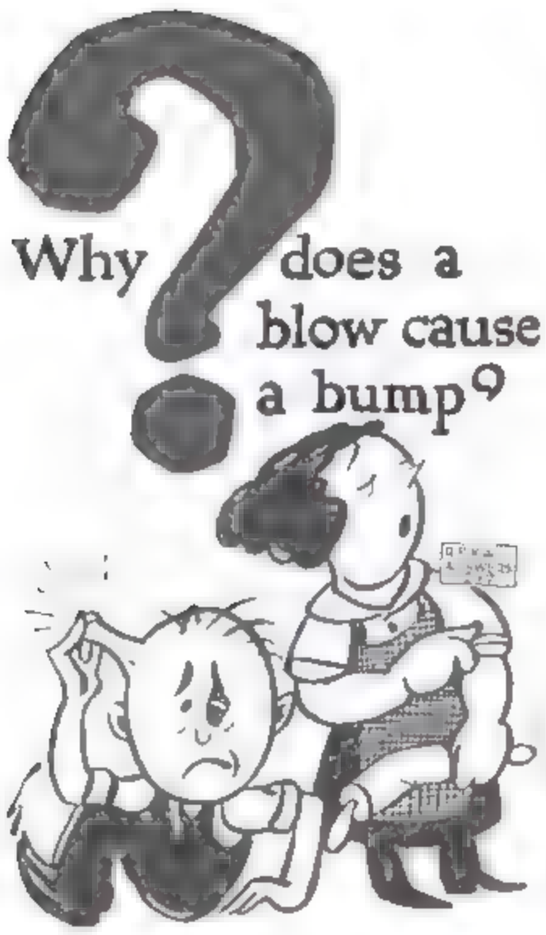

—because Nature sends to the injured spot an extra supply of white blood cells and other materials for repairs. An immediate application of

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WEBER AND FIELDS

(Continued from Page 31)

were under contract from previous years, and more could be had for the asking. The enterprise would sink or swim on the burlesque. The choice for principals fell on John T. Kelly, Thomas J. Ryan, Charles K. Ross, Mabel Fenton, Lillian Swain, Yolande Wallace, Sylvia Thorne, Truly Shattuck, the Beaumont Sisters, and, of course, Sam Bernard.

Ross and Fenton were an ideal team, specialists in afterpieces. Kelly and Ryan were one of the prime comedy teams of the time. They had quarreled and separated, and had to be engaged individually and secretly. For weeks after they were reunited on the music-hall stage they continued to refuse to speak to each other offstage. Kelly's asking price was $200 a week. Weber and Fields offered $175. The decision was left to the toss of a penny. The penny never came down, catching and sticking on a door lintel; and the difference was split at $187.50. Truly Shattuck was billed as the prettiest woman ever to have come from the Pacific Coast. Bernard was the peer of German comedians. All were more than competent.

In their desire to give more for the money than any competitor, Joe and Lew shut their eyes and fixed the price scale at twenty-five cents to one dollar, box seats one-fifty, considerably under the tariff at Pastor's, Hammerstein's and Koster and Bial's. There were 665 seats in the house. The first newsboy in the street could have done this simple sum for them. A capacity house would not bring in more than $700, and the show would cost almost $700 a performance. Two sets of costumes did for the chorus, and costumes and scenery were rented under a six weeks' guaranty. An orchestra of eight cost only twenty-four dollars a night, thirteen chorus girls the number was premeditated—only fifteen each a week, a quartet of chorus men twelve dollars each. The union scale for stage carpenters, electricians and property men at the hour of going to press is seventy-five dollars a week, but a stage crew of nine cost but $132 a week in 1896. Ushers usually were students and worked for fifty cents and a chance to see the show. Twenty dollars paid a stage doorkeeper. But a Broadway rental and high-salaried principals offset all this frugality.

In person, they canvassed the Bowery and the East Side, peddling tickets with such industry that the house was sold out for a week in advance before Broadway began to ask for seats. The moment it found that no tickets were to be had, Broadway's desire to see the show multiplied tenfold. The White Lights crowd rushed to the box office, waved its money in the treasurer's face and bought the house out for the second week.

A Happy Beginning

Saturday night, September 5, 1896, was the date. Weber and Fields' Music Hall was a reality. The former Imperial held a family party. From the last row of the upper floor, reserved for poor relations, to the front seats of the orchestra, one graced by Diamond Jim Brady, every man, woman and child was a friend, a neighbor, an acquaintance or a relative of Joe Weber and Lew Fields, and most of them knew one another. It was an audience that came to laugh, cheer and beat its hands sore willy-nilly; as determinedly friendly and sympathetic as a high-school-commencement assemblage of papas and mammas, and as little reflecting the true value of the entertainment. Evening gowns and silk hats in some of the boxes, shawls in the back rows, cut flowers overflowing the stage, an inaugural speech by a Tammany judge, excitement in front, excitement backstage.

The curtain rose on Lavender and Thompson, sketch artists, first number on the vaudeville olio. Johnny Carroll, a singing single, followed. Then Weber and Fields in person in the favorite pool-table skit. Lottie Gilson, the little Magnet, after them. Herbert and Carron, acrobats, closed the variety bill. An intermission, an overture, and then the burlesque, The Art of Maryland, a travesty on David Belasco's The Heart of Maryland, in which Mrs. Leslie Carter then was starring at the Herald Square.

It was a good variety bill and a bad burlesque, but the house vouchsafed its approval indiscriminately. The burlesque book was the work of Bernard, Ross and Fenton; the music by John Stromberg and the lyrics by Joseph Herbert. Stromberg's music was fair, Herbert's lyrics were almost Gilbertian at times; but the book was labored and pifflish. Stromberg and Herbert knew their respective jobs; but Bernard, Ross and Fenton had attempted a task for which they had no special fitness. The fault was Weber and Fields', who had given them the assignment. Their plot revolved perhaps limped is more accurate -around a cook, one Mary Land, the creator of chicken à la Maryland, and her culinary art. Even the juicy opportunity of burlesquing Mrs. Carter's curfew-shall-not-ring-tonight swing on the clapper of the church bell was missed.

The reviewers were indulgent. One of them said:

"Coupled with hits at Bryan, Justice Mott and Sheriff Tamsen, aided by such accessories as a dummy baby whose head separated from its body, and a pasteboard horse, cab and driver, and played by well-known performers of the variety stage, the burlesque promises diversion. Its language was commendably free from vulgarity."

There were digs at others than Bryan, the justice and the sheriff. The Populists and their whiskers, Coxey's Army, the Ludlow Street Jail, the Delsarte system, the Seventh Regiment and General McAlpin, Tom Johnson, Tom Watson, Mary Ellen Lease, Carrie Nation, Pitchfork Ben Tillman, Sockless Jerry Simpson, Boss Croker, David Hill and Tom Platt had their turn. Four tramps carried four banners: Free Trade, Free Silver, Free Lunch, and Free Ireland. In one number the chorus was costumed as the Yellow Kid and his Hogan's Alley followers.

Appearances Against Her

If anything of The Art of Maryland survived its six weeks' run in the memories of those who saw it, it likely was two of Herbert's comic lyrics and a love song.

His I Love You, Dear was free from the mawkishness of the conventional ballad, and achieved real tenderness. Its opening stanza ran:

"I love you, dear."
There is no phrase so warm and old,
In all the world no one so sweet
To lover's lips or maiden's ear,
As this refrain, "I love you, dear.
I love you, dear."

There is a flavor of William S. Gilbert about the lines that introduced Colonel Warp—Charles Ross:

I'm the heavy-handed villain,
Who is anxious and willin',
To turn an honest shillin' when I can.

The promise of some of Herbert's later work is to be found in Appearances Were Against Her. It went:

A little bantam rooster
Loved a little bantam hen, ah!
They lived a happy married life
Until one day, and then, ah!
This bantam hen for mischief sake
Went flirting with a gander.
The other hens made this poor hen
A victim of their slander.

They said she was a shameless flirt;
Their gossiping incensed her.
This little hen was pure at heart,
But appearances were against her.

One fatal day this bantam hen
For breakfast went out scratching.
The other hens, they stole the egg
This henlet had been hatching,
Replaced it with a green goose egg:
They thought it would surprise her.
This little hen was color blind.
So she was none the wiser.

Her bantam husband paid no heed
Unto this vicious slander,
Until one day this bantam hen
Hatched forth an infant gander.
Othello-like, he smothered her,
His honor all deraded,
He ate a peck of carpet tacks,
And so he suicided.

There is a footnote to stage history to be found in the second week's program at the music hall. That week the animatograph was added to the variety olio to meet the competition of the Union Square and Pastor's, where the Lumière cinematograph and the kinecpticon, respectively, had been introduced a few weeks earlier, the first appearance of the films on the regular program of an American theater. Weber and Fields soon discarded the original for a burlesque of their own contriving, dubbed the lobsterscope. A revolving, many-colored screen attached to the regular calcium spotlight, when thrown on the stage while the chorus was in action, produced a curious counterfeit of the flickering, jumping, eye-straining cinematograph. Its inventors thought so little of it that they sold all rights for fifty dollars, once it had served its brief purpose in their show. The following season, when they wished to use it again in the music hall, they were forced to pay $100 for four weeks' rental

In the third week of the music hall its owners were compelled to turn their backs upon the infant. The three road shows, Weber and Fields' Own Company, the Russell Brothers' Comedians and the Vaudeville Club began their regular season. The Own Company opened at Hammerstein's Columbus; then was off on the road, leaving behind its first week's profits to keep the music hall going. The nightly receipts at the hall had dropped below $200 meanwhile. Before leaving New York, Joe and Lew commissioned Joseph Herbert to write the entire book of a new burlesque to replace The Art of Maryland as soon as its minimum six weeks expired.

"We had to keep it on for six weeks because we had rented the costumes for six weeks," Fields explains unconvincingly.

Herbert looked about him for a subject. The first of all musical comedies, The Geisha, had just been imported from Daly's, London, to Daly's, New York, next door to the music hall. This primacy may be challenged inasmuch as the evolution of musical comedy from comic opera and extravaganzas such as The Black Crook was gradual and indistinctly marked; but The Geisha was the first production ever to be advertised and reviewed under the name of musical comedy in the newspapers of New York. The critics spoke of it as a new stage *genre* and credited its origins to London.

The new musical comedy was Herbert's choice. The result was The Geezer, book and lyrics by Herbert, score by John Stromberg. Succeeding The Art of Maryland in October, it was an immediate success, and played to capacity houses for four months, then a long run on Broadway. The Geezer was Li Hung Chang, Chinese viceroy and minister of foreign affairs, whose visit to America on a world tour had been an event earlier in the year. Li was represented in the burlesque as being in quest of an American heiress bride for his emperor, her dowry incidentally to pay off the indemnity demanded by Japan after the defeat of China in the war of 1894-1895.

Personal Take-Offs

John T. Kelly had the rôle and Sam Bernard the companion part of Two-Hi, keeper of a Doyers Street tea house. Kelly was an Irish, Bernard a German comedian. Kelly wore the duplicate of Li Hung Chang's ceremonial robes, but spoke his lines with a peat-bog brogue. Bernard's Chinese costume was made completely ludicrous by a low-comedy Dutch chinpiece, and such Chinese-German as "Velly good, py gollies" and "One piecee beer mit pretzels." Mabel Fenton was cast as Nellie Fly, a take-off on Nellie Bly, the globe-trotting newspaper woman. "Lady Faith, Lady Hope and Lady Charity, three ballet girls who have married titles," was a play on the name of the former May Yohe, American actress, who had married Lord Henry Francis Pelham Clinton Hope. Theodore Roosevelt was head of the New York City police board, and four chorus men, garbed as policemen, were labeled A. Roosevelt, B. Roosevelt, C. Roosevelt and D. Roosevelt. Charles Ross had the straight part of Lord Dunraving, a hit at Lord Dunraven, whose cup contender, the Valkyrie III, had lost with some unpleasantness to the native Defender in the international yacht races of 1895. The locale of the second act was China, where the cast had traveled in the Valkyrie, with frequent sarcasm about its lack of fleetness. There were topical allusions to Doctor Parkhurst, then New York's ranking reformer; Mayor Strong, Sunday closing, high prices and small portions at

(Continued on Page 57)

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Pirates like these— need triple knees *in their stockings*

Who wants to be a nagger! Would *you* dare attack this "desprit" pirate crew with cautions as to stockings and the like? Not if you remember back when you were one of them. Not if you value your standing with the youngsters at all.

For kids love to get down on their knees—in the dirt. It's just nature calling them. And the day's joy is measured by the dirt and rips you find at bed-time.

And so, to keep them happy, and lighten the load on darning baskets too, we make stockings with triple knees. Triple knees that are a fact—not just a name. They wear like leather. If you have a sturdy young pirate in the family we strongly urge you to put these stockings on him. They'll save you lots of darning, of course. But, far more important, they'll save him lots of lectures on the care of clothes.

Hosiery *for men, women and children*

Allen A

Underwear *for men and boys only*

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 54)

the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel; Senator Brice and Newport; George Francis Train, Professor Doremus and other topics of the day, laughable at the moment, mostly pointless now.

The show got away to a flying start at the rise of the curtain. The Geezer possibly is the only musical show in history, grand opera included, the opening chorus of which will bear quoting after the lapse of thirty years—or thirty days, for that matter. Herbert achieved this feat by spoofing the usual inanity of the chorus salutatory in this fashion:

Hurrah! Hurrah! We laugh and sing,
So loudly let the welkin ring.
We must admit, though far from slow,
What welkin is, we do not know;
But when a chorus laugh and sing
They always make the welkin ring
And tell you it's a holiday,
And then proceed with the play.

They clink their glasses (tin)
And drink ere they begin
To tell the tale; it's most absurd,
For who understands a word?
But we discard these methods old
And tell the tale as it should be told.
Li Hung Chang comes here today,
Hence elaborate display.
Yankee heiresses he seeks,
China's finances are weak,
Japan's war has caused a leak.

The lyrics held this pace too. A negro air, Miss Lucy, was one of the best. It went like this:

The bees hum in the blossom vine,
The birds break out in song,
The sun, he say, "Ise obleeged to shine,"
When Miss Lucy pass along.

When Miss Lucy pass along,
When Miss Lucy pass along,
The red rose say, "I'll lean youah way,"
When Miss Lucy pass along.

The river stops where her footsteps pass,
Tho' the tide runs swift and straight,
And says, "Ise here for youah lookin'-glass,"
When Miss Lucy pass along.

The violet says, "Ise kin to you,
You must not do me wrong."
The green trees bow a how-do-you-do,
When Miss Lucy pass along.

A sell-out at every performance, the music hall still failed to make money. In December, 1896, in the middle of The Geezer's run, the itinerary of the Weber and Fields' Own Company brought Joe and Lew back to New York, where they were confronted with the choice of raising prices or cheapening the show. They chose to increase the top from one dollar to a dollar and a half, with box seats two dollars. The public paid without a chirp and the music hall never again had a losing week.

Wedding Bells for Mr. Weber

Another milestone in Weber and Fields' history was passed the following week. The previous June, at a party given in honor of a niece's engagement, Mr. Weber had met a young woman to his heart's fancy. She became Mrs. Joseph Maurice Weber on January 8, 1897, and their honeymoon was spent on tour with the Own Company. Fields already was the father of a daughter and a son.

There are no music halls in America now and the term is meaningless to the present generation. A music hall was a vaudeville theater in which drinks were served; or, inversely, a beer garden graduated into a theater building. Very often the bar was the main tent and the stage a mere side show, hardly better than a capper for the sale of liquor. It followed that a music hall's appeal was overwhelmingly to a stag audience. The old Imperial included a saloon as a matter of course. No one ever had operated a music hall except in conjunction with a saloon, and Weber and Fields had no thought of not doing so.

It was Sam Bernard who first perceived that the old order changeth; that the day was passing when a Broadway theater could prosper without catering to a general and a sober audience. At the outset he suggested that the bar be subordinated strictly to the theater, in the face of the settled belief that the profit lay in the former and the certainty that a sober spectator would be a much more critical spectator. Joe and Lew grasped his point immediately. They refused an offer of $15,000 cash per season for the saloon and the liquor-selling rights in the house; refused it at a time when they needed money badly; put their brothers, Max Weber and Charley Fields, in charge of the bar and stopped the sale of drinks in the theater while the curtain was up.

From the first Weber and Fields had kept their shows free from the vulgarity then associated with variety. Backstage, however, tradition died more slowly. Chorus girls, for example, were less than the dust, and a principal conducted himself as he jolly well pleased. If he pleased to curse a chorus girl or to be obscene, that had been his privilege. During the run of The Geezer one of the male principals appeared on the stage drunk and insulted the company. Bernard fired him on the spot. The man appealed over Bernard's head by wire to Weber and Fields in Chicago. They telegraphed back that whatever Bernard did they sustained.

The offender sulked for several days, Sylvia Thorne successfully playing his part meanwhile. Miss Thorne was a sister of Fred Titus, then six-day bicycle champion and a sport-page hero, later husband to Edna May. The principal eventually sought Bernard out and apologized handsomely.

"You insulted the others as well," Bernard suggested.

The actor was astonished. "I hope you don't expect me to get down on my knees to a lot of chorus girls!" he exclaimed.

Morale and Discipline

"Why not?" Bernard asked. "They are as good as we are."

"You are just trying to humiliate me," the man protested. "I'm damned if I'll do it!"

But he did. The company was assembled on the stage and he asked their pardon individually and collectively. From that moment on the morale of the company was distinct among music halls, and no stage was conducted with more decorum. Weber and Fields agreed to remit the week's salary of $250 the actor had lost on condition that he remain sober until the end of the season. He clung heroically to the water wagon until three days before the season's close, then fell with a crash that rattled the windowpanes and saved the firm $250.

These were some of the factors in the success of the music hall. Another, and probably the most important, was the distinction of the entertainment. The Weber and Fields burlesques were unique, a patent of their own, without parallel in the theater. Gradually they eclipsed the vaudeville olio and finally displaced it entirely. A Weber and Fields burlesque was the best of advertisement for the travestied play, and producers competed with one another in sending their scripts to Joe and Lew with permission to use them as they liked. In one instance a producer gave them a special performance of A Message from Mars on a Sunday afternoon in the hope of inspiring successfully a travesty.

It is unfortunate that there is no other word than "burlesque" for these shows. They were true burlesque, but in the popular mind that word is associated indelibly with what is tersely and aptly known as a leg show. The burlesque show of commerce is distinctly cleaner these days than most of the $5.50 revues; it clings to mid-Victorian tights in a day of sheer veilings, censors its lines and situations, while the Broadway shows broaden both to the width of that highway at Long Acre Square, and still holds its own peculiar public; but to no effect on popular opinion, which speaks of it as burlycue, and thinks of it in connection with barber shops, Turkish baths, the Police Gazette and smoking-compartment anecdotes.

Leo Teller was a shining member of the Lady of Lyons Amateur Dramatic Club, and was inclined to patronize the professionals of Broadway. If the truth were known, he hinted, there was more first-class histrionic talent in the Lady of Lyons club than in some shows he might mention.

On Lincoln's Birthday, 1897, John T. Kelly, who lived at Elmhurst, Long Island, found all roads to Manhattan blocked by a blizzard. He telephoned that he might not be able to reach the theater in time for the matinée. Sam Bernard told his troubles to the business manager.

"I don't know what we'll do if Kelly doesn't make it," Bernard fretted. "We haven't anyone who can take the part on this short notice."

Teller's eyes lit up. He studied the weather from his office window. He had seen much worse storms, Elmhurst was a close-in suburb, and it was three hours yet until matinée time. Kelly would make it, he concluded.

"Shucks! I'll play the part for you," he told Bernard. "I know the lines backward and forward just by hearing the show. You actors take yourselves altogether too seriously."

Kelly's rôle of Li Hung Chang was the keystone of the burlesque, but Bernard concluded to risk it for one matinée. When one o'clock came and no Kelly, Teller began to be visibly nervous. He still was convinced that he would not have to make good on his bluff, but not so certain but that he felt the need of Dutch courage. He dropped in at the bar and poured a large drink.

In the next anxious hour Teller drank eight more whiskies. Two o'clock and no Kelly! The others dragged Teller to a dressing room and began to make him up as Li Hung Chang. The dressing room was beneath the stage, and hot. Between the whisky, the warmth and his fright, Teller perspired like a man in a steam bath, and evaporated not only the liquor but most of the marrow in his bones. At his entrance—a fanfare from the orchestra—he was coldly sober, but so weak that he tottered as one drunk. Leaning against a wing, he whispered hoarsely, "Push me out!"

The business of the entrance called for Sam Bernard, who was Two-Hi, to wrap a doormat emblazoned with the word "Welcome" around his body, prostrate himself and present his back and the doormat to Li Hung Chang's feet. Teller stumbled from the wings with his back to the audience and fell over Sam. He did not see the mat or anything else, and forgot even the first word of his lines. The company prompted him in hissing whispers, but all that Teller's confused ears could make out was the proper name Ki-Ki. This he mumbled over and over. "Louder!" his prompters hissed, and Teller shouted "Ki-Ki" at the top of his lungs.

"Turn around and face the audience," Mabel Fenton whispered.

Mr. Teller's Last Appearance

"Where is it?" Teller asked in the voice of a lost child.

One of the props of the scene was a judge's gavel, one end padded and so jointed as to give off the sound of wood meeting wood when struck. The other end was a solid knob of hardwood. The action called for Li Hung Chang to rap Two-Hi on the head with the padded end. Bernard put his head in position to receive the blow, but Teller waved the gavel about aimlessly.

"Hit me! Hit me!" Bernard pleaded.

Teller granted him his boon. He brought the hard end of the gavel down on Two-Hi's head with a swipe that floored the German Chinaman for the count of nine. Bernard looked up from the stage floor at the star of the Lady of Lyons club and groaned through clenched teeth, "Oh, you Ki-Ki!" The audience was enjoying itself thoroughly. It cheered Kelly's volunteer understudy and demanded encores. Mr. Teller has owned and managed theaters for many years now, but despite this flattering debut, he never again acted in one.

In late February The Geezer was succeeded by Under the Red Globe, a burlesque of Stanley Weyman's swashbuckling story of the seventeenth century, Under the Red Robe, first a best seller, then a dramatic success. Cardinal Richelieu turned up in this as Cardinal Fishglue, and the story was transferred from France to Gailly's gambling house at Long Branch. Gailly was Weber and Fields' next door neighbor, John Daly, thinly disguised. Daly's gambling house at Long Branch was better known than his Twenty-ninth Street place. Long Branch's glory is gone now, its giddy youth of the General Grant era forgotten; but as late as the middle 90's it, not Atlantic City, was the famous resort of the Atlantic seaboard.

On Saint Patrick's Day, 1897, Corbett and Fitzsimmons fought for the heavyweight championship at Carson City, Nevada. Joe and Lew had met Corbett eight years before when he was the unknown boxing instructor at the Olympic Club, San Francisco, and Gentleman Jim had been much about the music hall when in New York. Every member of the company was a Corbett rooter. John T. Kelly had bet two weeks' salary on his man.

As there was a special matinée on Saint Patrick's Day, Kelly suggested that a special

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Based on new knowledge of the skin after shaving

WE are world famous as manufacturers of shaving soaps. Now from our knowledge of shaving we have perfected Aqua Velva, expressly for use after the shave. Aqua Velva differs entirely from most of the things men are using. Most of these things fail on one very important point: they absorb moisture from the skin.

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Mr.

Name

Address

What London Knows

THE greatest economic upheaval in history has caused the nations of the world to turn to the United States for financial aid.

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In the ten short years that America has been buying foreign securities, the average American bond buyer has not yet learned how to value foreign government bonds, while from centuries of experience, the British bond buyer has learned how to appraise the credit of every nation of the world.

London knows the national history, character and financial record of the nations. London knows the security they offer—how great is their necessity—how much credit is to be given their promise to pay.

If the American investor knew accurately how to appraise the credit of foreign borrowers, the dollar bonds of foreign government loans would not sell in New York, as they do today, to yield a much higher return than the sterling bonds of the same loan in London. Yet this very lack of understanding spells opportunity for the American investor.

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wire be run into the big dressing room, bringing a detailed report of the battle. He passed the hat for the necessary funds and left the arrangements to Bernard. When the latter took the matter up with the telegraph company his attention was called to the fact that two P.M. in Carson City would be five P.M. in New York, by which time the matinée would be over. Bernard kept this information to himself. The wire was run in, an operator appeared and the sounder began to chatter about curtain time.

"The arena is filling up rapidly," the telegrapher announced.

"Joe Choynski is introduced and challenges the winner.

"Fitzsimmons is entering the ring. He is applauded.

"Corbett enters the ring. Terrific cheering.

"They shake hands. Round one!

"Corbett lands on Fitz, who runs away.

"Corbett feints with his left and lands a stiff right to the body.

"Corbett is chasing Fitzsimmons around the ring.

"Round over!"

Actually the telegraph sounder was reporting the livestock receipts and the grain markets at Chicago, Kansas City and Minneapolis; but only Bernard and his accomplice, the operator, knew it. The men and women of the stock company crowded around the sounder and beat one another's backs at every mention of the invincible Corbett's wicked rights and lefts. The variety acts rushed through their turns and dashed back to the special wire.

Corbett Calls for Explanations

"Round two! They both rush to the center. Jim leads. Fitz ducks. Fitz misses a right swing and is staggered by a right jab to the jaw. They clinch. Corbett punishes Fitz in the infighting."

The yells of the delighted company began to penetrate the body of the house and the audience to sense what was going on. Charley Ross stopped the show to promise the spectators that the result would be made known from the stage and to hint that there could be but one outcome.

"Round three! Corbett dances around Fitz, hitting him at will. Fitz tries to clinch. Corbett knocks Fitz against the ropes. Jim drops Ruby Robert with a smash to the jaw. The referee is counting. One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-nine —— Fitzsimmons is saved by the bell!"

The operator kept his imaginary fight going right through the matinée, Corbett toying with the Cornish miner, who regularly was saved from a knock-out by the bell. The matinée was over at 4:40 P.M. At 4:38 the telegrapher raised his hand. A tense hush fell over the crowded dressing room. Outsiders had dropped in, including Captain Price of the Thirtieth Police Precinct.

"Flash!" the telegrapher called. "Corbett wins by a knock-out! Fitzsimmons' seconds are reviving him. The crowd has gone wild. Everybody, including the police, is in the ring. They have lifted Corbett to their shoulders."

"You can't beat that fellow Corbett; he's too quick for that Australian," Captain Price pronounced.

A telegram of congratulation was drawn up, signed by every member of the company and sent to Corbett. John T. Kelly hurried into his street clothes and made for the barroom of the Gilsey House. He found lobby and bar packed with men waiting for the result.

"How are you getting your returns—by mail?" Kelly shouted. "The fight's over, Jim won, and I cleaned up $500."

Four hundred men promptly offered to bet him that he was crazy, that the fight hadn't begun, and that Fitzsimmons would win it when it did start. Kelly waved them aside.

"I never bet on a cinch," he retorted grandly. "We had a special wire at the theater and got it all blow by blow. Fitz never had a chance."

"You poor chump!" someone called. "It's only two o'clock in Carson now, and they aren't even in the ring yet."

In support of this statement, a genuine direct wire from the ring side began chattering news of the preliminaries. Kelly went in search of Bernard with a club.

Corbett, who lost in fourteen rounds to Fitzsimmons that day, and made the solar plexus famous, came to the theater with death and destruction in his eye on his next visit to New York and demanded to know the wherefore of the telegram of congratulation.

The final bill of the 1896–97 season, Mister New York, Esquire, opened on April twenty-second, and with it the music hall began to take the form in which it won its later fame. Weber and Fields closed their road season, hurried back to New York and appeared in the burlesque for the first time; the first occasion, too, that three German comedians appeared together on a stage—Bernard, Weber and Fields. Henry Dixey also was added to the cast. He had quarreled with Koster and Bial, and accepted Weber and Fields' offer of $400 a week. Mister New York, Esquire, was a travesty rather than a burlesque. The distinction is that a burlesque caricatures a specific play or thing; a travesty is a distorting mirror that holds up the follies of the moment, a revue in the true sense of the word.

The first season of the music hall ended on June fifth. Its proprietors had not yet set Broadway afire, but they had made that haughty highway sit up and take notice. One critic, in reviewing the year, said of them, "Weber and Fields in one season have taught a needed lesson to managers, critics and the public. It is: Establish a trade-mark of your own and do not foolishly imitate each other."

The Chaser That Missed Fire

Joe's and Lew's hearts were in the music hall, but another season's contract on the road remained to be fulfilled, and the theater owners on the variety circuit refused to accept any substitutes. In their week at the Olympia, Chicago, in the season just ended, Weber and Fields' Own Company had played to $8000 at a 10-20-30 box-office scale. With reason, George Castle, the manager, declined to swap such a certainty for a pig in a poke. He recalled too fondly the long line waiting at the box office on the occasion of Weber and Fields' latest visit. The Olympia ran a continuous performance from twelve until twelve, with a vaudeville olio filling in before and between the regular afternoon and evening shows. When business was good it was a problem to get the old audience out to make room for the new. Castle took one look at the box-office line on the Sunday afternoon when Weber and Fields opened, and hired a fifteen-dollar-a-week trained-pig act as a chaser. A chaser, be it known, is an act intended to discourage the spectator into leaving the theater. The dirty work customarily is left to moving pictures in continuous vaudeville houses. The trained-pig act, as its price would indicate, was ideally calculated to thin out the house. Pigs, like cats, are very difficult to train, and in this instance the trainer was under suspicion of having recruited his company from the first carload lot of hogs to reach the stockyards that morning. The pigs paid as scant attention to the advice, cajolery and threats of their mentor as a flapper to her parents, and evidenced no bringing up better than that of the barnyard.

The pigs were sent on this Sunday afternoon before the Weber and Fields show. The crowded house watched the act in bored silence. Another variety act, then Castle sent the pigs on a second time. Some L guard, off duty, yelled, "Thirty-ninth Street! Change for the Stockyards!" But nary a seat emptied. Castle was a patient man. He waited two acts, then sent the pigs on a third time. The house began to suspect his motives. It gave the perspiring trainer and his hams and bacons an enthusiastic reception. When a pig ignored the hoop through which he was being beseeched to jump, and ambled off into the wings with a contemptuous grunt, the spectators cheered madly. And when the pig act failed to appear a fourth time the house stamped its feet and shouted "We want the pigs! Give us the pigs! Pigs! Pigs! Pigs!" Castle was whipped and the regular bill opened fifty minutes late.

Vesta Tilley Signed Up

Joe and Lew's only hope of escaping their contract was to gather together such an all-star troupe that no manager in his right senses could refuse it. They had turned thumbs down on the Russell Brothers and the Vaudeville Club as substitutes, but the Vesta Tilley All-Star Company changed their minds.

The idea of the Vesta Tilley show was given to Joe and Lew by their competitors, Hammerstein and Koster and Bial. These two were conducting a billboard dispute over the present Lady de Freece, each claiming to have booked her exclusively at a salary of $1500 a week.

"I don't believe either of them has her," Fields said to Weber and Teller at lunch in Shanley's restaurant.

Teller made an offer. He never had been to Europe, and did not feel that he could afford the trip out of his own pocket. If his employers would pay his expenses, however, he would guarantee to have the name of the famous English comedienne on a contract within a week after he landed, and at a figure less than $1500.

"When would you sail?" Fields asked.

It was a Friday.

"Tomorrow," Teller answered brashly. Lew looked inquiringly at Joe, who nodded his head. "Good Lord, they're going to take me up!" Teller said to himself.

He was about to cross the Western Ocean as lightly as if it were a Coney Island excursion. But he sailed the following noon, swallowed hard as the steamer passed Fire Island Lightship, and did not confess his qualms until he was back on American soil again.

Two days after landing in England, Teller cabled that he had signed Miss Tilley for eight weeks at $125 a week, and Weber and Fields began to organize a company to surround her. Between Koster and Bial and Hammerstein's quarreling billboard posters appeared Weber and Fields' exultant shout, "We got her!" They booked such acts as the Four Cohans, Lew Dockstader and Charles T. Aldrich, the comedy juggler, and sent Miss Tilley out in the fall with the greatest and highest-priced variety troupe ever gathered together, to fill the booking of the now disbanded Weber and Fields' Own Company, first using her to head the vaudeville olio at the music hall.

Joe and Lew now were free to give their undivided time to the hall, their families and the city of their birth. For the next eight years they were lost to the road and became a New York institution.

Lake-Trout Fishing in Maine

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr Isman and Mr Stout. The eighth will appear in an early number

"—and they always come back"
"I'm the kid around the garage. My job's mostly out front giving 'em gas and oil. Most of 'em spot that Texaco color. Same ones seem to keep comin' back next time, too."
The kid is right—of course they come back. When you see the clean, clear, golden color you know it is Texaco Motor Oil, with every trace of impurity refined out of it.
And when you enjoy the result of carbon-free and frictionless engine action, you just naturally want the same oil next time.
How long since you drained your crankcase? Better have it done, and refill with Texaco—before you make that long trip. Start and finish with a smooth engine and an easy mind
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
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Also refiners of Texaco Gasoline "the volatile gas," and a complete line of high-grade Petroleum Products
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DUOFOLD IS MADE IN FLASHING PLAIN BLACK TOO—BUT THE BLACK-TIPPED LACQUER-RED IS HARDER TO MISLAY

While He looked for a Pen that would Write

The Other Man changed his Mind

How a $25,000 deal was lost!

—yes, it really happened, and a Parker Duofold would have saved the day

THE man who lost the transaction supplied us with the facts:

"The buyer," he said, "had accepted my proposition and was ready to sign up. But I had to step out of the room in search of a pen that would write. The moment I returned, I could see that something had happened. Just the mere shadow of unreasonable doubt had crossed the other man's mind; but try my best, I could not remove it. The deal—a $25,000 transaction—was off! Never again will I get caught without a sure-fire pen in my pocket."

Every day new situations arise when the unerring Duofold Pen is worth its weight in gold! When this hand-balanced, rapid, jewel-smooth writer beats the clock to the finish—to close a deal, pass a test, or catch the last mail. And it gives one's penmanship the speed and character that win with the world.

Duofold's Over-size Barrel holds that extra ration of ink that can save the day in a crisis; and the "Lucky Curve" Feed—Geo. S. Parker's creation—delivers the ink with sure-fire certainty.

Notwithstanding that Duofold is the classic of pens, it's the most economical ever known. For its point—if not mistreated—is guaranteed for 25 years' WEAR—not merely for mechanical perfection. What is $7 compared to Duofold's value, and its value in your life?

Better replace your old pen with a Duofold—better own two pens than not own the one that puts you on even terms with the best of them.

Wherever this black-tipped lacquer-red beauty is seen its owner is esteemed. And its color makes it hard to lose.

Any good pen counter will sell you a Parker Duofold on 30 days' approval. You pay nothing if you don't write better and *quicker*; return the pen and obtain your money. Step in and get Duofold now—you can never tell until too late what delay may cost you.

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Duofold Pencil matches the Duofold Pen
Non-Clog Propeller Turns Lead OUT and IN, $3.50

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Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5 With ring for chatelaine

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No pen but Parker Duofold has the 25-year Duofold point tipped with polished Iridium that costs us $2340 a pound—three times more than ordinary. None but Parker has the Duo-Sleeve Cap—an extra sleeve for an Ink Tight seal. And none but Parker has the "Lucky Curve" Feed or the Press-Button Filler, capped inside the barrel—out of sight—out of harm's way. So accept no red pen or black pen as a Duofold that hasn't this stamp on the barrel—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Lucky Curve."

BALISAND

Continued from Page 26

and he stooped, painfully securing it. Then he went, as fast as he was able, down the shallow stone steps, up to the compact and silent, the menacing, crowded men. He shook the stick in their faces. "Rabble!" he cried.

Richard Bale was beside him, cold and alert. His mind operated in a swift but precise order. Morryson, he saw, was incorrect—this wasn't, in the ordinary sense, a rabble. There were too many determined, weatherworn faces, for that. The fishermen of Guinea. On one hand he identified John Bage, who, like himself, had fought throughout the war with England.

"Bage," he said, "you are in bad company."

But, he recognized, it was no time for words: the quietness, broken at any unpredictable movement or sound, might well become fatal. A number of dark faces, uncovered heads, had flaxen-pale hair. They could, easily, be Hessians. Others were obviously Latin. He regarded with a careful deliberation all those he could individually mark. Someone, the pivot of hostile intent, was there. He must find him. A diagonal scar on a cheek arrested his attention—James Luke. Perhaps. Luke met his gaze with a vindictive triumph. All life was a chance, the chances of death were invisibly balanced. Luke was in the front rank; the French tricolour caught Richard's eye.

Three paces carried him forward, a hand in his pocket: with an entire steadiness, a selective and calculated aim, he shot James Luke where his nose flattened into the bony ridge of forehead. Aware that there was no need to survey the effect of his shot, he turned shortly and took Morryson's arm. With their backs to the throng the two Bales returned slowly and erect to the portico. Morryson, though, had difficulty with the steps; his weight hung crookedly on Richard's arm. In the hall he was exhausted; but if he had a glass of rum, he was certain, he'd recover.

"You walked back to the house so fast," he complained. "It looked like we were running away."

He would have said more, but his voice failed him. Half carried into the drawing-room, he fell, practically, on a sofa. The veins in his neck were swollen, leaden lids closed over his eyes.

A negro appeared and Richard sent for Mrs. Patton. Towels twisted in cold water, wrapped about Morryson Bale's head, brought him to a degree of consciousness; but he was unable, at last, to speak or more than partly to move. Borne up to his room, Richard sat there while the elder man was undressed. He spoke once, asking if Ambrose had been sent for. A man of courage, he was thinking of his uncle. From a window he could see the lawn—it was empty; out on the North River a canoe had pointed upstream. He was bare of sensation, stripped of exultation or relief; feeling had stopped in him. Later, in an introspective curiosity, he searched his emotions at the killing of Luke. He had, himself, been totally indifferent to what overtook him. He faced death with its own impersonal demeanour. This wasn't to his credit; indeed, it was a criticism of his mode of life. Yes, empty.

The danger he had met had hung upon the correctness of his judgment, nothing more. It had lain in his hand; he had been merely under the necessity of not making a mistake. Again he recognized that he hadn't encountered a common mob; the element of hysteria was negligible. He might almost say that an adequate act had procured his safety; his, but not, ultimately, Morryson's. After Ambrose had arrived Richard waited for him below.

"The Democratic Club made us a call," he said briefly, in response to the doctor's question. "The pleasure was too much for Morryson."

Ambrose, glancing keenly at him, asked nothing further.

"A great deal too much," he repeated Richard's words. "Morryson is done with things. A month or so and then—another Bale with those outside the garden wall. I hate that, Richard. You must marry."

"It was Morryson's idea no woman would look at me," Richard replied. "I'm going to miss him. It will be like a punch without bitters. Too sweet. Tell me," he demanded, "are we as hard as I hear?" Ambrose smiled.

"Harder," he assured him; "but I didn't know women disliked that. Not a woman you would marry." There was a tone in his voice that Richard Bale instantly challenged.

"Do you hear, in the County, of any special one?" The other deliberated.

"There is no reason why I shouldn't tell you," he decided: "You are thought to be a great deal at Welfield."

"Lucia!" Richard cried. "I've never considered her that way. On the contrary, I keep thinking what a child she still is." Ambrose reminded him that Lucia Mathews was near twenty. That was a fact, Bale admitted.

"You'll believe doctors are meddling old women," he was at the door. "However, don't remember Morryson too exactly. It's the Bales of Balisand, Richard; I'm afraid I wasn't interested in you then."

Through the evening, as he had expected, he was depressingly lonely without Morryson. In another moment he would have been beating the heads of the Democratic Club with his cane. Not altogether an unfortunate ending to a gentleman's, a Bale's, existence. How far, he speculated, did times, generations, make their individuals? How limited, in spirit and fact, was each man to his period? Morryson, for instance, had been stranded, lost, in the present; he might as well have been carried into a totally different and foreign land, among people who had hardly more conception of him than he had of them. Yet, he had gone the distance—to the finishing post.

A large part of Mrs. Patton's time was spent upstairs, with Morryson Bale, and Richard was even more alone than customary. However, as this progressed, he didn't find it monotonous: it seemed to him that the events of his life had come to a pause. Very shortly he would take them up again—they would both be the same and very different—but for the moment he drifted, as though he were in the canoe with the oars lifted, at rest. Every afternoon, following the heat of day, there was a violent thunderstorm. He sat quietly watching it, the silver of the river turned to lead by the pall of cloud, the gathering gloom, and the smashing reports falling simultaneously with the lightning striking into the woods and water. Sometimes he could hear the splintering of trees; there would be an immediate plume of smoke from the burning wood. Echoes of past battles returned to his mind, the flash of powder—when they had any. He rode to the courthouse in his old raked hat and black cockade, aware that he had gained still more reputation for his special quality of—of reckless assurance. Individuals who had been sullen were now obsequious, a condition he disliked more than the first. However, on several occasions he tried to meet the men of Gloucester County in the spirit of times; but he recognized that invariably he failed. The truth was that he had neither interest nor patience with views which—idiotically—differed from his own.

When he followed the advice of Bradlock Wiatt and Beverley he was wrong: such as he was he must endure. But there was, as always, no humility in this conclusion; Jasper Robine had admitted that he would, soon, be justified. And, together with their urging, he saw that his friends were coming to regard him as incurable. On this plane he began to afford them a quiet amusement: they expanded the subject of lime toddy until he almost gave up drinking it. The black ribbon once taken so seriously was treated with humorous references to its antiquity. His clothes had become old-fashioned.

He got, from the North, all the papers possible, and, on the portico, treated them alike. He'd unfold them hurriedly, begin reading, and then fling them away unfinished, cursing their rabid falseness. There was, practically, no Federal press. Such as existed—Fenno's Gazette of the United States—he discovered totally inadequate: no reasoning or decency of expression could be effective against the Republican flood of abuse. One thing, however, was increasingly clear—once more Robine was fore-wise—even in Gloucester: Genêt's influential friends were unobtrusively dropping away from him; he was solely dependent on the public; and, in consequence, his periods and acts were growing wilder and more extreme. Gawin Todd had suppressed the vigour of his French sympathies; in Virginia, Richard inferred, he was welding the Republicans in a greater solidity. Todd had acquired a broad reputation for speaking. He could be suave, he was always fiery, and his insistence on men's rights had all the persuasive force of Paine's writing.

Richard considered him individually, for, it appeared, in his new composed attitude toward past and present, his enmity for Gawin Todd should vanish. It didn't, a fact that often surprised him. But, he reflected, Todd remarkably gathered in his person all the beliefs which he most disliked: Gawin Todd was his opposite in almost every particular. A nuisance to the country! His thoughts shifted to the pistols, set with gold, in their polished case upstairs. The supreme answer to all argument, all sound, all disagreement. The finality that had overtaken James Luke! He revolved again the accusation, made against him more than once, that war unfitted men for civil life and peaceful affairs. It left, certainly, its influence—war was no minuet—and that, more than bloodthirstiness, was a breaking of the attachments to humanity. There was its actual, probably most unfortunate, result: it killed small easy affections, made contacts insignificant, if not impossible to form.

The Republicans, at least, were right in this—that soldiers had small place in a government of the people; they might support such a state; perhaps they alone could make it possible; but they lay outside all the fiddling community of popular interest and occupation. But wasn't that almost as true of birth? Breeding, in men, had a peculiar democracy of its own. For example, he, Richard Bale of Balisand, was on terms of intimacy with a score of stablemen, of oyster-fishers; yet between him and a more established, self-respecting society there was absolutely no intercommunication. He would ride and talk through a day with the driver of a stage—yes, drink from his bottle; but for casual passengers, well enough in their worlds, he hadn't a word. It was remarkable. He didn't pretend to solve it; he was simply, proceeding to Welfield, busy with the fact.

However, he had begun by considering himself in connection with Lucia, Lucia together with him. There was an increasing possibility that he would ask her to marry him. If he decided that, in justice to her, he might. He had been subjected to a great deal of battering, mentally and physically. His heart, his love, was not fresh. Richard considered, for a short space, the advisability of telling her about Lavinia Roderick; but, he concluded, he was bound by his old engagement of silence. It had been different, unavoidable, with Ava. Then, at the thought of her, he recalled that she had begged him not to marry; she had insisted that it must be disastrous. But Ava didn't understand his feelings and need.

This much, in himself, was beyond all question—he would be completely faithful to whomever he married; faithful, that was, in every sense. It was his inheritance, his conviction, his pleasure. The Bales had never, in all the long history of their descent, been in serious difficulties, complications, with women. His brief affair—hardly more than an unresponded-to minute—with Zena emphasized more than disproved that. The Bales were masculine, consorters of men and the bottle, of gambling and racing and wars—of no infidelity to their blood. A memory, rigidly limited, couldn't threaten that. He was free, innocent in the past. Yet these, perhaps, were only negative virtues; negative qualities impressed women little if at all. They wanted—what was it they wanted? Oh, yes, love! That, for them, covered every imaginable fault and omission. Whatever it was.

But there—if Lucia listened to him at all—he was, in her, fortunate, since she wasn't the ordinary sentimental girl. He'd be damned if he really knew what she was. Although a coolness was evident she couldn't be deficient in feeling; that, anyhow, he was sure of. Her slow reflective voice wasn't cold, but deep; the tone of a strong body. She had never, in his memory, been tired. He came, sharply, on a characteristic which, until then, he had overlooked—Lucia loved babies. A fine maternity would be part of her strength. This—a strange connection—together with

"Yes—we always take Unguentine on our picnics"

"Regular picnics" aren't always "all fun". Are they? Changing tires—barked knuckles; thorns and briars—scratches; tumbles—bumps and bruises; jackknives—cuts; sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy or oak, burns and scalds for the camp fire cooks.

They've happened on your picnics—haven't they? Why not do what so many families do who know Unguentine?

Go prepared. Put a tube of Unguentine and a roll of gauze bandage handy in the side-pocket of your car, or pack it in the lunch basket—handy. When these skin accidents and irritations happen—

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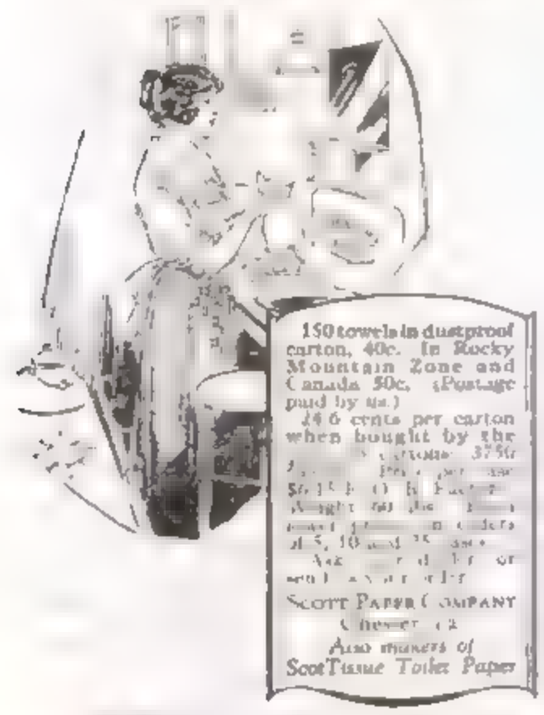
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the late unhappy episode with Jordan Gainge's wife led him to the recognition that marriage had become a physical, a natural, necessity for him: quite aside from his duty to the Bales of Balisand. Yet that, in its turn, created a fresh tragic difficulty, an obscure denial, within him: it brought back, why at first he couldn't make out, an appealing and lovely and immeasurably sad vision of Lavinia. Lavinia dead, forever without the children, his children, it would have been their supreme joy to have had. A conviction seized him, like fingers at his throat, that no others were possible. He had thought this satisfied, stilled, when here it was alive in him, striving to dominate him, again. A brutal and grim struggle, the familiar sense of horrible murder, swept over him. He was forced, Richard almost cried out to the vanished and insatiable past, to keep it, in his mind, separate from his life. The past receded, dropped slowly from the easy progress of his horse.

A servant came forward to take his bridle, leading the horse, without instructions, away from a temporary place at the rack to the stable. In the hall he was met with the assurance that his customary room was prepared; the toddy bowl was placed near him on the shaded terrace. The Mathews, he learned, father and daughter, had gone to Blundering Point to inspect a litter of foxhounds. Why, Richard couldn't think. Lucia must have thirty hounds now. She was talking of importing more from England. He thanked God that, while his walking was impeded, his riding, even to her, was sufficient. However, Beverley returned alone:

"Lucia will be disappointed. She was persuaded to stay at Shelley. A party to celebrate the news. Why you're respectably sober is a mystery." What, Richard Bale demanded acrimoniously, was the reason for that comment. Beverley gazed at him in amazement. "You haven't heard," he said. "Wait, there is a copy of Louden's Diary in the house." He returned, with the paper, in a growing excitement. "There! And if you don't, at once, understand all it means I'll have you disqualified for voting." The paragraph he indicated, Richard saw, was signed jointly by John Jay and Rufus King:

"Certain late publications render it proper . . . to inform the public that a report having reached this city . . . that Mr. Genêt said he would appeal to the people from certain decisions of the President; we were asked . . . whether he had made such a declaration. We answered that he had; and we also mentioned it to others; authorizing them to say that we had so informed them."

The paper fell on Richard Bale's knee; he gazed incredulously at Mathews.

"This," he managed to say, "is the end of Jefferson's scheming." The sweeping importance, the consequences, of the official announcement of Genêt's contemptuous bearing toward American government confused him with the multitude of its inevitable results. "It will kill the Republican opposition."

Beverley agreed, "Exactly. Every charge against the President will have to be retracted. We'll see them all, all of them, crowd into hiding behind the national flag. It's the end of French influence in the United States. But I'm not sure you're right about Jefferson: he always has the people—you'll remember Robine—to fall back on."

"Beverley," Richard declared solemnly, "they have lost the next election. John Adams will be President."

The other assented, adding that the Democratic Club of Gloucester County would have a short life, and required Richard to give him a concise account of the invasion of Balisand.

"It was well organized," he finished his description of that event

"But if you had coughed, or stumbled over a rough place in the lawn, what would have happened?"

"Everything," Richard answered.

A feeling of exultation possessed him at the public, the final, triumph of Washington. He was surging with delight, a feeling of renewed power; and, in a rush of affection for all his world, he told Beverley Mathews that he hoped to ask Lucia to marry him. Mathews at once grew self-contained, uncommunicative. He sat staring at a terrace stone before him. It was a long while—Richard Bale grew thoroughly impatient—until he spoke: "In many ways that would be undesirable."

"Very many," Richard agreed.

"You are too old."

"I am."

"You drink too much."

"Entirely."

"Damaged."

"One leg might as well be wood."

"You fight all day."

"—— most of the night."

"A hundred people hate the sight of you."

"A thousand."

"As usual," Beverley Mathews concluded, "you know everything. No one has ever been able to tell a Bale the smallest self-evident fact. I understand your family as well as it's possible, and a more disagreeable lot of men never existed. How they managed to get such charming wives I can't imagine. And now here you are, the worst of all, with pretensions as large as any. And you may succeed. But I'm not speaking for Lucia. If you think I could, you'd better say no more about it. I'll admit this, though, Richard—the litter of foxhounds was very promising; Lucia's in a good humour."

Here, Richard perceived, was an admitted encouragement. Beverley's spirits, however, rapidly dwindled. It was plain that, confronted by a future, a house, without Lucia, he was illogically appalled.

"It had to come from somewhere," he said later, with a lame philosophy. "And—and if it does, why, Balisand isn't far away. Just up Ware Neck. I'd break yours if you married her and kept up your gloomy and disreputable habits. You have never ended your difficulty with Gawin Todd," he commented.

"Never," Richard Bale answered coldly. "I am not a man who changes. You'd have to accept that, if it touched Lucia, as in my favour." Mathews damned him for a contentious menace. "I never suggested she wouldn't be safe with you. A Bale of Balisand. I want a drink! Between us, and without a word from Lucia, we've got her married. Well, I can't influence her, if that's of any service to you."

"I believe," Richard said, "since we're as far as this, I had better ride over to Shelley."

Mathews protested vigorously against being left deserted.

"You're not twenty," he warned Bale, "but forty. And after such a long wait you can last till to-morrow."

But Richard was invaded by a dread of any delay; he wanted—if he were to have it—the assurance of Lucia's consent to their marriage.

In the dusk, although August was almost at an end, the heavy foliage, after the constant rain, was a deep glowing green. He rode at a rapid trot, without a plan other than his sheer purpose, toward Shelley, and when he arrived he tied his horse unassisted before the house. Supper was over; there were voices from a porch beyond, facing the York River. If he joined that company, exhilarated by drinking and the Federal success, he wouldn't soon have a chance to speak to Lucia.

Richard went, instead, still undiscovered, into the wide dimly lighted hall, and there he found a servant.

"Ask Miss Mathews to come outside," he directed. "A message from Welfield."

That wasn't, strictly, true, but it would serve better than an announcement of his name. He waited on the grass, by the great door, and moved forward to meet Lucia.

"Oh, Richard!" she exclaimed, in a voice half inquiry.

"You weren't home," he proceeded; "and I wanted—no, I had to see you."

"Yes; well ——"

She waited. He was conscious of a tension, almost a frightened suspense, in her.

"I've spoken to Beverley of this, Lucia He complained, naturally, but he isn't opposed to it. Lucia, I'm asking you to marry me."

"It's so strange, here, this way. Listen to them." The sound of a gay high laughter rose from the porch. "I know it is hot but I'm cold. My hands ——" She held them out to him. "And—and, yes."

He kissed her in a happiness that was suddenly calm, measured, determined; but all her reserve left her—for a moment.

"Don't come in," she begged him; "I couldn't bear it. Everyone would see. It would be too terrible. And I'll come home early to-morrow. Early in the morning, Richard. We'll ride together to Balisand, where I am going to be with you, for the rest. Richard, kiss me again. Now go."

(Continued on Page 64)

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(Continued from Page 62)

She held him away from her with splendid vital hands. He led his horse carefully, noiselessly, from the house and laughter, from Lucia.

In August—on the eighteenth, to be exact—there was a party at Balisand for Flora, the eldest of Richard and Lucia Bale's three children. She was six; all three were girls; and it was the year 1800. These apparently widely separated facts Richard, at that moment, viewed as one: he was amazed that Flora was so old, chagrined because there was, yet, no masculine heir to Balisand and the Bale blood and tradition, and generally, surprised at the imminence of a new century and—yes, a new time. The old would be gone in hardly more than four months, but, until it had been impressed on him by Flora's years, the absence of a son, he had given it but little thought. A great many events at once—so characteristic of him—detached and personal had served to obscure the succession of one year to another. The death of Washington had occupied him with memories, and then they had been routed by the actuality, the extreme peril, of what had come to be called the political situation of the United States.

But, for the present, abstract questions were given no place in his consciousness. He was seated in a customary chair on his portico, the cane with the assistance of which he now walked—it had been Morryson's—beside him, and Flora was demanding his immediate and whole attention. She was, it seemed to Richard Bale, even more mature than her advanced years warranted. Flora was small; her face, lighted with an eager charm, was almost meagre, eclipsed nearly by the cascades of bright chestnut hair that fell and spread upon either thin shoulder. Flora's colouring was his, rather than Lucia's, and her temperament, vivid and impressionable and withdrawn, resembled, as well, the Bale character. Lucia, no less remote, was far more reasonable; but not for the sake of reason. What had the form of a perfect consideration was, in her, a genuine indifference to most people and ideas. He, personally, resented twenty things in a day which she regarded as having not the slightest importance. Flora was pounding his knees:

"Camilla Scarborough ate Nancy's gooseberry fool. Nancy put it for a little moment on the steps and Camilla picked it right up."

Without, immediately, grasping the enormity of Flora's declaration, he yet realized that it was serious: as a name, Camilla Scarborough was used only on occasions of grave misdeed.

"Your mother will be out in a minute," he told her, avoiding any responsibility of judgment.

"But that won't bring the gooseberry fool back," his daughter insisted. "And there isn't more in the bowl."

Nancy Ambrose, with a napkin, was wiping away individually the large tears that threatened to fall too fast for such a particular care. Camilla, Camilla Scarborough Bale, a diminutive but exact replica of her mother Indian colouring, straight nose, wide calm mouth—faced him with an admirable and disarming candour.

"I had to," she said in brief explanation.

She was, Richard announced, a greedy girl. Even Flora's hope of an adequate recognition of Camilla's fault was satisfied by this. Nancy Ambrose stared at him fascinated, an incongruous tear left stranded from her previous emotion. Three other little girls shrank together, merging the starched whiteness of their party dresses; and Flora, in a shocked and triumphant tone, repeated his words, "A greedy girl." Camilla merely reasserted that she had had to. She wouldn't, he knew, cry; but he was suddenly aware that, inwardly, she was acutely miserable. Still, her conduct had been inexcusable.

"I hate for you to behave like that," he continued, "without any manners at all. What will Nancy Ambrose think of you and Balisand? Why, Mr. Ekkes' children would know better."

"Mr Ekkes is the overseer," Flora announced to the young impressed company.

It was evident she didn't want a word of her father's condemnation to lose a trace of its full darkness. Camilla said nothing further in her own defense, but she remained standing, meeting his gaze. A sense of profound helplessness descended upon him—it was ridiculous of Lucia to leave him with all those children. Their attention, in a breathless silence, was centred on him. A failure now, any fall from the clouds of his mature estate, would, he felt, be simply unthinkable. Happily, what promised to offer him an escape from his critical position came to his assistance:

"I am sure it would be only right for Camilla to offer Nancy Ambrose her glass of orgeat."

"I don't like orgeat," Nancy answered. "Flora finished mine."

He had never before, he admitted, even heard of a girl who didn't care for orgeat; gaining, in spite of the prolonged elaboration of his period, no more than a moment or so in time. Flora pressed back her hair from her cheeks; clearly she expected an opinion of an absolutely devastating finality. His mind, however, betrayed him, and he was obliged to resort to an arbitrary, low, exercise of adult parental authority.

"Say to Nancy that you are sorry," he directed. But, for a totally inexplicable reason, it developed that that was exactly what Camilla couldn't do.

"Then you are a bad girl," Flora added.

"Anyhow, why don't you play on the grass?" Richard Bale asked inconsequentially. "Break the Pope's Neck is a very good game."

"That's mostly for boys," he was uncompromisingly informed. One child had been expressly cautioned against it by her mother—"when I'm fixed up."

"Nancy," he was reduced to saying, "I am sorry Camilla Scarborough ate your gooseberry fool. I hope when you come to Balisand again she will behave better."

At that point, to his great relief, Lucia returned with Alice Ellen.

"What is it?" she asked at once, setting their youngest child on her feet.

"Camilla Scarborough ate up Nancy's gooseberry fool and she won't say a thing about it."

"I had to," Camilla repeated to her mother.

"If you had to, if that's it," Lucia calmly returned, "there is no use talking about it. Instead, go in to Mrs. Patton and tell her I said you must be put to bed. It doesn't seem to me you'll need any more supper."

At this Nancy Ambrose began again to cry, but Camilla turned silently and went into the house.

"Don't be silly, Nancy," Lucia Bale commanded. "Take Alice Ellen down on the lawn." Thus, greeted with cries of delight, at once emptied the portico of the birthday party. "You are so undecided with them," Lucia commented.

"It's not me," he objected; "they are so severe. But it was hardly necessary for Camilla to go up to bed alone, to-day."

"I'll manage Camilla," she told him serenely.

"You ought to understand her, since she's exactly like you, except for horses."

Lucia called to have Alice Ellen kept in the shade of the house.

"I ought to have a cap on her if it wasn't so hot," she spoke aloud, but obviously to herself. Then, "About Camilla—she isn't all me, Richard. You must admit I'd have apologized. Yet, stubborn as she is, sometimes, it isn't Camila but Flora who gives me trouble. She doesn't mean to; it's her disposition. Flora is so sensitive. I was never that. What is it in you, do you suppose?"

"I am what I am," he replied definitely; "I can't go hunting around inside of me for bits of thread, like a woman. So long as Flora is well and happy and comparatively good, I wouldn't bother. Lucia, tell me, is that child with the red hair Mary Todd's?"

She was, his wife informed him. Mary Todd, with a daughter older than Flora! Once it had been his intention to ask Mary to marry him; long, long ago; sixteen years back. He spoke abruptly.

"Lucia, I have been very fortunate; married to you after so much—so much trouble and war and bitterness. No one could have predicted it. Here we are, so peaceful at Balisand, with the children——"

He broke off as sharply as he had begun. Lucia glanced at him quickly; when, in a tranquil voice, she replied, she was looking out over the lawn, at the North River.

"Of course, why not? There is nothing strange about it: we've known each other all our lives. You're not composed enough, Richard, you don't take enough for granted. You speak, sometimes, as though this weren't entirely simple, as though it weren't safe and solid. Flora again. I should have married you years before I did. We always said, at Welfield, you were too much alone. But I won't have that in your head now, you hear me."

The day was hushed with a still full heat, the air appeared to have an ambre glow of its own, aside from the sun, as though the floating richness of perfumed pollen held an independent radiance. There wasn't a visible ripple on the river, no sign of movement; its transparent blackness was mirrorlike, flawless and empty. Far to the right Mockjack Bay met the sky with an edge that might have been solid indigo. The intermittent treble voices of the children, Richard thought, were pressed down to the sod by the weight of summer. He counted them: with Alice Ellen, there were seven. Two, Catharine and Vera Fanning, who lived higher up on the North River, drove daily to the school Richard Bale maintained at Balisand for his own children; Mary Todd's daughter presented an arrangement in bare awkward knees and elbows supporting a consuming blaze of hair; Nancy Ambrose, with her father's vigorous movements, was attempting to conduct Alice Ellen through the process of a courtesy. That, he reflected, was a mistake. Simultaneously with his thought came its justification:

Alice Ellen, flinging herself on the sod, raised an outcry of inarticulate fury accompanied by a frenzied drumming of her heels.

"I expected that," he remarked, both annoyed and, secretly, a little amused. Flora hurriedly climbed the steps to the portico.

"We didn't do anything to her," she breathlessly announced. "Mother, we were dreadfully careful; but Alice Ellen just cried. I reckon you'll have to come down and spank her hard."

Lucia, on the lawn, picked her daughter up and held her unmindful of a fresh accession of crying and kicks.

"Lucia," Richard called, "the child is purple in the face. Can't you stop it!" She replied that she couldn't now.

"Three or four hundred years ago would have been the time for that."

It was fortunate, he told her, that she had the Bales as an excuse for all that upset life's peace.

"Your bad temper is famous," she replied.

"At least you didn't say infamous," he commented.

Alice Ellen had managed to turn so that she was kicking her mother. How admirable, Richard Bale realized, Lucia was. A nurse appeared from the house.

"You take her, Easter."

The coloured woman assumed charge of the youngest Bale. She was, she said, in a voice like a low singing, surprised at Alice Ellen, she was for a fact. Crying that way! Beating around with her feet, the same as ordinary people. Her, Easter's, baby. The child subsided, soothed to a drowsy acquiescence, borne out toward the slumberous river. A trace of Easter's opinion—that it had been the fault of the obstriferous Ambrose child—floated back on the afternoon.

"What will we do now?" Nancy demanded.

"You will have to go home soon; perhaps it would be nice to sit quietly on the steps," Lucia suggested.

"Worse than the militia," Bale added.

"I don't know what that is," a Fanning admitted.

Flora instantly addressed herself to the explanation:

"When General Washington was a general and had to fight with England, no one would help him but father——"

This the Fannings indignantly interrupted, stamping it as utterly false. Their father, they recited, had been South, fighting like anything; and their Uncle Alexander, who was only sixteen years old, was killed at Great Bridge.

"You mustn't stop me," was all Flora interposed to this. "Nobody at all hardly wanted to fight, and mostly they were militia. And once when father told them not to go to town two did, and he made them get fifty apiece, with a cat-of-nine-tails, tied to the gun."

"Richard," Lucia demanded, "when did you tell Flora that? It's an outrageous story for a little girl: and, when you remember her disposition, it's inexcusable." He thought she had overheard it—she couldn't remember directly telling her of such an incident. "Yes, but you did. I can recognize it easily. And I know what was going on in your mind—you thought the girls ought to understand about the Republicans and the Federalists. I'm sorry there isn't a boy, but, after all, the politics will keep a little longer."

"Fifty what?" Nancy Ambrose inquired.

"Fifty lashes," Flora returned. "And when it came time to meet the enemy the militia went home to their homes and left father and General Washington. And General Washington said to father: Captain, we must turn a flank, and they turned it—a whole flank." That, however, wasn't so hard, it was pointed out, since a flank was no more than part of a horse. "Not the one I mean," Flora insisted, "because the militia ran away from it, and I don't believe even they would do that with a horse. You ask me things and then tell them yourself and that isn't polite. Well, General Washington said to father: Captain, we got to turn a flank, and they were practically Hessians with their faces painted black to frighten everybody——"

"I don't believe that." That, as well, was a Fanning objection.

Richard, without invitation, entered the controversy.

"The Hessian Jägers," he asserted, "did, when they went into battle, smear their faces with black pomatum."

Flora proceeded dictatorially: "And father said to General Washington: General, we will, and damn the militia anyhow!"

"Richard, positively," Lucia was really angry, "it will simply come to this—that I won't let you talk to your own children. Flora, never, never, say such a thing again! It's too naughty for words. If Camilla wasn't there already I'd send you up to bed. And, another thing, while your friends are here—your father didn't fight the entire war with England. There were hundreds of gentlemen from Virginia and everywhere who did quite as much. He didn't say he did, of course, and I won't have you. Here, I arranged the nicest party for your birthday and Camilla was bad and Alice Ellen cried and now you are swearing like I—I don't know what."

"They asked me about the militia and I had to tell them," Flora answered; "and if I make up a little it doesn't hurt and General Washington did talk flanks with father."

"Yes," Richard Bale supported her, "once he did, and Flora's copy of what he said was mild, very mild."

Flora concluded, "That's what militias are."

"What?" the insatiable Nancy Ambrose asked.

"Mother won't let me tell you any better." Richard laughed and Lucia rose.

"It's time to go home," she announced.

The children followed her into the house; and, when the Fanning carryall vanished a silence fell on the Balisand portico: Richard gazed out across the Bay, Lucia sat in the composure that was her special invaluable property, and Flora, intense and still, was on the bottom step.

"I wish you would look at the hounds, Richard," Lucia presently said; "they are scratching themselves ragged. It's that disgraceful kennel. At last I am going to rebuild it, with a run, no matter what you say about the past."

"If you like," he agreed; "but I have always had good foxhounds. You keep them too close."

The truth, he realized, was that the racing stable at Balisand Lucia was changing into a fox-hunting establishment. After marriage his interest in racing had lessened, but hunting occupied almost as much of Lucia's thought as did her family. On a horse, fox hunting, he recognized, she was in a world peculiarly and appropriately her own: quietness, decision and courage distinguished Lucia. Never sick, she was indifferent to the rigours of winter.

"I prefer a trencher to the dining room," she replied. "But the negroes used to steal near all that went out to them." The hounds, undoubtedly, were healthier under her care. The next thing, he continued, she would be improving the breed of red foxes.

"Why not?" she inquired. "Isn't it a part of a hunt? Flora, you'd better not sit longer on that stone. The sun's been off it from noon. Your skirts are up, too."

"I wanted to cool myself," Flora explained. "It's awfully hot underneath." She rose and came up to them. "Wasn't it almost a lovely party? Even if Camilla did eat Nancy's gooseberry fool and Alice Ellen screeched."

At supper there were now, in addition to Mrs. Patton, Lucia and Miss Howlett, Miss Howlett, taking the place of a tutor,

(Continued on Page 69)

When is tobacco really ripe and "ready to smoke"?

Even the best tobaccos lack flavor and aroma unless properly mellowed—by age

TO many smokers, tobacco is a plant grown mostly in the South, gathered when brown, cut up and packaged, put in a pipe and smoked—and that is about all.

Not exactly incorrect, this idea, but scarcely enough to lead you surely to a sound selection from the countless tobaccos offered—the best-tasting smoke, the most comfort and pleasure for your money.

Yet there are really only three things to learn—the *type* of tobacco to choose, its *quality*, and the way it is *conditioned* for smoking. And the first two are easy, for Kentucky Burley is the type favored everywhere by American smokers, and you can always get quality if you want it—fine, flavorful "middle-stalk" leaf—by choosing the product of a reputable maker and perhaps paying that extra trifle which quality naturally costs.

Burley tobacco for Velvet—the best grade grown comes from the rich limestone soil of the Kentucky "Blue Grass" country.

As to "condition", you must know that tobacco is not ready to smoke as it comes, green-brown, from the grower. It is harsh, bitter and unripe—must be mellowed, ripened, sweetened. Right here is the most important step in tobacco manufacture, for it is here that flavor and aroma take the place of rank harshness—*exactly in proportion*, mind you, to the skill with which the leaf is conditioned.

Tobacco ageing is partly oxidation, hence storage hogsheads are of wood to permit infiltration of air.

To mellow tobacco, many processes have been evolved, in laboratory and sweat-house—most of them disappointing, some few partway successful, and one (the slowest and most costly method) a complete and demonstrated success, endorsed alike by scientists and practical tobacco men. It is this one method—"ageing in wood"—that accounts for the taste of Velvet.

An expensive method, yes—it takes much longer than the "hurry-up" processes—but unquestionably more thorough, more sure and dependable. Beyond any question, "ageing in wood" makes tobacco milder, smoother, more mellow, better flavored.

To be able to choose a good tobacco, we repeat, you should know three things about it. Velvet is made from Kentucky Burley—from the finest middle-stalk Burley that money can buy—and every ounce of it is *aged in wood* till sweet as a nut and just right for smoking.

Velvet

—the aged-in-wood tobacco

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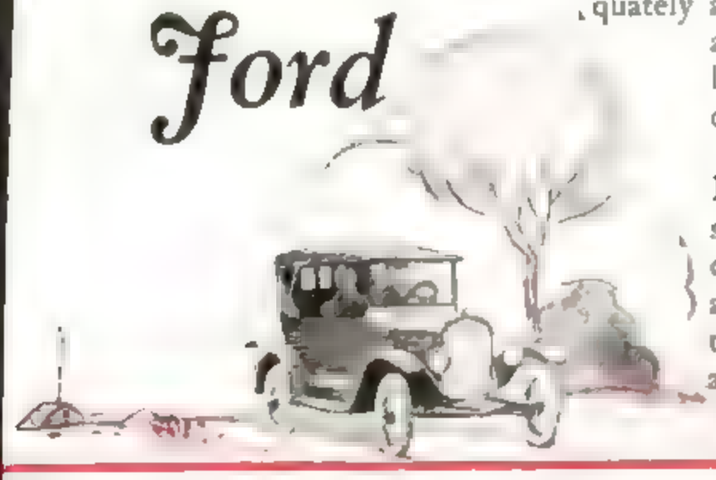


IN design, construction, operation, and lubrication, the Ford is unique. The engine oil must adequately and efficiently lubricate both transmission and multiple disc clutch. In Ford engine lubrication the following points must be considered:

1. Ford connecting rod bearings are so constructed as to form oil grooves between the cap and rod. When an oil is used which will atomize readily, thorough distribution over the entire bearing area will take place, thus assuring adequate lubrication.

2. The Ford Planetary transmission operates in a bath of engine oil. The close fitting sleeves and bushings demand a free flowing oil of the correct body in order to assure thorough distribution to these parts.

3. The Ford multiple disc clutch operates continually in a bath of engine oil. A free-flowing oil of the correct body and character assures positive, quick engagement with no slipping and an instantaneous release of the clutch without dragging.

4. Carbon deposits are detrimental to satisfactory engine performance since they interfere with the

for

your Franklin

THE dominant feature of the Franklin car is the use of air cooling. In 1923 and 1924 models the air is forced between the cooling fins on each of the six cylinders by means of a blower located at the front of the engine. In previous models the air was sucked over the cooling surfaces by an exhaust fan incorporated in the fly-wheel.

Valve-in-head construction is employed in all models. The compression carried in the 1923 and 1924 engines is 70 lbs.; in the earlier models, 60 lbs. Aluminum alloy pistons of the modern slotted and split skirt constant clearance type are used in the 1922, 1923 and 1924 models. A multi-split skirt type of aluminum alloy piston having spiral grooving for oil distribution was used in the 1920 and 1921 engines. The 1924 pistons are equipped with four narrow rings above the piston pin while the previous models were fitted with three rings; in the 1921, 1922 and 1923 models two of these rings were of a type specially designed to prevent oil pumping.

The lubricating system is of the force feed type, feeding oil under pressure to main and connecting rod bearings. The oil pump is of the gear type and distributes to each bearing a definite quantity of oil at intervals in proportion to the engine speed.

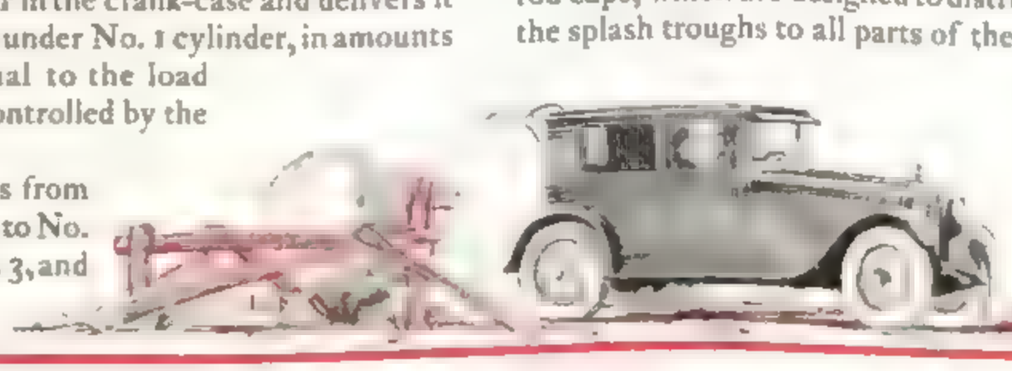
Where air cooling is employed the operating tem-

your Hudson [SUPER-SIX]

THE Hudson Super-Six engine is of the six cylinder, vertical, L-head, water cooled type, of 3½" bore by 5" stroke.

It employs a highly developed splash circulating lubricating system. A plunger type oil pump draws oil from the reservoir in the crank-case and delivers it to the splash trough under No. 1 cylinder, in amounts exactly proportional to the load requirements and controlled by the throttle opening.

The oil overflows from No. 1 splash trough to No. 2, from No. 2 to No. 3, and so on, thus maintaining a level in all troughs. From the sixth or last splash trough, the oil returns to the reservoir and is recirculated. Lubrication of the entire working mechanism is dependent upon the splash created by dippers provided on the connecting rod caps, which are designed to distribute the oil from the splash troughs to all parts of the engine.



All Hudson models prior to 1923 were equipped with cast iron pistons. The 1924

your Maxwell

THE late model Maxwell engines are designed with force feed lubricating systems in which oil is forced under pressure to the three main bearings. Holes drilled in the crank-shaft carry the oil under pressure from the main bearings to the connecting rod bearings. The other moving parts are lubricated by the oil mist which is created when the oil is forced out through the close clearances at the ends of the connecting rod bearings.

The oil circulating pump is of the impeller type and is located at the cam-shaft level, drawing its supply through a pipe connecting with a strainer in the oil reservoir.

Aluminum pistons of the constant clearance type are employed. The skirt or bearing part of this type of piston is slotted on one side to provide for expansion under heat and therefore permits the use of close clearances. In addition, horizontal slots are cut through the piston below the lower ring to permit the free return of oil from the cylinder walls.

With the effective control of the oil supply which is secured by this oil provision on the pistons, the possibility of carbon formation is minimized. In addition, the characteristics of aluminum as a piston material tend to prevent the fuel knock which often occurs when carbon deposits accumulate.

Where natural circulation of the cooling water (thermo-syphon system) is employed as in the Maxwell design, it is

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action of the valves and spark plugs as well as inducing knocking or "pinging" of the fuel. To reduce these difficulties to a minimum in the Ford engine, an exceptionally clean burning oil is desirable.

5. Correctly adjusted transmission bands coupled with the use of a free flowing oil of the correct body and character will practically eliminate any possibility of the transmission band linings becoming glazed and chattering, providing the oil is kept at the proper level and replaced every 750 miles in summer, and every 500 miles in winter. To attempt to remedy such conditions by the use of oils containing foreign material which may separate or decompose under heat, is obviously wrong and likely to cause gumming of the valve stems, carbon deposit and other troubles.

* * *

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is free from foreign material. It is of the correct body, character and fluidity and especially manufactured to scientifically meet the requirements of Ford cars in both summer and winter.

General Instructions

YOUR engine will operate at its best if the level of the oil in the crank-case is kept between the half-full mark and the full mark on the oil level indicator; usually replenishment of the supply once a week will be sufficient to accomplish this. With a 5-gallon can or 15- or 30-gallon drum of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand you will always be ready to give your car this valuable attention.

The crank-case should be entirely drained of oil at least every 1000 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter. When draining the oil, the removable screen (if your car has one) should also be cleaned. Draw off the old oil when the engine is warm, as the oil then flows more freely and tends to wash out any foreign matter. (Never flush the crank-case with kerosene.) Then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

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The 5-gallon can or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drum with leak-proof faucet.

For TOURING

The new quart can is on sale in many states. Put 2 or 3 under the car seat. 35c a can or 3 for $1.00.

30c a Quart

is the fair retail price when the dealer sells Mobiloil from pump or barrel. Lower prices often accompany substitution.

Prices slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest and the Far West.

peratures are normally somewhat higher than with water cooling, consequently a heavier bodied and richer lubricant than commonly used is preferred in order to provide adequate lubrication under all conditions of service. In the Franklin design the possibilities for detrimental carbon deposits are minimized by the very effective oil control. The amount of oil thrown to the cylinders is definitely regulated by the metered pump feed; the constant clearance design of the aluminum pistons permits close clearances and affords a very effective oil return through the slots below the piston rings.

In addition, the ring design both in the 1924 and previous models is such that oil pumping is very effectively controlled. Consequently but little oil passes the pistons to form carbon and induce fuel knock. This too is minimized by the rapid heat radiation of the aluminum pistons and the moderate compression of the engine.

The use of the force feed lubricating system with a submerged gear pump assures distribution of the oil over the widest range of operating conditions; consequently lubrication is assured at all temperatures. To obtain the best results we advise the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB" at all times in 1922, 1923 and 1924 models. For models prior to 1922 use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year 'round.

and 1923 models are, however, fitted with aluminum pistons of the constant clearance type.

Piston material and design have an important bearing on lubrication. The temperature at which the piston operates affects the formation of carbon deposit and the tendency of the engine to knock. The amount of oil passing into the combustion chamber also affects the formation of carbon deposit and depends to a large extent upon the piston design.

With the cast iron pistons used in the models prior to 1923, the piston temperatures are higher than with the aluminum pistons now used; therefore an exceptionally clean burning oil of the proper character should be used to minimize carbon deposit and reduce the tendency of the fuel to knock or "ping".

With the new aluminum pistons, of the constant clearance type, the tendency toward carbon formation is reduced. The design is also such that passage of any excess of oil into the combustion chamber is prevented. Consequently a heavier lubricating oil can be employed without inducing detrimental carbon formation.

The knocking or "pinging" often experienced with an overheated or badly carbonized engine is caused by the way in which the present day fuels burn. High compression, high temperatures and carbon deposits tend to increase the knocking tendency. Consequently it is desirable to reduce carbon formation insofar as is possible and this, therefore, has an important bearing on the selection of the correct oil for an engine.

It is vitally important that the lubricating oil used in an engine be of such character that it will be circulated by the lubricating system under all conditions. Where an elevated plunger pump is employed and where the oil is distributed by splash, as in the Hudson car, the use in cold weather of an oil which flows freely at low temperatures is imperative.

All of the above factors and many others are considered before determining the correct oil for the Hudson car.

For models previous to 1923 we advise the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic the year 'round. For the 1924 and 1923 models, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" should be used in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter.

desirable to use in warm weather an oil which is suitable for fairly high operating temperatures. Such an oil will be thoroughly atomized and distributed by the Maxwell lubricating system under the conditions of summer operation.

To assure circulation of the lubricating oil in cold weather, the use of an oil which flows freely at low temperatures is necessary because of the elevated location of the oil pump with its long connection to the oil reservoir.

To meet correctly these and other important lubrication features of the Maxwell design, we recommend the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter for the models of 1922, 1923 and 1924. For the 1921 and earlier models, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used in both summer and winter.

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THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY ~ CLEVELAND ~ OHIO

(Continued from Page 64)

sat with the two elder children at a smaller table. She was an excellent English governess; and, passing through the black insurrection in the French West Indies, she had left there, almost overnight, all traces of youth. In that she was Mrs. Patton's opposite, for the housekeeper, no longer young, still preserved her elasticity; and the governess, who could hardly be thirty, tall and spindling, seemed to have lost every atom of physical vitality. Her intelligence, however, had not been impaired—she comprehended Flora, Lucia maintained, to a remarkable extent. With Mrs. Patton, Richard discovered, Lucia agreed splendidly. When he had brought his wife to Balisand the housekeeper was, with half-concealed tears, preparing to depart; but they had insisted on Mrs. Patton remaining.

"Really," Lucia said privately to him, "I'd be lost if she went. You remember Beverley told everyone I was more around the stable than in the house, and, in the season, I've got to hunt. I'm sorry if you're disappointed by me. I can do it, you know; I am willing to try; but you'd be happier with Mrs. Patton. I'll take the responsibility, of course, with the keys and supplies and the negroes; but I'd like her to help me if it's only with the lime toddy."

He had thought, from what he had heard and suspected of women, that such an arrangement wouldn't, in all probability, last; there must, he was persuaded, be a collision between authority and habit; but he had been wrong. His mistake was due to a lack in his early understanding of Lucia. In very many ways she was different, superior he thought, to other women of breeding. She had, maternally, an immense active vigour and ability; it was a common opinion that her children were beautifully conducted; but for the smaller phases of feminine daily occupations, the measuring of rice and the locating of flagrant dust, she had no application. Lucia, he supposed, couldn't be called neat. When she took things off she forgot them; a broken ornament in the drawing-room she could ignore as successfully as any shiftless yellow girl; she spent no days in the preserving-kitchen.

But those details were Mrs. Patton's delight, and Lucia, with a complimenting candour, begged her to retain her control of them.

She didn't, either, frankly, like the company of women, and took no part in keeping stirred the local feminine rumours and gossip. She never talked much, outside the fundamental interests of her existence; Lucia danced indifferently; and, altogether, she freely admitted that she was without social talents. But that, Richard added for himself, was nonsense: she was, in the simplicity of evening dress she affected, a personage of notable appearance and manner. Still, he was forced to admit, she was more commanding in riding habit. Her management of the whole body of servants, too, was superior to Mrs. Patton's; she was miraculously successful with the negroes. Lucia established a strict command over their cabins and life; she treated their sickness with a tonic sharpness and ability; their exuberance she met in a wise restraint; their dilatory character she urged into quick performances. The men about the stables, naturally, accepted her with a fanatical admiration. Whenever, with a single keen glance, she found that a duty had been neglected, an audience of stableboys and grooms and hostlers gathered with half-suppressed approving laughter to hear her exposition of the just currying of a horse or of the wrapping of a swollen tendon. Once Richard had found her assisting in the remedying of a quarter crack, burning out with an iron the damaged hoof.

The years with her father had taught her, as well, the art of living among men. While the foxhounds no longer depended for food on casual favours, they still, unrebuked, occupied the hall and dining room; the horses continued their destruction of the grass at the rack on the lawn, and she was entirely philosophical to any excesses of drinking. She drank rum herself, when they were together after a cold day's hunting, and more than one glass; yet, except for an increased flush under the smooth darkness of her cheeks, it had no effect on her. Lucia took it, the truth was, in a frank enjoyment masculine in quality. With all this she lost no trace of a charm always feminine; he would have been immediately critical of that—Richard recalled his old dislike for Rose Ann Marable—and his objection to it was fully shared by Lucia.

She was what her being and life together made her, and the result was beyond any fault he was aware of. All the wives of the Bales of Balisand, he reflected, agreeing with Beverley Mathews, had been extraordinarily fine and charming women; all, by pure coincidence, not only highly born but rich, and two were famous for their beauty. He, rather than descend from this plane, had lifted it. It wasn't a fact that tended to reduce the arrogance of the Bale men. Their character had been largely supported, justified, by such marriages. With the approval, the confidence and love of Lucia, his inattentiveness to any general adverse attitude was rendered absolute.

Miss Howlett, with Flora, rose, and, at a slight bend of her head, asked to be excused.

Flora kissed her father, then her mother, and they left.

"I think as much of Miss Howlett as you do," Richard observed: "but she is too dismal. I need another bottle of wine to get over her impression on me." He remembered Mr. Garret, years ago, at Todd Hundred, reading in the failing light a book of sermons, or some such thing, in Latin. "I suppose they're all that way. God knows, it's not a gay profession." Lucia's answer, that he needed no governess as an excuse for a third or even a fourth bottle, was obvious.

"I always heard that you drank so much more than you do. It used to be the story that you got drunk with your Uncle Morryson every night of your lives. Or, perhaps, I contradict Miss Howlett's influence."

"Morryson would try it." He smiled. "Mrs. Patton, do you mind that time, not long before he died, how he got sick at the table?"

"Mr. Bale, I don't," she admitted. "There's been so much drinking on and off, young and old, at Balisand. But I must say"—she turned to Lucia—"he didn't deserve all that was told about him. I must. The Bales have a bright anger, and he has a taste for my lime toddy, but no more." Lucia gazed at him speculatively.

"I've never seen you really angry, Richard. You haven't been since we were married. I suppose you will some day. You get excited over politics; but everyone does that, don't they? Gawin Todd was always in a fever. I've thought a great deal about Gawin and you. He used to be very uncomplimentary. Half the things he said about the Federalists I'm sure were at you; and you are icy if I happen to mention him even now."

"He's on his way to ruining the United States," Richard Bale declared; "and it looks as though he might succeed. Beverley spoke about that when I told him I wanted to marry you, and all I could say was that I don't change. I've been hammered too much, the metal in me is too hard, to turn or bend. I won't put myself in Gawin's way. I haven't since—since the old trouble, but if I ever have the slightest difficulty with him again, Lucia, I'll kill him."

"I can see that isn't only a threat," she said in an equable voice; "you mean it. I hope such a time will never come. I'll tell you this and then never refer to it, never try to influence you again: don't, Richard!" Her words, never loud, came to him on a sudden passionate intensity of feeling. She smiled at him, a smile warm with love. "I don't want for you to think I'm afraid, or that I'd have you not be you. But don't, Richard!"

He made no reply; there was none. His hatred for Gawin Todd, he told himself, was intact, impervious to time. He might die with it like that, probably he would; but it would go down into the earth with him. Why, he didn't know; he didn't understand the essence of his cold destructive animosity.

Nothing, no one, could have so well suited him, Richard concluded: his life, the customs and prejudices of Balisand and the Bales, hadn't been interrupted; no, the pleasure in them was increased. He couldn't imagine, he announced to himself, any other woman so perfectly in keeping with what he needed. At this a swift feeling of discomfort possessed him, a fragment of young song echoed in his memory: but you must bring me oceans more; be true, be true. The tender and beautiful image of Lavinia returned to his thoughts. He hadn't, since his marriage, consciously or subconsciously, dwelt on her. He had been swept into the deep reality of Lucia's passionate feeling, occupied by the fresh vitality animating all the plantation. Richard had no impulse, he was certain, to consider Lavinia emotionally now; but the phrase he had used about Lucia's unique suitability to him challenged everything which he had deliberately granted to the past.

Richard Bale repeated that word—deliberately—for it, he insisted, described and limited his allegiance to the dead. The dead! He recalled the long explanation of a strange returning emotion for Lavinia which he had made to Ava Todd, at Balisand. However, that, he was persuaded, at last was over. He could think of Lavinia with a steady mind, realize her incomparable sweetness and address himself contented, more than contented, to the present. Richard tried, experimentally, to see Lavinia at Balisand; he pictured a very different set of events from those that had actually happened—a duel with Gawin Todd, successful, and then at the plantation.

But he was, against his best effort, unable to visualize Lavinia at Balisand. He tried to see her standing on the portico, at the dinner table, in the room above with its pointed windows; but she constantly slipped away, remained isolated and apart, from such familiar backgrounds and settings. He couldn't even re-create Lavinia perfectly, not her whole presence, her entire charm. She stayed a little blurred, indefinite, veiled almost in her very loveliness. She might have kept his house magnificently—he didn't know; there was so much of her that had been lost—immediately—to him. The conditions which had separated them had equally made it impossible for him to go to Henrico County and ask interminable questions about her, touch what she had touched, see what she had seen. Their love for each other had been their sole shared existence.

Through the years that had followed his loss he had been certain that his love, lasting till the end of life, would make all other loves and attachments impossible. In reality, first, he had regarded such a possibility as detestable, an absolute act of infidelity; but that conviction had subsided, vanished. He was married to Lucia in every sense of that inclusive term. Yes, and he loved her. He was falling back on that word, Richard realized, a great many times; and he knew no more of its meaning now than formerly. Yet, to others it seemed clear enough. He tried a definition—it was the feeling a man and woman had for each other leading usually to marriage, children and a life together. An obligation of honour never to be departed from! It might be, it sometimes was, where happiness was concerned, a failure: it might lead to years of disagreeable wrangling or frigid remoteness. In those cases love would have fled; but that had no bearing on the inescapable complete acceptance of a single duty. Here a difficulty entered the simplicity of his inherited belief—somehow love and marriage had parted. However, in that event, they had better be joined again. He was annoyed at the direction his thoughts had taken. His definition was correct.

But that, to his surprise, left him precisely where he had begun—with, he discovered, an unanswered need to understand his feeling for Lavinia, or, rather, his feelings for Lavinia and Lucia. He had never, with his wife, approached the sharpness of ecstasy brought him by Lavinia: the attacks of blind longing for her—he could think of no better description—were infinitely stronger than any present. With Lucia he was happy. That was it. If Lavinia had lived:

Yet she could never have possessed half of Lucia's actual vitality of emotion. Lucia was jealous even of losing a second of the agonies of birth. A woman of the very old times, he thought. That was birth, a high strain of blood, in its finest sense. Richard Bale was carried away from the subject of his doubt by the thought of Lucia's reality and strength. A further conviction seized him, a renewed certainty, that only such women—such fulfillment—were, in the end, admirable. The others were no more than a tune on a fiddle, a verse

A lily bud, a pink, a rose.

Somehow Lavinia contrived to remain outside of what, he recognized, was a condemnation. The tragedy of death had robbed her of all that, without question, she would have been. And the fact that he could consider her so reasonably, proved to him that his memory of her was what he would have most desired. He hadn't solved the mystery of love, but at least, he had arrived at a splendid knowledge of himself.

He wondered what Gawin Todd felt toward all that had occupied himself; the trace of a smile, without humour, set his lips at the realization that Todd had tried to marry Lucia. He recalled the day when Lucia had left Welfield to go to the party at Todd Hundred, when, from no very laudable motive, he had tried to influence her against—well, the Republican Party. Gawin Todd, probably, would never hear that. He hadn't married since. At intervals he came to Gloucester, to assist the affairs of Todd Hundred; Richard saw him on the road, at the courthouse; when it was unavoidable they spoke, briefly; only that was left of his familiar connection with the Todd family. After Lucia married him her long association with Ava had come imperceptibly to an end. Ava never returned to Balisand.

Richard didn't confine his entire questioning about Lavinia and the past to one occasion; that was a subject he came back to; for it seemed to him he hadn't wholly satisfied it. He accused himself, in his pronounced opinion of what was looked on as the poetry of living, of ingratitude toward all she had been to him. It occurred to Richard Bale that Lavinia had been like a flower, a yellow rose, which he had held in his hand, and then—dropped, allowing it to wither unattended. But it was the property of flowers, individual blooms, to die. Yet that reasonable conclusion was suddenly, unaccountably, interrupted by the curious speculation if, actually, Lavinia were dead. He grew impatient at this, at himself: she had her proper place in his memory, just as Lucia had in his life; and, where he was concerned, that was the whole extent of Lavinia's continued being. Too much thinking, he told himself, was making him morbid.

At this he began to reflect on the disturbing quality of not war but peace, inaction—it left the mind free for so much nonsense. He wasn't—and this, too, troubled him—completely absorbed in the affairs of Balisand; he couldn't lose himself in them and the attending life of Gloucester County. In 1793, when he had determined to go back, if possible, to Congress, he had married Lucia instead. She had said, plainly, that she would not move North for the sessions of the House; and this had resulted in his staying on the plantation, the permanent severing of his actual part with the Federal Government. But his interest in politics and the County was as bitterly alive as it had been when Jefferson first threatened Washington's ideal.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PHOTO BY E. DEAN LACY

A Nebraska Sunset

Hospitality
an heritage

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Behind closed doors of a room in the old Bellevue, far from the tense atmosphere of the national convention, Theodore Roosevelt was in 1900 selected as the vice presidential nominee. This notable caucus is but one of the world-important events centering about the old inn which have imparted to its successor, The Bellevue-Stratford, a prestige enjoyed by but few hotels anywhere.

THE old Bellevue, bowing to the demands of a busier age, is now but a memory—the world famous inn has been replaced—yet has left an heritage rare among present day hostelries.

The present Bellevue-Stratford, though many times larger and more pretentious than its predecessor, guards jealously the reputation for genuine hospitality and real comfort which—yesterday and today—instantly suggests the Bellevue as Philadelphia's "home away from home."

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ROOTS AND HERBS

(Continued from Page 15)

He beamed upon Caleb in his professional manner, and asked him what he could do for him.

"You can't do nothing for me, except prove that you've got a license to practice in this state," asserted Caleb. "I'm an officer. A complaint has been made. The law is set on these things. Got one?"

Mr. Jopler asked the policeman to take a chair, and while he rummaged in a black bag for his license, which he discovered he had mislaid, though he was looking at it only yesterday, inquired feelingly as to the state of health of his visitor.

"Now I can see that you're naturally a strong and robust man," he said. "Yet I perceive that you have various little troubles. If I might inquire, chief, do you sometimes see black specks before your eyes, and feel a certain goneness in here, at the region of the squalix pomata?"

Mr. Coppins, guardedly, admitted that it was so.

"I thought so." The fifty per cent Cherokee took a chart from his bag, bearing upon it the picture of a human being so completely undressed that even his inwards were brought into full relief. "Whilst I'm finding my diplomy," he said, "just run over that, chief. I knew your case the minute I set eyes on you. Nothing really the matter with you. I fixed up a man in Springhaven who'd been given up by every doctor within twelve miles. I had him fit as a fiddle in a week. They didn't understand him." Jopler rose and pointed at the picture of the supernude. "There, you see, is the place where the osquatostic valve joins on to the paricardelum. No, not that! That's the junticum! Right there, where you've got your little finger! Now that little organ, which is a mystery even to us doctors, gets out of kilter easily, and succonvents, you might say, the free circulation of the omvestory. These ignorant doctors begin to treat you for this and that, but they don't hit the spot. Between you and me, they don't want to. If they cure you they quit getting your money, don't they?"

"I guess there's a lot in that," sighed Mr. Coppins.

"A word to the wise," said Jopler, taking the chart away from the reluctant hands. "It's none of my business. I dare say you've got good medical advice. Now, where is that diplomy? Let me think ——"

"Wait a minute, doctor. Let me see that again!" burst out Coppins hungrily. "That's the first time any doctor was ever honest enough to show me a picture of it all. But how do you know it's my what-you-may-call-it valve that's causing my troubles?"

"When you get up in the morning," replied Jopler sagely, "your eyes feel tight and sleepylike, and your joints are stiff, and after breakfast you have a sort of heavy feeling?"

"That's right."

"I thought so. That's the valve. Oh, I know now! That diplomy of mine I sent away to be framed. Confound it, and I've been looking for it everywhere! You just write to S. J. Copperthwaite, in Springhaven, and he'll tell you that he's putting a nice gilt frame ——"

"Oh, darn the diplomy!" growled Coppins. "You're as good as these pill doctors round here, any day in the week. You've laid your finger on my trouble. How much'll you take, now, to put me on my feet?" Mr. Coppins reached for his wallet.

"How much will I take? Not one cent, chief. If I could have the honor to effect a cure on you, it would be a pleasure, and I'd be able to point to you as one of my friends. I want you to take this bottle—my elixir—home with you, and go according to directions ——"

"Gosh, I don't want you to do this for nothing!"

"Tut!" was the warm response. "Glad to do it for you. I respect and love the officers of the law. They're my friends. I've cured hundreds. People don't realize what police officials have to put up with—long hours, worry, brain concentration, and no thanks, but all kicks."

"You're telling the truth now!" cried the lieutenant, grasping the outstretched hand warmly. "I knew there was jealousy back of that complaint."

"What sort of a man is Captain Brumfit?" inquired Jopler, with affected nonchalance, although he had already made careful inquiries about the police. "Is he a man who has his little ailments too?"

"Not him. Never had a sick day in his life," growled Coppins. "Brags about it too. Says he's the strongest man in the county, and I shouldn't wonder. But Frank's all right, when you know him. You have to rub his fur the right way."

When Lieutenant Coppins returned to the police station the captain was just going out to direct traffic. "What about this feller, Caleb? Has he got a license?"

"He's all right. His license is away to be framed. Frank, this feller is all right. The trouble is, he knows too much to please some of these local doctors. He went right to the seat of my trouble."

"Oh, he did, did he?" sneered the superior officer. "So he pulled the wool over your eyes, did he, playing on your weakness as an invalid? I ought to have known better than to send you to a doctor. I suppose he give you a bottle of medicine too!" The chief had perceived the big bulge in the hip pocket of the rest of the police force.

"Now, I tell you, Frank ——"

"Aw, tell it to your granny! Now I know there's something phony about this feller. He salved you good, he did. Caleb, you'll never make a policeman. You're too innocent! Now you go out and steer the crazy flivvers on the corner, while I go over and read the riot act to that faker."

A few minutes later two hundred and fifty pounds of human flesh, hard as nails, pranced into the office of Jopler, and summarily dismissed two ladies who were trying to convince themselves that they were sick, with the help of the herb doctor. They were told to wait outside, and when they had gone the captain fixed his awful gaze on Jopler and held out a huge hand.

"Let's see your writing, which without whom you can't practice medicine here in this town. You've been complained of. This yarn about having it framed—well, what the dickens are you looking at, that way?"

"I beg your pardon, chief," replied Jopler, still gazing raptly upon Brumfit; "I sincerely do. I didn't mean to stare. But seldom in my life have I gazed upon such a perfect specimen of manhood as I now see before me. Excuse me, chief, but I speak as a physician. We are so used to seeing physical wrecks that when a magnificent physique greets our eyes—why, hang it all! our eyes pop—yes, sir, fairly pop! In all my career I've seen only one man who could compare with you, and he was the chief of police of London. I've examined Dempsey, John L. Sullivan, Jack Johnson, Sandow ——"

Every button of the coat and waistcoat of Captain Brumfit was straining at its leash. The blood of pride flowed into his expansive face. At the name Dempsey, he nearly choked.

"Aw, I'm no such man as Dempsey," he resisted, though faintly.

"Not as a pugilist, perhaps. I won't say that. Though I'd hate to be the crook you got after. But as a physical picture of ruddy health and male power—as I say, you flabbergasted me. If I had the nerve I'd ask you to let me make a test of you, for my records. But you're a busy man ——"

"How long would it take?" asked Captain Brumfit gruffly, as befits a busy executive who wants to be obliging but who has little time for the amenities.

"Not over fifteen minutes. I merely aim to get your blood pressure, heart action, expansion, and what we call the hoptopedicals. Pardon me for employing technical phasticalogy, but I know of no simpler words to describe."

Captain Brumfit was amazed to find that he was in the presence of a learned man and a man of science. He inwardly cursed Doctor Volney for a jealous self-seeker, in describing Jopler to the police as a mere vagabond. He slowly took off his coat and said mildly, "Well, don't be too long about it. If it will do you any good, go ahead and examine me."

The result of the examination was that Captain Brumfit staggered forth from the Jopler office, dazed with the brilliance of his own endowments. He had strongly suspected that he was an abnormal man, but he never dreamed that it was anything like this. He had the highest—or the lowest, he had forgotten which—blood pressure ever recorded. His pulse was so strong that the

(Continued on Page 72)

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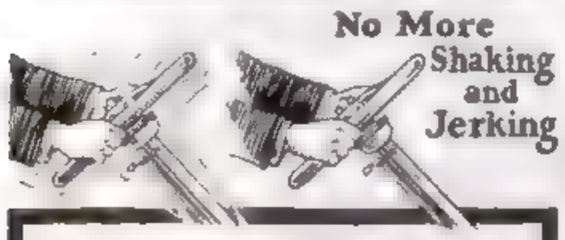

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doctor could hardly hold the captain's wrist. His lungs were in such condition that one of them alone would have been sufficient. In his pocket was a bottle of elixir, not that he required it, of course, but to give to some needy invalid. The doctor had intimated that he would like an autographed photograph. This had so touched the officer that he had promised, "If anyone tries to interfere with you, doctor, you just call on me. You have enemies."

"Yes," admitted Jopler, shaking his head sadly.

"Look out for them. I'm not mentioning names. I'm convinced that you are all right. But, of course, you can't tell what malicious people will do. They might go over my head."

"Over your head, chief," laughed Jopler. "You're joking. I'd like to see anyone go over your head."

"Well, I don't say they would," was the gratified amendment. "When your license comes, just hang it up, publiclike, so folks can see it."

The upshot of it was that when Doctor Volney called at the police station, with the expectation of seeing Jopler in chains, he was treated with extreme coolness by the police force. The police force became men of few words, but their manner conveyed their strong belief that Volney was actuated by low motives, and had better watch his step, as the police were not to be trifled with.

Doctor Volney straightway lost his temper, and roundly denounced the police régime of Blaine—both of them, to their faces—and threatened to take up the matter with the state board of health.

In fact, Doctor Volney did something even more foolish. He wrote a letter to the Blaine Intelligencer, denouncing both the police and Jopler, in the name of the ethical physicians of Blaine. He did this in defiance of the warning of Dr. Sarah Pringle, and forgetful of the fact that the owner of the local newspaper was a hypochondriac who had been his first patient when Volney came to Blaine, and had been Doctor Gearin's first patient when the latter came to town, and was an inveterate enemy of both of them, on the ground that they had made him worse instead of better. The newspaper owner had never forgiven Volney for telling him bluntly that there was nothing the matter with him. Add to this the fact that the owner of the Intelligencer had been one of Jopler's first patients, and was now consuming Jopler's Elixir at the rate of half a bottle a day, and it is easy to account for what followed.

The worst of what Dr. Sarah Pringle foresaw was less painful than the actuality. It is perfectly true, as Doctor Sarah had said, that some mischievous spirit in the beneficiaries of medical skill causes them to delight in the humiliation of doctors. Nothing gives a human being more pleasure than to play the xylophone on the reputation of a doctor. The man who wouldn't think of going around saying "Jenks is a rotten plumber" or "Williams is a punk carpenter" will run his legs off to convey the bright and shining message that "Smith is no good as a doctor—is a regular silent partner of the undertakers."

The Blaine Intelligencer started the freshet with some caustic remarks—mentioning no names—about doctors who couldn't cure anybody, and didn't want to see anybody else cure them. There were words to the effect that certain persons were trying to make trouble for Doctor Jopler. Why? Because he was actually doing good to the sick, and of course making it harder for less intelligent doctors to pay for expensive automobiles. The news spread. People who had never been to see a doctor, people who had been to see but never paid a doctor, people who had been to see and had paid every doctor—all agreed, seemingly, that Jopler was being persecuted, and that certain doctors, whose names began with V and G, ought to be run out of town, instead of Jopler.

At this juncture Dr. Sarah Pringle took a hand. She had, it is true, her own special list of patients who were sufficient to take all the time she cared to give to practice. But even from these she heard remarks which she did not like. She called both Doctor Volney and Doctor Gearin on the telephone and asked them to come over at once. The two young men came with alacrity. In the past few days they had both had so much leisure that they could have given half of it away and still been twice as idle as a retired business man on vacation.

Doctor Sarah cast a cold triumphant eye upon her younger confreres and began: "Well, you have done it, haven't you? You couldn't take my advice to leave this quack alone. Now you've got the town down on us like a ton of cement."

"I'm going straight to the state board of health about him! If there's such a thing as law enforcement we'll have it, in spite of crooked town police," choked Volney.

"Yes, you'll have it. You'll have us hiding up a back street every time we see anybody coming! Goodness knows, if you two men can afford to embitter everybody, needlessly, I can. Go ahead! I take it you don't care whether you practice medicine or just practice nature study. Anyway, you've put us all in a position where we're supposed to be robbers that don't want competition."

"What'll we do, doctor?" asked Gearin, with dismal capitulation. "Doctor Volney meant well, you know. Theoretically, I agree with him, but I rather wish he hadn't gone ahead so fast."

"Theoretically, he is sound as a nut. Practically, all nuts are not sound. I can see that I've got to take a hand in this. I don't know whether I can do anything or not. Maybe we'll have to let the wind blow over. But I won't move a hand unless I have your promises that you'll keep quiet, not ask me what I'm going to do, and leave Jopler alone, as though he didn't exist."

The two practitioners assented, Volney with bad grace. The interview was over. As she saw them go out her front gate, Dr. Sarah Pringle put on her hat, jabbed two hatpins viciously through it, and said, aloud to herself, "Those are the two bright young persons who referred to me once as the mother-hubbard doctor! I don't care what happens to them. But I care what happens to me."

James Jopler was surprised, a few hours later, to receive a visit from Dr. Sarah Pringle. When she entered and introduced herself Jopler mechanically reached for his black bag, to go through the form of looking for his license.

But Doctor Sarah, instead of asking him what right he had to practice in Blaine, shook hands warmly, wished him the luck of the season, and sat down to chat in her most ingratiating style.

Mr. Jopler had been caught with molasses several times in his life. He smelt a plot. But little by little, particularly as he had heard that Doctor Sarah bore no strong affection toward the other two town doctors, Jopler became disarmed. Doctor Sarah, when she wished to be, was irresistible. And she did not talk about medicine. She made it clear that hers was a social visit.

"I wanted to get over and see you before," said Doctor Sarah, "but I've been very busy. You're a bachelor, I take it? So am I—a confirmed one. At the same time, I feel sorry for men who have to live alone, because they're not handy with housekeeping, as women are. Besides, when I heard that you were boarding yourself in this rather dark cupboard of a place, I couldn't help thinking that it might react badly against your practice. It does well enough for a while, but people begin to notice such things. What I really came for, was to suggest the nicest boarding place in town, if you haven't already heard of it. It's rather exclusive, but a word from me will get you in there. And you'll have such food and such a clean sweet room as you could get nowhere else."

Jopler was enmeshed. He liked being his own cook, well enough. It wasn't as though he had to wash the dishes every time he used them, as some finicky people do. But, withal, there was deep in the soul of James Jopler the desire to be socially acceptable, to be taken in by nice people and remarked as a man who had the best of everything. Besides, Jopler dearly loved good food, and his own cooking arrangements were meager.

So he became interested, and answered, "Now that's real white of you, doctor. I don't know but I would like a good boarding place. Excuse me if I was kind of cool when you came in. I thought you were going to jump on me, like the others did."

"Oh, you don't bother me in the least. The more the merrier, I say. Most of my cases are such as you wouldn't care to take, anyway. I was merely thinking that you'd like Marm Meachard's, if you're going to continue to stay here."

"Marm Meachard's!" repeated Jopler. "Now that sounds homelike and fruity, all right. The name sort of reminds you of pie."

The fifty per cent Cherokee sighed at the thought. He was a healthy feeder. He felt hungry already. That morning he had skimped a little, eating only enough for three men, instead of six. He contemplated his paunch fondly. He admitted that he would like to join the lucky exclusives who fed with Marm Meachard.

After Doctor Sarah had gone to make the necessary arrangements, Doctor Jopler considered the matter. "Now, there's a lady," he told himself. "She didn't come over to scotch me. She extended the glad hand of fellowship. She had a heart, unlike that wall-eyed crawfish that sicked the po-lice onto me. And she's right about my boarding in a swell place. I ought to have paid more attention to them details. You can't hope to get the upper crust, as the lady says, if you usher 'em into an office smelling of fried ham. Jopler, you're learning! You are yet to arrive!"

From Jopler's office, Doctor Sarah went to see Marm Meachard. Marm was in her sixty-fifth year, and going strong. Her hair had scarcely turned gray, and she was plump and sunny of disposition. She boasted of having fed, in her best days, twenty-five Blaine people at her tables. Now she was slowing up, and had only twelve boarders and four roomers.

As a cook Marm Meachard was known from one end of the county to the other. She was the sort of cook who used butter and cream as recklessly as a Greek restaurant uses axle grease. When she made doughnuts they were so short that they chipped off in the mouth into succulent granules. When she served coffee it was a golden brown, with whirlpools of Jersey cream eddying in it. Her pie was flaky of crust and sumptuous of interior. The notion of economizing had never occurred to her in Marm Meachard's life. She had one thought, which she expressed thus: "I want my boarders to have plenty of food, all they can eat, and the best in the world."

Consequently her boarders loved her as long as they lived. True, they did not live very long if they continued to board with her. Those who moved away from Blaine, into new jobs, lived the longest. The rest became pale, wondered what was the matter with them, and finally went to reside in the little cemetery on the hillside overlooking the river. If dear old Marm Meachard had cut a notch for every boarder she had contributed to that quiet graveyard, the old house would have had carved woodwork. Sometimes the good lady wondered at the phenomenon. Her boarders came to her, strong and blooming, and ended where the daisies did the blooming. Sometimes she wondered whether they got enough to eat. On these occasions she doubled the amount of lusciousness and richness, out of the goodness of her heart. The boarders, of course, never knew what happened to them. All they knew was that the food was the most wonderful they had ever tasted, and then after a while they began to have the doctor. Two generations of doctors in Blaine had founded the fortunes of their families on Marm Meachard's cooking.

When Dr. Sarah Pringle went to Marm Meachard's she said, "Marm, I've got a new boarder for you. Can you give him a room too?"

"Oh, I couldn't take another soul," objected Marm.

"Oh, you'll take this one, I know. It's Doctor Jopler, the new herb doctor. He's a poor, lonely man, Marm, doing his own cooking, and he'd love your food. He's very nice, I'm sure."

Marm Meachard was softened. In her estimation a man condemned to do his own cooking was little better than a galley slave, scourged to his dungeon. But she had no vacancy!

"You can make room for him temporarily, and you might have a vacancy later," suggested Doctor Sarah, thinking of the frequent vacancies which Marm's cooking had created in the Blaine social register.

"Well, send him over and I'll see what I can do."

Doctor Sarah hesitated on the threshold. "Marm," she said confidingly, "I have reason to believe that Doctor Jopler is a very hearty eater. And I think he is a man who has had financial reverses, and is not yet able to spend very liberally. I want to make a little secret arrangement with you. I know you can keep a secret. I am—well, I have a friendly interest in this poor man. I want you to give him the best—"

"I always do, doctor!"

(Continued on Page 75)

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(Continued from Page 72)

"I know you do. That's why you don't make any money. You do more than you can afford. That's why I'm going to make a certain arrangement with you. I want to give you three dollars a week, beyond what Doctor Jopler will pay, and I want you to spend it on extra delicacies, of the kind you're famous for."

"Oh, you don't need to do that."

"But I want to. I want him to know what real cooking is. I know he loves pastry and suet puddings, and all that sort of thing. All men do. I want him to be able to say, if he should ever decide to leave Blaine, that he had the best and the most old-fashioned food here that he ever had in his life. Of course this is confidential, Marm. It must never be known to Doctor Jopler. My interest in him is merely that of an elderly woman for a poor lonely man of the same profession."

So Dr. James Jopler went to room and board at Marm Meachard's. The moment Marm laid eyes on the doctor she liked him. He was jolly, he was something of a man of the world, and he had honeyed words on all occasions. He knew how to say adorable nothings to a lady of sixty-five, which caused her to blush and make a playful pass at the speaker, and remark chidingly, "Now, don't you say another word! Aren't you silly?" She liked the doctor so much that, without the extra three dollars a week which she was to receive from Dr. Sarah Pringle, Marm would have fed the corpulent herb specialist at a big loss. As it was, she showed the doctor things about cuisine which he had never dreamed of. He toyed with such food as appears to starving men in their delirium. He swam in cream, and floated in molten butter, and used hot biscuits, three times a day, as a raft.

At first the effect of Marm's food on Jopler was to make him jollier and brisker than ever. His practice increased. People went to Jopler, as they confessed, more for his cheery uplift than for his elixir and his advice. Doctors Volney and Gearin, scowling on the outskirts, suffered acutely as they saw the patients come and go from the Questrom Block. Once in a while Doctor Sarah drove by in her flivver, and noted the patronage of the purveyor of roots and herbs, but she did not suffer. She merely smiled a mysterious smile and waited. Sometimes she met Jopler on the street and observed that he was stouter and ruddier of countenance. She congratulated him and asked him how he liked Marm Meachard's. He liked it, he thanked her kindly. It was all Doctor Sarah had said of it, and more.

"Such Yorkshire pudding!" exlaimed Jopler feelingly. "That woman, doctor, is a chef. In New York her fortune would be made. Or Paris."

Doctor Sarah smiled graciously. She waited for the summons.

The summons came one night about nine o'clock. It was not from Doctor Jopler directly. It was from Marm Meachard.

"Please come right over, if you can, doctor," requested the boarding-house keeper. "It's Doctor Jopler who has been took an ill turn. I can't understand it. He was so well and jolly this morning. He says he wouldn't trust the two young men doctors here, they might poison him. I suppose he was joking."

"Not necessarily," replied Doctor Sarah. "What seems to be the trouble with Doctor Jopler?"

"He complains of pain in his stomach. I think it's some popped corn he bought at the Eyetalian fruit store yesterday, doctor. I'm sure he has had nothing but the very best here."

"I'm sure of that, Marm," said Doctor Sarah. "I'll come right over. Under other circumstances it would be better for Doctor Volney or Doctor Gearin to come. But as it is, tell Doctor Jopler I'll come at once."

When Doctor Sarah arrived Jopler was lying on a couch in the sitting room, groaning. He was sick. A sick doctor is the sickest person in the world, as any doctor's wife can testify. Jopler, being twice as good as most doctors, according to his advertising, was twice as sick. He felt sure he was dying. And he was, but very slowly. He was merely dying in the legitimate and responsive manner common to boarders at Marm Meachard's.

Doctor Jopler had bluffed his way along the world, these many years, taking money from simple people who were thrilled by words which hadn't any meaning, and lighted up by the famous elixir which was half alcohol and flavored with sassafras, but he couldn't bluff himself, and in his own case his magic words were no good, because he knew they didn't mean anything.

A beseeching houndlike look came into his eyes when he saw Doctor Sarah. He believed in doctors, the more because he wasn't one himself. He had more faith in doctors than doctors have.

"Not feeling well, doctor?" asked Doctor Pringle brightly.

"I'm awful, doctor," replied Jopler. He groaned.

"Have you taken any of your elixir?" asked Doctor Sarah sweetly.

Jopler groaned louder. "No, I ain't," he said faintly. "You understand, doctor; you're the only one in Blaine that's been a friend of mine. You know I ain't regular, I haven't the book learnin'. The elixir is all right for some cases—but I'm sick. I'm dreadful. I need help. I got faith in you, doctor. You're learned. What's the matter with me?"

"Ever have an attack like this before?"

Jopler shook his head. "If I had I wouldn't be here."

Doctor Sarah did not have to ask, to know the state of Jopler's case. She had had a regular income from these cases, for thirty years. She knew where the pain was just as well as Jopler, or better—because Jopler thought it was one place one minute, and another place the next. Doctor Sarah knew the exact spot where the Yorkshire pudding rested which Jopler had eaten last month.

To her professional eye Jopler was merely a large and animated sick hot biscuit, with butter on it. But, after prodding the patient, and asking him many questions, and taking his pulse, and using the stethoscope, Doctor Sarah looked serious and said, in a low voice, "I speak under the seal of our profession, doctor. Have you any near relatives?"

"Good God, doctor!" cried Jopler in fright. "You don't mean ——"

"This is a serious matter, doctor. I'm sorry to have to tell you. I've known only one case exactly like this, though some of the symptoms are very familiar. You are tender at McBurney's point, are you not?"

Jopler shook his head helplessly.

"I mean, an inch or so above the right anterior iliac spine, on a line that might be drawn from there to the umbilicus. That would indicate appendicitis. On the other hand, I believe there may be a complication. You know, of course, the parietocolic fold, the superior ligament of the æcum?"

"No," whispered Jopler dully. "I couldn't honestly say I do. Is it bad?"

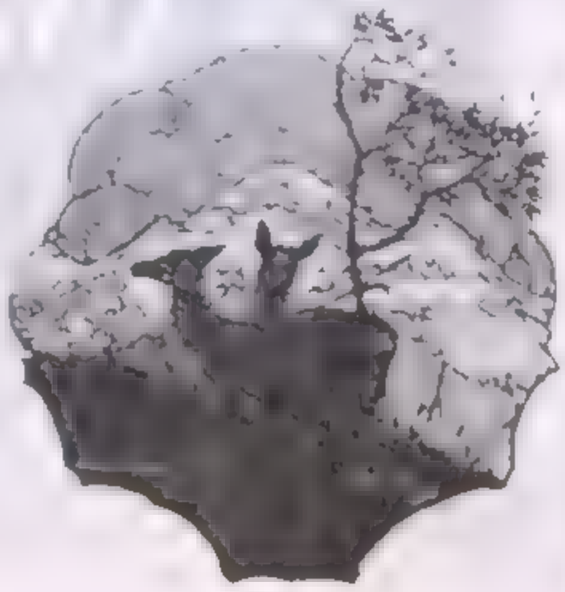
"It is a more or less triangular fold of the peritoneum, attached to the abdominal wall from the lower extremity of the kidney to the iliac fossa, and to the posteroexternal aspect of the colon, by its anterior border. The apex *should* be fixed to the lumbar fossa ——"

"And it's come off'n it?" wailed the sick quack.

"I wouldn't say that. There is a chance that there is conflict between it and the plurilobular hernia which passes through the cribriform fascia. I mean, of course, Hesselbach's ligament, the ligamentum interfoveolare."

Jopler grew sicker and sicker as he heard these strange words. He had used strange words himself, words which he couldn't recall when he wanted them a second time, but in this case he was certain that Doctor Sarah's words were as simple to her as glue—in short, that she knew what she was talking about. So she did, but she wasn't telling Jopler.

"Isn't there no hope?" asked Jopler, scanning Doctor Pringle's face for a gleam



of that precious article. If there was any hope it was not shining from Doctor Sarah's eyes.

"Only in a major operation, possibly," replied Doctor Sarah, with thumbs down. "You didn't tell me whether you have any near relatives."

"I've got a sister in Bridgeport, Connecticut, married to a one-eyed Polack," admitted Jopler.

"I'll be glad to take you to a hospital where they have good success with these delicate operations," offered Doctor Sarah tenderly. "I'll give you something now to alleviate the pain, and we'd better start tomorrow morning, so that they can put you under observation. I think there's a good chance you'll pull through."

Jopler followed every movement avidly as the elderly physician fumbled in her bag. "I'll do anything you say," he submitted. "Don't spare no expense, doctor. I—I ain't ready. I—I haven't been what you'd call, always, a good man. Maybe"—his voice fell again to a whisper—"it's a jedgment."

And the fat man fell to groaning again, and to whimpering like a sick puppy. Dr. Sarah Pringle watched the quack out of the corner of her eye, half pityingly and half contemptuously, while she poured out a dose of the evilest-tasting stuff in her assortment.

Jopler left Blaine next morning. A few early-rising patients came to the door of the roots-and-herbs emporium in the Questrom Block and saw a sign on the outer door:

OWING TO THE ILLNESS OF DR. JOPLER, THIS OFFICE IS CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

As soon as Dr. Sarah Pringle returned from the hospital she called up her two fellow physicians on the telephone. Doctors Volney and Gearin arrived breathlessly, and humbly waited for the pronouncement.

"Doctor Jopler has gone away," said Doctor Sarah slowly and pointedly, "and I don't think he'll be coming back." She took a paper from her handbag. "Here is a signed order for his office effects, including several barrels of this elixir, in bottles. These are to be shipped to his sister's home, in Bridgeport. See that this is done today, Doctor Volney, without fail! The office furniture, et cetera, can be returned to the local tradesmen. All outstanding bills can be sent to me. I have a sum of money to pay Jopler's debts."

"Is he really sick?" asked Doctor Gearin. "Has he got appendicitis?"

"Of course he's sick! Do you think he could eat at Marm Meachard's for weeks without getting sick? But I wouldn't go so far as to say that he has appendicitis."

"Well, they'll open him up, anyway, at the hospital. That's some satisfaction," remarked Volney with pleasure.

"You're heartless!" was the reply. "They'll do nothing of the sort. I told them the circumstances. Jopler has colitis. He's so full of gas pains that he doesn't know whether his ears or his feet are hurting him most. About two weeks' diet will make a new man of him. But two or three more weeks of hot biscuits and Yorkshire pudding would have finished him. Not being acclimatized to Marm Meachard's, you might say, he wasn't able to stand it so well as the native-born."

Doctor Volney rose and put on his hat. "I'm putting on my hat so that I can take it off to you, doctor," he announced, thereupon performing the act with due humility. "I don't know just how you did it, but this must have been some expense to you, doctor. I hope you'll let Doctor Gearin and myself settle the bill."

"Don't put yourselves out a bit," was the tart response. "Jopler has settled the bills. I will say I charged him only what was right. We ought never to take an unfair advantage of simple people. I asked him to pay my traveling expenses, of course. But beyond that, only my regular fees for hospital cases. A word of advice, young men, before you go home and collect your patients where Jopler has left them strewn around: Don't think too lightly, in future, of the talents of a mother-hubbard doctor who was practicing in Blaine before you knew the left ventricle from the Eustachian tube. That's all."

Two ethical physicians, both in their thirties, emerged from the home of Dr. Sarah Pringle as noisily as a snowflake falling upon an eider-down pillow, and flattened themselves hastily against the concealing shadows of the moonless night.

FLY-TOX

Kills

These Pests

DO NOT tolerate their unwholesome annoyance. It is so easy to be rid of them!

Spray a cloud of FLY-TOX about the room. Within five minutes household insects will be dead.

Whether Flies, Mosquitoes, Moths, Roaches, Ants or Fleas, FLY-TOX kills them all without any fuss or dirt. It will not stain the finest fabrics. Has pleasant odor.

It is harmless to humans and animals.

FLY-TOX is bottled in convenient sizes—half pints 50c, pints 75c, quarts $1.25, or in gallons at $4.00. A trial sprayer is given free with each small bottle.

To get the best results, the improved FLY-TOX hand sprayer is recommended.

Buy a bottle of FLY-TOX today and rid your home of insects. They are bothersome and a menace to your health.

Your grocer or druggist will supply you

The Toledo Rex Spray Co
Toledo, Ohio

Bernice, Calif

The Rex Company
Kansas City, Mo

Pocatello, Idaho

Brighton, Ontario

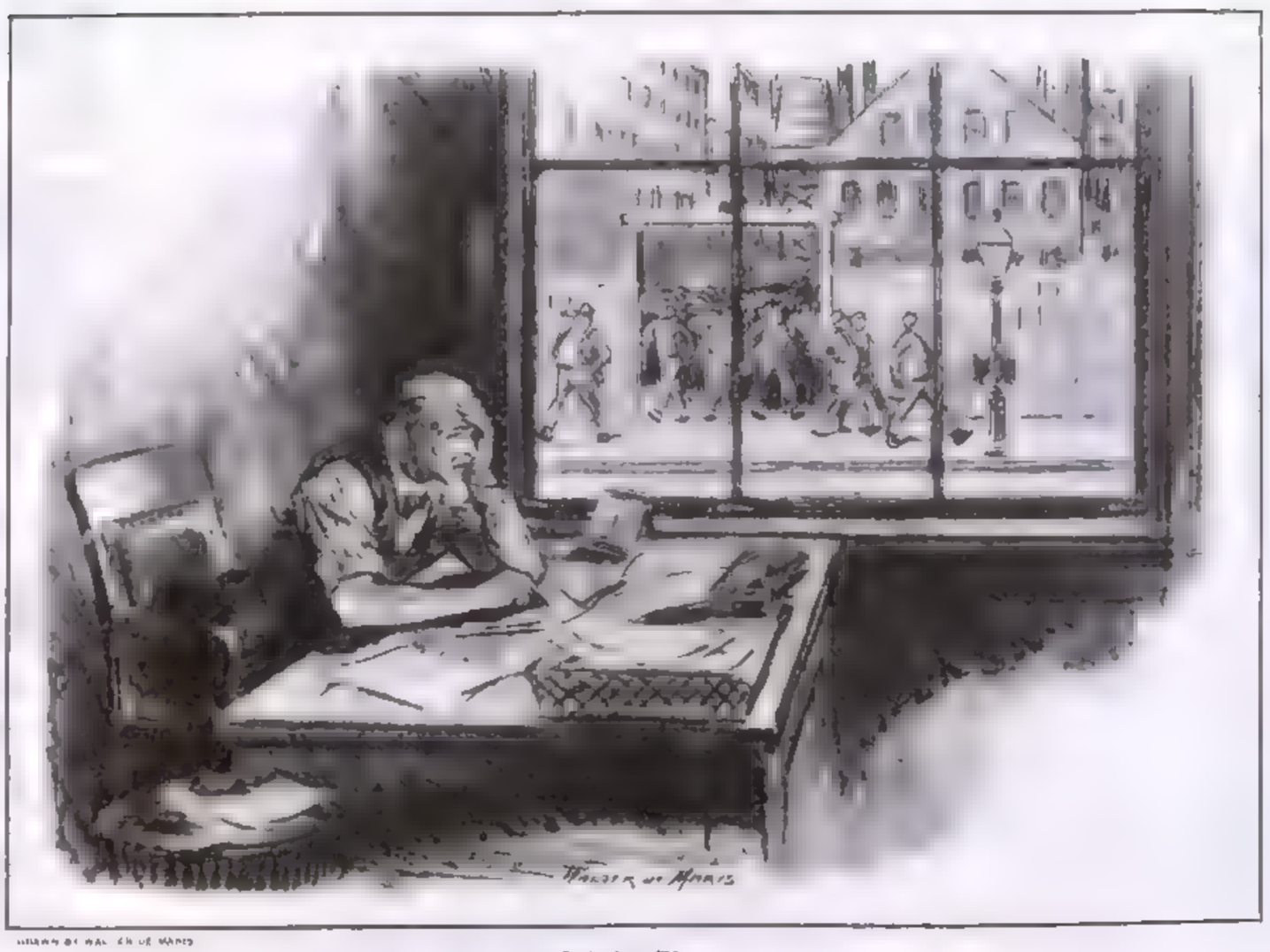
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

We watch these two, and think "How come,
If Nature loathes a Vacu-um?"

Maybelle Éclair—The Peacock

THERE'S that about a Peacock rare
Reminds one of Maybelle Éclair
By vote unanimous the Queen
Of Beauties of the Silver Screen.
Her trailing grace, her haughty frown,
The irridescence of her gown,
The swelling throat, the stately air,
The jew'led lyre quiv'ring in her hair
Such luxury attends her days
As that through which the Peacock strays.
His garden's gleaming balustrades
Are Maybelle's limousines and maids.
Who'd fancy—here's a moral lesson
Her father kept a Delicatessen!
It doesn't seem as if he could,
To see her home in Hollywood!
There's one more similarity
We'd mention, in all charity.
Perhaps you've heard the Peacock's squawk?
Well—God forbid Maybelle should talk!



Quitting Time

Alfred Watt—The Housefly

PERHAPS it seems absurd to you
That we should thus compare these two.
Indeed, it's difficult to say
Exactly how, and in what way,
They're most alike. One common ground
Is that they're always buzzing round.
You know the Fly's persistent "buz-z-z?"
Well, that's the way that Alfred does.
He's always hovering in the air
He's always pulling out one's chair,
Or stuffing pillows at one's back,
Supplying things one doesn't lack,
Or helping one up curbs when walking,
And always—always—always talking,
Unheeding a polite rebuff
One Fly—one Alfred is enough
To ruin any disposition.
Ah, why Fate's cruel prohibition,
If she the rôle of Fly allots him,
That it is murder if one swats him!

The Tailor's Boy—The Newt

WE FIND him very like the Newt—
The Tailor's Boy who brings our suit.
So long as he is pleasure-bent
He's in his Native Element.
And always where a crowd is found
He's certain to be darting round.
For instance—someone has been shot.
The Tailor's Boy is on the spot
Before the ambulance has come.
You see him peering, curious dumb—
His one hand dangling, in a trance,
Somebody's new and neat-creased pants
The while, by Duty unoppressed,
His other waves the coat and vest.
As in and out we watch him scoot
We wonder if it is our suit.
We humbly pray—and shiver!—it
Is not! Oh, Lord, deliver it!

Mrs. Waldo Blair—The Hippopotamus

NOW what is this peculiar creature,
With mud obscuring every feature?
Is it a hippopotamus?
Good gracious—how ridiculous!
We should at once have been aware
That it was Mrs. Waldo Blair.
For Mrs. Blair, sweet Beauty's Bud
Is made to spring from lowliest mud;
And day by day, in Hippo's way,
She wallows in her Beauty Clay
You'll easy trace their kinship racial—
Just see how she enjoys her facial!

—Katharine Dayton.

Mrs. Malaprop, Colored

THE wife of a Southern archdeacon sent his vestments to be washed. The next morning she answered the telephone.

"Miss Mary, do the archangel want his shroud starched?" —Margaret Gunn.

Della (Trying New Bathing Suit)—"I Know It's Daring, Mother, But How Else is a Poor Girl to Get Her Picture in the Sunday Graphic Section?"

"Is—the—Doctor—In?"
"Have You an Appointment?"

Cool Weather *Woven* Into Collars

A MAN is as cool as his collar. The fan, the linen suit, the iced drink, are of little avail against August temperatures if your collar is an instrument of torture. Men find coolness in the very weave of the Van Heusen.

Whether you like your collar high or low, there is a Van Heusen to your taste. Van Mead (illustrated above) is 2⅜ inches high in front, and 1⅝ inches in back—but it is just as unwilting and crisp and cool as the lower Van Glow beside it.

The four styles shown here are four ways of dressing comfortably—and *smartly*—in Summer or Winter.

Made of just one single piece of smooth, strong, *multi-ply* fabric. Nothing sewed together—no need for starch. The *loom* has woven the fold in, woven a faultless curve in, woven *comfort* and *smartness* in. The Van Heusen cannot wilt.

For all occasions it is the World's Smartest, most comfortable, and most economical collar.

¶ *Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.*

12 VAN HEUSEN STYLES—50c
Six, conveniently boxed, $3.00

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK.

MOUNTAINS OF RAW MATERIAL

FOR A NATION'S TRANSPORTATION NEED

Iron Ore Brought by Ford Lake Freighters to the Storage Bins of 2,000,000 Tons Capacity at the River Rouge Plant, Detroit, Michigan

Piled high in cavernous storage pits at the River Rouge lies the red ore from the Ford Motor Company mines of Michigan, destined for man's service.

Side by side are other bins, filled to overflowing with coal and limestone, constantly ready to contribute to the making of iron and steels required for the enormous output of the huge Ford factories.

Beyond is a slip from the river, where lake freighters, owned and operated by the Ford Motor Company, now dock with their cargoes.

Here at the heart of this great industry can best be comprehended the scope of its activities. For here is brought together the material proof of the Ford Motor Company's control of those basic elements in production—coal, iron, lumber, power and transportation.

Twelve hundred tons of molten metal pour daily from the two giant furnaces of the Rouge Plant. Two thousand tons of coal are taken by conveyors to the crushers and ovens. The power plant—already a marvel of engineering—is being expanded to provide a half-million horsepower.

Thus in this dynamic plant the march of production begins. Raw materials in quantities to provide transportation for millions are melted, molded and machined to man's purpose with an efficiency and economy that knows no parallel in industrial experience.

The service performed is more than a means of transportation—it is a big factor in all the problems of this greatest of all industrial and commercial ages. The activities of the Ford Motor Company and the result of its pioneering efforts are interwoven with every chapter of our modern life.

Ford Motor Company

Owning and operating coal and iron mines, timber lands, saw mills, coke ovens, foundries, power plants, blast furnaces, manufacturing industries, lake transportation, garnet mines, glass plants, wood distillation plants and silica beds

Listen to what smokers said =

"Cinco is better than the average ten-cent cigar and—I get 2 for 15c"

2 for 15¢

When asked why they prefer Cinco thousands of men replied substantially in the above words.

To win such approval a cigar must be the leader of its class; a cigar of unmistakable quality.

Such is Cinco. Every puff of every Cinco is so good that once you start you will always smoke Cinco.

74 years of making cigars—billions of cigars—have taught the Eisenlohrs how to give Cinco this extra goodness.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS. Inc., Philadelphia
Cigar Manufacturers for Seventy-four Years

Cinco

On top of the Case

In most good cigar stores you'll find Cinco in prominent display on top of the case.

But if your dealer can't supply you send us a dollar bill and get a [illegible] A generous package of 10 Cinco will be forwarded to you, all charges prepaid, for 15c.

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

PAS DE QUATRE

(Continued from Page 7)

"I want you to be very quiet and listen," she said faintly. "You know, the end might come any time, and there's something I want to say—to both of you. At first—I meant to say it only to Lucy. But we three love one another. We can surely trust one another."

He bent over her.

"Claire—my darling—what is it?"

She felt how difficult it was going to be. He was so simple and sincere, so desperately unhappy. He wouldn't even know that he was lying. She drew Lucy close to her as though for support. She felt that Lucy guessed and was gathering all her strength together. They two would have to manage him between them.

"In a way, of course, I don't need to ask. It will happen, sooner or later. But I wanted to make it easy. You are both such darlings—so loyal—I wanted you to know it would make me happy."

"Claire," he began passionately, "if there was anything—my dearest, you know I'd give my life."

"Yes, dear, I do know. It's not that; not a sacrifice. Digby, you and Lucy are young still; young enough to be very happy. I want you—when the time comes—to marry each other."

He stood with his shoulders thrust back. He looked very handsome and very stern.

"Claire, you don't know what you're saying."

"Yes, I do. I've thought it all out. I haven't much strength. You mustn't make me say things over and over again. Digby, dear, you will marry. You couldn't live alone. You might marry someone to whom I should just be a hateful thought. My memory would have to be locked away in your heart and perhaps it would die for lack of freedom. I—I should hate that. You and Lucy love me. I should be safe with you."

He began passionately, "Has either of us given you any reason ——"

She stopped him with a faint gesture. She was very tired. Their strength, their overflowing vigor seemed to fill the room with tumult. She wanted to close her eyes and be alone with her dreams—with Stephen Rosslyn, the lover of her soul.

"You have been falling in love with each other for two years. You love each other. Isn't that true?"

"No," he said.

"Lucy, isn't it true?"

The two women looked at each other. Lucy Garfield was very pale, but she held herself proudly.

"Yes," she said, "it is true."

"Thank you. I was sure you would be brave. Bless you. It's all I wished; I'm quite happy."

Quite free She closed her eyes. Digby would make a scene. He would protest and argue, defend himself. He wouldn't understand. She would just pretend.

"Lucy!"

He had turned to her with a cry of utter reproach. How could she—how dared she! It wasn't true. Worse than that—she was betraying a secret—his secret—their secret. It was a terrible thing. Breaking a dying woman's heart. His wife—the only woman he had ever loved.

"Lucy!" he whispered.

His heart seemed to die within him, and then suddenly to burst into a new, terrible and wonderful life—like a lamp overturned by a great wind that after a moment's darkness blazes up and sets everything on fire. He saw what was in Lucy's eyes. It was superb. He could have denied it only at the cost of his honor. Between these two he had grown insignificant. He had only one chance to be as big as they were.

"I ——" he began.

She laid her finger to her lips, silencing him. He turned. He saw that Claire had fallen asleep.

"When she is awake I will tell her the truth, too, Lucy. I have loved you."

"She knows already," Lucy said.

IV

TO THE neighbors it was at first a mere headline, less thrilling than a murder or a divorce case, and having no personal interest for them.

Then someone said, "Why, there's Mrs. Calvert"—and the thing blazed up and spread like a prairie fire. They saw that their expensive and placid suburb had become the center of a modern drama. They were the onlookers at a race between life and death as titanic as any struggle from classic legend. And though they backed life to the last man, they were secretly pleased that the race was so close, so desperately close. They were very rich and very bored.

Had the discovery, made in far-off Canada, been made in time? Every resource of science had been called into action. Wireless messages flew across the Atlantic. A great Canadian specialist, armed with authority, was already on his way. The neighbors knew the name of his boat and the date and hour of its arrival. They followed its course passionately. The very weather became a factor in their calculations. They talked of the forces of cross currents and unfavorable head winds. A fog in the Channel, reported with the liner's approach to Cherbourg, brought something like consternation. Then it was heard that a special train had been ordered. Doctor Rosslyn, grim and silent, had gone to meet it.

Gallant Digby Calvert! Gallant husband!

His house looked as usual—calm and impregnable with wealth. But the passers-by, glancing up furtively at the windows, had a vision of what lay behind their sleekness—the still young, once beautiful woman, holding out hour by hour, her eyes fixed on the distance for the rescue that might still come; the man who loved her, reassuring and steady, heartsick with dread; the faithful friend who never faltered in her courage; the household, like an ironic commentary, running smoothly on its well-oiled wheels.

No noise, no crying out. And yet the stolid walls masked scenes of unimaginable emotion. The thought of them melted the hardest and most indifferent.

When at last the great limousine swung into the drive and the two men passed through the instantly opened door a sigh of relief went up. The antagonists were locked. And all sorts of unexpected people said, "Please God, please God!"

Lucy Garfield waited with Digby in his library. Claire had wanted her. But she wished she hadn't come. The room's beautiful expensiveness irked her. It made her feel unreal, like an actress in a play. Digby seemed unreal, too, standing there with his set, white face. They hadn't spoken or looked at each other. It occurred to Lucy that they hadn't really spoken for weeks; not since that day when hope had broken on them like an unexpected dazzling light. They had avoided each other's eyes. All their strength—all their purpose—had been set on the one point, saving Claire, and there was no "themselves" and no future.

And yet ——

She glanced shyly at him. Just for a moment her tired mind slipped its leash. What was going on behind that front of stern masculinity? Was he thinking of her? No, he wouldn't dare; no more than she dared think of him. They had put their love away—out of sight. But it was there. What was happening to it in the silence and darkness? All sorts of sharp broken questions flashed by her like points of fire. She let down an iron shutter against them. They were too terrible.

It was Digby who spoke first. The loved familiar voice sent a shock along her straining nerves as though a stranger had suddenly used his tones.

"What a time they are! It's unendurable."

"I know. Perhaps it's a good sign."

"Yes. How—how was she?"

"Quite calm. You'd think she was the last person concerned."

"Oh, she's braver than any of us."

One of the forbidden thoughts leaped into her mind. It wasn't courage, not altogether. Claire didn't want to live. Her living was tragic. Because everything that had made life worth while had been taken from her. It was as though they had stripped her body before she were dead, and now, if she were not to die, she would never forget.

"Digby!"

He made a curt gesture. Someone was coming downstairs. In a minute they would know.

They looked at each other. It might well be that it was the last time they would be able to meet each other's eyes with truth. Their love that had seemed so blessed, like a treasure stowed away safely against the distant future, had become a wicked, torturing, fiercely desiring thing. They had been so innocent and loyal. They had become traitors.

Lucy closed her eyes so that she should not see what was in his any more. She saw instead, in one swift picture after another—Claire—Claire the pretty child, the gay schoolgirl, the happy lovable woman, the friend! The wonderful friend! Their friendship had been one of the sweetest things in life. They had been so proud of it. They had often said, "Nothing can ever come between us."

And now upstairs Claire was thinking to herself—oh, terrible things; true things!

The door opened. Rosslyn stood on the threshold. At the sight of him Lucy's heart seemed to leap in her breast—with what emotion she never knew. His wooden face was colorless and there was a gleam of moisture about his lips. She heard his voice, far-off and without expression:

"It's all right. We were just in time."

After what seemed an interminable, insufferable pause Digby said, "Thank God!" And at that Lucy Garfield began to laugh, and from laughter passed to the bitterest weeping.

▼

THEY had given Claire a hand glass, and every now and again she took it up and looked at herself. And she saw that she was growing young and beautiful.

The windows stood wide open. It was a warm and lovely summer, and tomorrow she was to go out into the garden for the first time. And after that the wheels of life would begin to spin again—faster and faster. Presently she would go abroad—the Riviera probably; Monte Carlo. She smiled involuntarily. Oh, the gay days! How they had laughed sometimes. Digby understood laughter. He was like a boy. The littlest things might hide a big glorious joke for him. An incurable boy.

Digby.

Her smile died. She had forgotten. That was all over. Digby and Lucy. Poor darlings. How unhappy they were. They tried so hard to pretend that nothing had happened, and they couldn't look her in the face. Their pitiable guiltiness hurt her. For, after all, it was her fault. It was she who had driven them into the open—just to save her own soul—to set herself free. Well, now she had to play the game—see the thing through. Besides, she wanted nothing better. It was all quite simple. She had Stephen—Stephen the friend and comforter who had gone down with her to the very gates of death.

She wondered if he would go with her to Monte Carlo. She would ask him. The climate suited her. And she liked the place. At least she had been very happy there.

The door opened. There was Digby. He always came at the same time, very punctually and faithfully, with his gift of flowers for which there wasn't a spare vase. Without opening her eyes she could see his white face smiling fixedly at her.

"Well, darling, how goes it?"

He laid his hand on hers and she returned the pressure firmly. She smiled back at him and she knew her smile was as lifeless as his own. It need not have been. Life welled up in her like the waters of a secret spring. It made her impatient, almost resentful.

"Better and better.. You know, tomorrow I'm to be allowed into the garden."

"Splendid! We'll have a sort of reception."

"Never mind about that now. Sit down a moment. I want to talk to you. I can't bear you to be unhappy."

"Unhappy? But I'm not."

"Aren't you?" She shook her head. She hated to see him flush with shame. He had always been so frank—so proudly honest. "Oh, my dear, aren't we friends enough? Do you really imagine that I've forgotten, and that you two can put your heads in the sand and hide from me—you and Lucy? You know—nothing has really changed—except that I'm alive when I ought to be dead."

"Claire—don't, please—it's too hateful—to talk like that."

"It isn't hateful; only truthful. We three made a contract, and I've broken my share of it. I've put you in a horrible position."

"It's as though you were laughing at us—at everything."

"I'm not. Perhaps if I did ——"

She broke off, sighing. It would be nice to laugh again. Only he would be so hurt. He sat there on the edge of her bed with his face hidden in his hands—pathetically young—like a schoolboy, ashamed and humiliated, driven to confession. And it wasn't his fault at all.

"Claire—I'm not a fool. Of course I've realized—I've been trying to make up my mind—I wanted you to understand how it had happened. You know—don't you?—that from the first day I set eyes on you I never looked at anyone else; I never wanted to. It wasn't only that you seemed to me the loveliest woman in the world. You were my friend and my companion. Wherever I went you came, too—in spirit, in thought, in action. We two—we were just two parts of one person, weren't we?"

"Yes, dear."

"It would have gone on like that. We weren't just in love. We were real lovers. We'd have grown older—slowly—side by side—adjusting ourselves to the same measure. Then came your illness. It sounds horrible, I know—but just when you needed me most I lost touch. You see—it was as though in our—our going toward death you had run on ahead—away from me. You left me behind. And just because I loved you so I was desperately lonely."

"Digby—please—I do understand."

He almost wrung his hands.

"I know everything you must be thinking; I know how wretchedly I must have seemed to fail you. We both know. Lucy said once, 'She doesn't want to live because she feels she has lost everything.' That nearly smashed me up. To think that I of all people in the world should make you suffer."

"Dear—I haven't suffered."

His eyes were blind with tears.

"You only say that."

"But it's true. I haven't."

"For God's sake, don't be generous; it just breaks my heart."

"You see, I was in love myself."

He frowned, as though he hadn't heard clearly.

"What?"

"I am in love too."

"I don't understand. You mean—with me?"

"With Stephen."

"Stephen? In God's name—Stephen what?"

"Didn't you know that Doctor Rosslyn's name was Stephen?"

He stared at her with wide, incredulous eyes. Then to her complete astonishment he almost shouted "The blackguard!" and strode over to the window, standing there with clenched fists, his face averted so that she could see nothing but his profile. Still, it was a very pleasing profile. Strong and sensitive and laughter loving. She wondered, in a detached sort of way, why he couldn't laugh now. She could have laughed. But that was because of the life that was beginning to run through her like a happy song. It was getting terribly easy to be happy. And she mustn't; he would be too hurt; it wasn't fair.

"Can't you understand," she said gravely, "that I was lonely too?"

He turned reluctantly.

"Lonely?"

"It is lonely—dying."

"And that fellow ——"

"He came too. He was my companion. He went with me where you couldn't go. When I knew about you and Lucy I was glad. It set me free."

His voice sounded muffled and unsteady.

"Very fortunate; very convenient."

"Don't be bitter, Digby."

But she was looking at her hands, spread out on the white coverlet, and forgot what she was going to say. Her hands had worried her terribly. There had been no escape from them. She had had to watch them wither. Now they were like flowers in sunshine after a sharp frost. They were growing beautiful. They reminded her of her rings—the great diamond that Digby had given her, her favorite emerald and sapphire. Tomorrow she would wear them again. And she had locked them away forever. How strange and wonderful!

Then she remembered.

"It's no good being bitter. And why should we grudge each other happiness? Did you want me to be alone? Don't you realize that now you are free too? That's

This makes a *fine* supper

Airy grains of deliciousness
to entice the appetite

Imagine, if you can, fairy grains of rice, steam exploded to 8 times their normal size and with the rich flavor of nut meats!

You float them in bowls of milk or cream, crisp and toasty grains that melt in your mouth with the smoothness of a confection.

It's a rare delight for the appetite. A supper dish and a breakfast dainty that millions now enjoy.

Ask your grocer today for Quaker Puffed Rice. Serve tonight for a change from the usual supper.

Serve, too, in many ways for the children. They revel in the lusciousness of *whole grains*—the minerals and calciums doctors say they need—given thus in a delightful way. *Food that children need in a form they love!*

Puffed Wheat, too

Quaker Puffed Wheat is another cereal delight—grains of wheat exploded like the Puffed Rice. Most folks get a package both of the Puffed Wheat and the Puffed Rice. And thus supply variety.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

why I told you. I wanted you to feel that you had a right to each other."

He was staring at her as though she were a puzzling stranger.

"What is to happen now? What do you expect?"

"That we should all behave with dignity and kindliness. There's no need for resentment. Something has happened that can't be changed. We four have just got to go our ways."

"Lucy and I; you—and—and that man?"

"And Stephen Rosslyn," she agreed.

As she spoke they heard Rosslyn's car turn into the drive. Digby made a queer, strangled gesture, like a man desperately seeking expression, and his eyes lighting on the flowers he had brought her, he seized them and threw them out of the window.

"You don't want them anyway," he stammered.

She knew that he nearly slammed the door. It was unreasonable, but also rather touching and very young of him to want everything and everybody—the whole world. She rather wanted it herself. But she overcame the impulse to call him back and put her arms round him and kiss him.

After all, one had to choose.

And they had chosen.

VI

THE two men met in the hall. Rosslyn half held out his hand and then let it drop, and the movement put him at a disadvantage and he flushed painfully so that for a moment Digby went hot with a vicarious shame.

He had never really thought of Rosslyn as a man. He had seen him as a clever, trustworthy doctor, a confidant, but nevertheless a person apart, outside their circle, not to be judged by ordinary standards. His manners and his appearance hadn't mattered. Now Digby saw that he was both clumsily made and undersized, and that however much he might pay for his clothes they would never fit him. No need to be told that he had begun life as a shoeblack. The arrogance of the self-made success and the defiant awkwardness of a man out of his element were written all over him.

And Claire loved him—Claire, who had loved Digby Calvert. Digby felt as though the earth were giving way under his feet.

Still, somebody had to behave with dignity. And he, the injured husband, at least as the ——

His thoughts made a hurried jump. What he had to say could be said at once and briefly.

"Mrs. Calvert has told me," he began. "I don't know how the other members of your profession would regard your conduct and I don't propose to ask them. I intend to protect my wife as long as she is my wife, and I shall set her free myself. That is all that I have to say to you."

He went on toward his library. He had behaved well, but he felt oddly miserable and physically almost broken. At the door he couldn't help saying, "I hope to God you'll make her happy!" in a voice that gave the formula a harsh and aching truth.

This time the door actually slammed.

Stephen Rosslyn climbed the stairs heavily. He was still flushed with shame. He wondered why she hadn't warned him. It wasn't quite fair. He had looked like a fool and a blackguard. And, anyway, what was he doing in all this mess? His life, that had seemed so certain, so grimly secure, was in pieces. He had lost control. He felt as though he were being whirled downward—heaven knew where—on the crest of an avalanche. He couldn't think of his work. Perhaps in a few weeks he wouldn't have any work to think about. There would be a hideous scandal. He would have to begin all over again.

That was what love did to a man.

Well, he did love her. It was the one romance of his life. He had never even had a friend. He had been a lonely, morose fellow whom no one had bothered to understand. But she had understood. She had been lonely too. They had been like castaways on a desolate shore. They had come together in their bitter need.

The memory of her poor wan face, turned to greet him as though he had been the sunlight, melted his brief resentment. It made everything worth while—every sacrifice. They would stand shoulder to shoulder against the world. He would never count the cost.

He entered her room firmly, eagerly.

His picture of her was so vivid that for a moment he stopped short, staring stupidly, as though he had blundered upon a stranger. He had forgotten. Or perhaps something had happened—had been happening a long time and he hadn't realized.

It had happened to her.

It wasn't that she hadn't always been fastidiously careful about her person. At her weakest she had clung bravely to the delicacies and decencies of civilized life. But this, he knew, was different. It was something from which he instinctively recoiled—something alien and half frightening. She was like an exquisite, many-hued bird preening itself after the storm, or a butterfly that had broken from its chrysalis. The dying, necessitous human being had gone. She lay there because she chose—luxuriating and beautiful—rising slenderly out of a foam of white, her dark hair crowned with gold, and something shining in the delicate oval face that he had never seen before.

He went toward her because she was watching him and waiting. But he went heavily. She gave him her hand. How often he had kissed its piteousness, its veined and bony piteousness. She had stretched it out as though he had been a rescuer in a stormy sea, and he knew that his touch and his kiss had comforted her. But today her gesture was full of a subtle challenge which made him hold back. He stood there, stiff and stupid, looking down at her, and the smile faded from her lips.

"I have just seen—your husband," he said. "He knows."

"Yes—I told him."

"You might have warned me."

"I'm sorry. It's been a reality to me for so long that I felt as though everybody knew—in their hearts. What did he say?"

"Very little. He was generous—according to his lights."

"Digby's lights aren't bad," she interposed. "And he has always been generous—in everything."

"He said he would set you free."

She shook her head.

"We couldn't allow that, could we, Stephen? After all, he'd go on living with me. It's we who are running away. We must pay the price."

She had seemed to ask his agreement. But he knew she had stated her deliberate decision.

To a woman of her class it wouldn't matter much. She would live it down. Wealth and position would buffer her from a temporary discomfort. And she didn't think of him. But he saw himself, torn from his roots, trailed at her heels into a glittering life that was strange and horrible as a nightmare.

"Yes, of course," he said.

"We must go soon, Stephen. Before everything becomes intolerable."

His mind ran to his patients. There was Colonel Anstruther—an extraordinary case—it would have been a feather in his cap. But now ——

"You're not strong enough," he objected.

"Oh, yes, I am; strong enough to get out of this quickly; but not strong enough to stay."

"My work ——"

"Get someone to take your place temporarily. Afterward —— Of course we could never come back here."

Something hot welled up in him. How calmly she took it! The thing for which he had starved and sweated, tossed aside like a worn-out dress. "I have money enough for us both," she said.

"But I couldn't ——" he began violently.

She pressed his hand—a convulsive pressure.

"Stephen, I'm sorry; that was crude and brutal of me. I—I was thinking of—of—ways and means—how to escape. But of course I understand. You couldn't give up your work—not for always."

"I shall have to," he said. "Even if I'm not struck off the register it isn't likely anyone will come to a man who—who—did what I am going to do."

"But you can take up research? You've always wanted to. You shall have the finest laboratory in the world."

There was something feverish and almost panic-stricken about her. It was as though she were afraid and were trying to bribe him. She was clinging to him. When she had been ill and ugly she had clung to him, and he had been proud and happy. But now he had a violent physical impulse to get away, out of reach of that white hand—that delicate, repellent perfume.

"It's awfully good of you," he brought over his stiff lips.

(Continued on Page 84)

The real solution of the Nation's Headlight Mess

Today, almost every state of the Union has a headlight law differing from every other state. In some you must dim your lights at the approach of another car—in many you must drive with your bright lights on. Still others require delicate headlight adjustments; and so on, almost without end.

If you dim your lights, you cannot see the dangers on the road ahead. Traveling at thirty miles an hour, you drive blind for two seconds—88 feet—till the eye adjusts itself to semi-darkness. And if you drive with your bright lights on, the oncoming car blinds you in retaliation.

Now, in the midst of the headlight muddle, comes the true solution of the night driving problem, adopted today by nearly half a million motorists.

It is the Clymer Safety Light—the movable auxiliary light that permits you to see, yet does not glare into the eyes of the approaching motorist.

The Clymer is operated from inside the car. The reflector is out in front, the Pistol Handle and Trigger Switch within. Whether side curtains are up or down, whether windows are open or closed makes no difference. Turn it in any direction. In spite of approaching headlights, you can *see* what's ahead

By day, when appearances count most, the Clymer Safety Light adds the final touch of graceful distinction that complements the whole car. When wanted, it can be quickly removed for use as a trouble lamp.

Installed in a few minutes by dealers for $12.75 complete.

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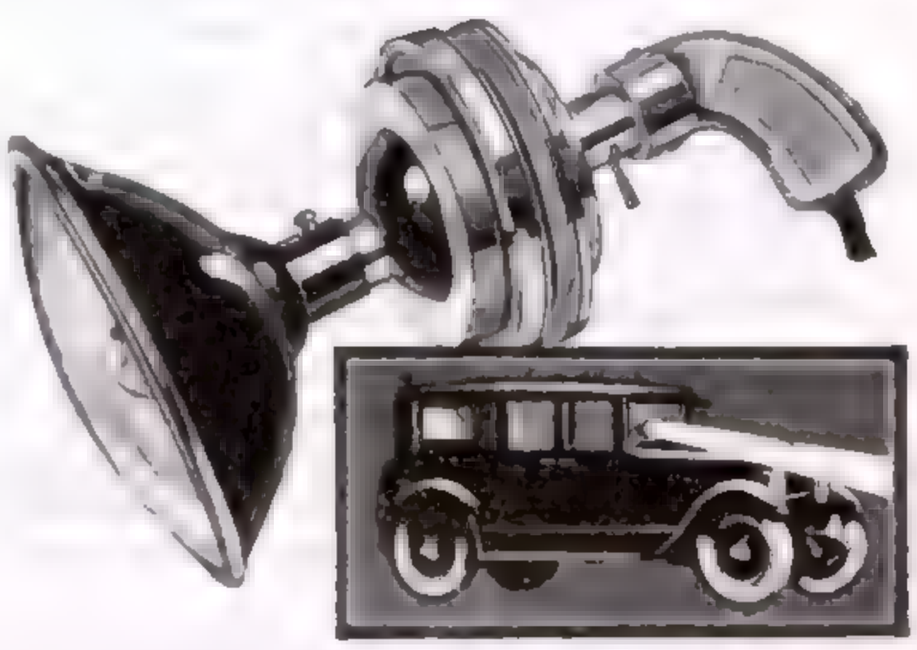

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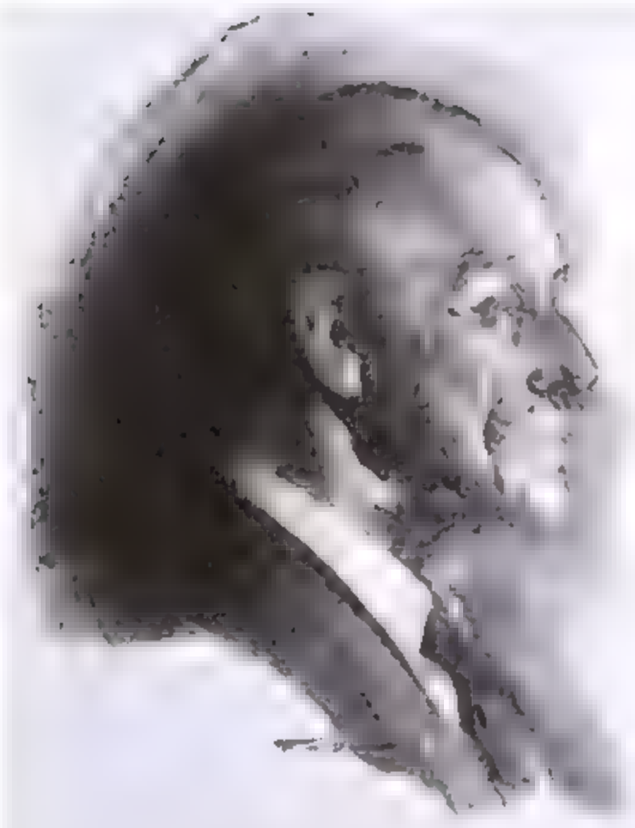

Abundant lather 1000
Quick action . . 1000
Durable lather . 965
Strong bubbles . 661
No irritation . . 972

1000 Men Voted

on what the millions most wanted in the ideal Shaving Cream

By V. K. CASSADY, *Chief Chemist*

GENTLEMEN:

When makers want to know what the millions desire they ask 1,000 average people. Done in the right way—without suggestion—it gives an infallible viewpoint.

That's what we did when we decided to offer men a Shaving Cream with a palm-and-olive oil content. We asked what else they wanted. Then we worked to excel in each.

A 60-year development

Palmolive Shaving Cream is really a 60-year creation. It is a final result of 60 years of soap study. Behind it lies that skill which made us leaders in fine soaps. Which created, for instance, Palmolive Soap, the leading toilet soap of the world.

We made and discarded 130 formulas before we met our ideals in a Shaving Cream. But we thus developed a Shaving Cream which has changed the whole conception of what Shaving Cream should do.

Learn why men adopt it

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a sensation. Few products ever won so many folks so quickly. You must have heard about it. Men everywhere are telling its delights.

We urge you to find them out. It excels in all the five ways men desire. Its new results will amaze you.

Ask for this Ten-Shave Test. Do this to please yourself and us. Please do it now. Cut out the coupon as a reminder.

Five new attainments

1—It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—It softens the beard in one minute.
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4—Its extra-strong bubbles act like wedges to support the hairs for cutting.
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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

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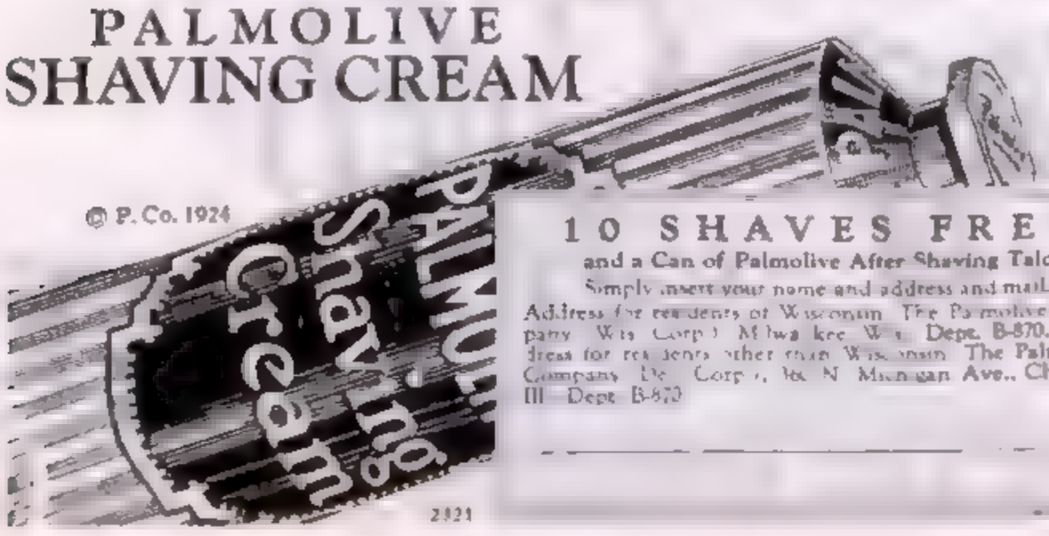
PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



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(Continued from Page 82)

"Stephen—you think it's worth while? You still want me?"

"I am not the sort of man to change my mind," he said with a kindling defiance. Then, half ashamed, he stammered hastily, "I've never loved anyone else. I—I couldn't live without you. Surely you know that."

Their eyes met. She closed hers instantly as though overcome by a sudden exhaustion. But he suspected her. She was acting. She wasn't tired at all. She hadn't wanted to meet his eyes. She had been afraid; as afraid as he was himself.

And only a few weeks ago her dying gaze had hung on him. They had sat for minutes together, silent, their souls locked, their sight piercing the outer shell to their very innermost selves.

He didn't know what to do or say. The old clumsiness which had always paralyzed him the moment he had to do with people outside his profession held him blankly silent. In a kind of panic his fingers slid to her pulse.

She answered with a faint start. The movement had been so unexpected, so utterly incongruous. It had been part of his routine when she had been dying, but as a lover there was something tragically funny about it.

She felt laughter—a scornful ironical laughter—rise in her throat.

"Dear Stephen, I'm all right. Don't."

She had to look at him. He had taken out his watch and was staring at it with an absurd fixity. She saw his red bony wrist, which always gave one the unjustifiable impression that he had forgotten his cuffs. His tie had come up over the top of his collar. There was something about his neck, determined, capable and commonplace, which made her think of a back parlor and fumed oak. She could almost smell the atmosphere.

And she was going to live with him all the rest of her days. She was going to ask him to go to Monte Carlo.

Suddenly the laughter was too much for her. It broke from her like a cascade—so gay, so sweet sounding that she lay back, breathless and listening as though to the echo of music. Why, she hadn't laughed like that for two years. A spell had broken. The room threw off its pall of dim melancholy. The world lay outside, waiting for her.

Stephen Rosslyn had let her wrist drop. He stood up. He felt that someone had slapped him across the face—slapped him awake. He found himself in a room full of flowers and sunlight and rich and expensive useless things—with a strange woman. The strange woman was frighteningly beautiful.

And she was laughing at him.

VII

IT WAS a celebration. The garden made a fitting background. Digby couldn't help being proud of it. The sunshine and the blue sky, paling to twilight, made the prettily dressed women look like living flowers, and the men their somber, careful gardeners. Claire sat in the midst of them. She was radiant. Wherever he went Digby seemed to see her. Her voice, low and gentle, transcended the confused murmur by sheer sweetness. In the old days it had been such fun—stealing wicked glances at each other: "Oh, my darling, how lovely when all these stupid people have gone!" But now she never looked at him.

"It's nothing short of a resurrection," someone commented congratulatingly.

But it was Lucy who told the truth.

"She has grown more beautiful than ever," she said.

They stood together on the edge of the group that surrounded Claire like a court. Digby didn't want to be there. It wasn't dignified. He had tried to keep away. But he was drawn back each time as though by a fine strong thread. He made himself talk to Lucy.

"I shall be thankful when it's all over," he said. "It's a wretched farce. It makes me feel utterly unreal."

"Sometimes I have to pinch myself to make sure I am really awake," Lucy said. "After all, Claire and I have been such friends."

Her point of view seemed to him very trivial. What did a mere friendship matter? A friendship between women. Negligible. That weak-kneed hound, Rosslyn!

"Of course I can't interfere," he said. "Everybody makes their own fate. But what she sees in him, God alone knows."

"What do you see in me, my dear?" Lucy asked.

He said "Ah!" gallantly, and looked at her with a smile which in spite of himself grew a little stiff. It was probably the faerie quality of the summer twilight and Claire's fragile loveliness that made Lucy seem unexpectedly set and elderly. He hadn't noticed, before, her undoubted tendency toward—stoutness. He had thought of her as a sort of Ceres. He hoped she wouldn't overdo things. But she would make an excellent traveling companion—capable and reasonable. Much better than Claire, who always insisted on at least four hatboxes. He remembered that time on the Italian frontier on their way to Monte Carlo, and laughed out loud. He couldn't have helped himself. It had been so frightfully funny. They had sat in their sleeper afterwards absolutely doubled up with the jolly pain of it.

Claire had heard him laugh. She turned her head involuntarily, and their eyes met. He was horribly ashamed. She must have thought that he was enjoying himself with Lucy.

"I was remembering that customhouse fellow we met," he stammered. "I don't know why. He just came into my mind."

He spoke with unnecessary loudness, and everyone turned to listen. They expected him to tell the story. A faint rose had crept into Claire's cheeks. He could have killed himself. It was a ghastly, inexcusable thing to have said under the circumstances. And he wasn't really crude and tactless. Only he hadn't wanted her to think ——

"Digby is a big schoolboy," Claire murmured excusingly. "A joke will go on amusing him for years."

She turned the conversation. He knew that she had meant to snub him, but he was resentfully sure that she wasn't as casual as she seemed. She would have been more—or less—than human if she hadn't remembered it, too—that sweet Italian morning.

And there was that Rosslyn fellow. Of course he had to be there. In a way, he was the hero of the afternoon. Oh, very much the hero. He had saved her life. Good Lord, he looked as though he had slept in that coat! He didn't seem to know what to do with his hands or his mouth. And Claire loved him! There were things beyond mortal understanding.

"Look here, Lucy. We can't go on like this. It isn't endurable. I'm ready if you are. The sooner we cut the painter and get off, the better. Tomorrow, if you can manage it."

"Tomorrow," she brooded.

He felt a rush of impatience. She might make a good traveler, but she would be a precious slow one. Everything would have to be done with order and reason. Not like Claire, who was ready at a moment's notice to dash off to the most absurd places—hatboxes and all. That time they had set off for Cairo, for instance; and landed in Honolulu.

He heard Lucy's voice—warm, maternal, a trifle fat sounding perhaps. Oh, he loved her deeply, deeply. A true friend. No man could ask more. Still, a true friend ought not to run off with a friend's husband.

"Are you sure, Digby, that you want to go?"

"Do you think I am the sort of man to change my mind?" he asked sternly.

"I'll let you know," she considered. "I'll write you. You'll get my letter tomorrow morning. Don't plan anything till then."

"Oh, well," he muttered. "Why should we make such a fuss? We can buy things on our way."

Her kindly mouth tightened a little. He was a dear, dear fellow. Just the husband for happy, light-hearted Claire. But a trifle obtuse—insensitive. He couldn't see what she was giving up. Not her reputation, her place in the world; that didn't matter. But Claire—Claire's love. People never believed how dear women could be to one another. Claire had been something wonderful in her life—an exquisite, serene and sunny refuge of understanding that would have been stronger than death or separation. Even if they had never seen each other again it wouldn't have mattered. But now this had happened—this stupid, awful, silly catastrophe—and everything would be spoiled. Digby would stand between them like a sword, cutting off their very thoughts from each other.

(Continued on Page 86)

Boyce-ite

Every time you buy gasoline

Look for the Boyce-ite advertising in

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and leading newspapers here and abroad.

Experienced motorists of America have formed a new habit—the habit of using Boyce-ite every time they buy gasoline.

The Boyce-ite habit is a good habit—an economical habit.

—Boyce-ite makes your motor start easier.

—gives it more power—smoother operation.

—adds from 1 to 6 miles to every gallon of gasoline you buy.

—and does away forever with the expense and annoyance of grinding valves, cleaning spark plugs and removing carbon.

Boyce-ite makes old cars run better and new cars last longer. No one knows how far a carbonless motor will run.

Now the proper and economical way to use Boyce-ite is not occasionally—not now and then—but every time you buy gasoline.

Occasional use of course affords temporary relief—but it seems foolish to remove carbon today and allow it to form again tomorrow.

Even a speck of carbon causes premature wear, perhaps at some vital part—and all gasoline forms carbon until it has been treated with Boyce-ite.

The moment carbon begins to accumulate your car is headed for the repair shop.

Remember, Boyce-ite has passed the "wonder if" stage—every motorist who has used it continuously knows that it is the best fuel for his motor, and whether you drive a Ford or a Rolls-Royce you will find it true.

You are not pioneering when you join the army of those who use Boyce-ite every time they buy gasoline but are lagging behind the times until you do.

To date over 11,000,000 cans of Boyce-ite have been sold—Boyce-ite is now carried by dealers in every city, town and hamlet in the United States.

Convenient touring package fits the pocket of your car—contains 3 cans of Boyce-ite—$1.00.

Boyce-ite can also be obtained in ½ gallon, 1 gallon and 5 gallon containers.

Harrison Boyce

BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc., *Manufacturers of Boyce-ite Exclusively*, LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

This Advertisement Copyrigh by Harrison Boyce

No Excuse Now

for dingy film on teeth

A NEW way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Despite all care tooth troubles have been constantly increasing and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

Watch it act

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will see new beauty in the teeth. You will realize new protection.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

1019

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 168, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Continued from Page 84

She stole a quick glance at her companion. She had a sudden quite primitive impulse to hit him. He looked so handsome and assured, as though he were convinced that any sacrifice would be worth while. She wanted to tell him "My dear, as far as I'm concerned you're not worth one of her shoe laces," and then go up to Claire and put her arms over her shoulder and say, "Let's begin all over again. It's been too silly. Let's forget the tiresome fellow."

She caught Claire's eyes. She thought that there was something half wistful, half pleading in their momentary steadiness. Perhaps she was thinking, too, "How silly!"

"I think I'll go now," Lucy said.

"I'll walk with you to the gate," Digby returned courteously.

They strode over the thick deep lawn in bleak silence. They shook hands.

"Tomorrow, I suppose, I shall have to kiss him," Lucy thought.

They had never kissed each other.

"I wonder if she always wears such unbecoming hats," Digby reflected. Aloud he said in a harsh undertone, "Don't keep me waiting, Lucy."

"I shall write tonight."

"I can't stick it much longer. And it isn't fair to Claire."

She walked on a few steps, and then stopped, leaning reflectively on her parasol.

"She doesn't love him," she said.

"Doesn't—what?"

"Not now. It just happens that there are some people who are nice to die with. You don't necessarily want to live with them."

"Lucy "

She nodded over her shoulder.

"You're a dear child, Digby, but very stupid. I'll write."

He stared after her till she turned the corner of the lane. He didn't know what she meant. His brain reeled. But he felt that under given circumstances he might conceivably stop hating her.

Claire had watched the two go off side by side through the dusk. She knew that Digby was frightfully unhappy by the droop of his shoulders, which had never drooped. She wondered why that customhouse official had come into his mind from nowhere, as it seemed. Unless, of course, he had been planning things with Lucy. Nothing was more likely. And yet —— He could hardly have forgotten something else; something that had happened afterward, when the laughter had passed over them like a happy wind—how they had sat, hand in hand, watching the dawn break, thanking God secretly in a light-hearted awe-struck gratitude—for being so happy with each other.

He wouldn't laugh much with Lucy. Lucy was serious minded at bottom. Her sense of humor was quiet and elderly. She had been born elderly. Claire felt that Digby and she had been born hopelessly and incurably young. That was why Lucy had been so precious to them both.

His wonderful, jolly laughter—the gay, wonderful days! Supposing she had never been ill —— It would have been then as he said—they would have grown old side by side, kept step. They would have learned whatever life had to teach them of pain and death together.

Well, what had happened had happened. You couldn't go back. You had to go on.

She made Stephen Rosslyn stand quite close to her; she seemed to be talking lightly to him.

"You see, I am strong enough. Meet me at the station tomorrow. The seven o'clock express. We can't wait. It isn't decent."

He nodded, but did not answer. His face was without color or expression. He felt like a wild beast that had been caught and made into an exhibition for a crowd of fools. He hated them all. He wanted to kill them. But also he was afraid. He wanted frantically to escape. And he knew that there was no escape possible.

Digby drifted back into the group, and Claire stood up. She gave her hand to those nearest her. Her voice was a little breathless

"You mustn't mind my going. It's been wonderful. A real coming back to life. But now I'm tired."

"When you have been away ——" someone began.

"Ah, that will be a second honeymoon," another voice broke in teasingly. "You will have begun all over again"

Through the dusk their eyes met. And suddenly Claire heard herself laugh—just as she had done before—only not bitterly, nor ironically, but with an irrepressible sense of all the joy of life.

"That will be worth dying for," she said.

VIII

DIGBY waited at the gate long after the last guest had gone. Then he walked slowly back. It was dark now, with the velvet, unreal darkness of a summer's night. The chairs and tables had been left just as they were, and he picked out Claire's place and stood still, staring at it as though he expected to see her ghost. He came closer. He found himself touching the wicker arm, timidly at first and then in an agony of tenderness. He said her name aloud. He didn't care. The world might know. He loved her. He loved her as he had never loved her. And it was too late. They were being torn from each other.

Her lighted window sent a square of shining green on to the black grass. Its brightness hurt him like a knife in the heart. It made him feel utterly outcast. How often before their marriage he had paced, a gallant, reckless lover, beneath her window and looked up, thinking, "One day!" And now she was going. Another man—that drear, mannerless little upstart Rosslyn—would take his place, would wait, as he had once waited in a tropic garden, for her signal; would hear her beloved voice; her beloved laughter.

He walked up and down, up and down. Why, she had laughed tonight—suddenly, at her own thoughts. She had looked at him. It had been too dark to read her eyes. And yet ——

The air was thick with the scent of flowers. He felt crazed with its sweetness. His heart pounded in his breast with pain, with a gathering fury. He would kill Rosslyn—Lucy—himself—everyone; there should be an awful holocaust.

There was no escape. None. As a man of honor, he had to go. Even now Lucy might be writing.

Lucy! He stopped short. What had she meant? Why had she told him? There had been something peculiar in Lucy's manner. Was it possible? It couldn't be! Lucy was desperately in love. At least—she had said so. Once. Not desperately perhaps. It couldn't be that she too ——

He put his hands to his head.

The light had gone out. He stared up, breathless, expectant. He could almost feel her behind the darkness. His hands dropped, clenched, to his side.

Lucy had said, "She doesn't love him." Lucy was wise. Lucy was their friend. If it was true, then Claire, too, was going because she, too, was a person of honor. Even Rosslyn himself, ill-bred beggar that he was, might be a victim.

And if Claire didn't love Rosslyn, then whom did she love? She loved someone. Love had been in that laugh—in that low-spoken sentence.

"Worth dying for."

Why had it been so dark that he had not read her eyes? Then he would have known. And tomorrow it would be too late.

He made up his mind. He would see her—now. He would tell her the truth. He did not love Lucy. He was not going with her. He couldn't. There was no code existent that forced a man to be unfaithful to his wife. He would go away—alone—forever—to the ends of the earth.

He turned to the door. Then a thought seized him—daring, reckless, neck or nothing. Her window overlooked a porch. He was young enough still—more than enough in love—and a lover by instinct.

The moon came up over the trees and watched him. There was no sound in the whole world, listening and agape, but the tearing of the ivy under his groping hands At any moment he might be made ridiculous forever a man burgling his own house with the front door wide open, laying infatuated siege to his own wife. He didn't care. No lover had ever cared.

He reached her window He sat on her sill, balancing himself, hushing his broken breath He could just see her, faint as a wraith. The moon threw his own shadow, black and strong, on the silver floor.

"Claire."

He knew suddenly that he would not go alone.

She had been waiting for him.

A little laugh gathered in his throat. He leaned toward her, whispering, like a conspirator.

"There's a train—tomorrow—early—for Timbuktu. They'll never catch us. Sweetheart, won't you run away with me?"

Made with Sun-Maid Raisins

Every week bakers prepare a special baking of Raisin Bread for Wednesday. They select the best of ingredients. They mix them with the skill of master bakers. Then, to give this baking supreme goodness, they enrich each loaf with the fruitiness and flavor of Sun-Maid Raisins

Get this finer Raisin Bread on Wednesdays beautiful, golden loaves generously filled with plump and juicy Sun-Maid Raisins. It is delicious, healthful, nourishing—and so inexpensive.

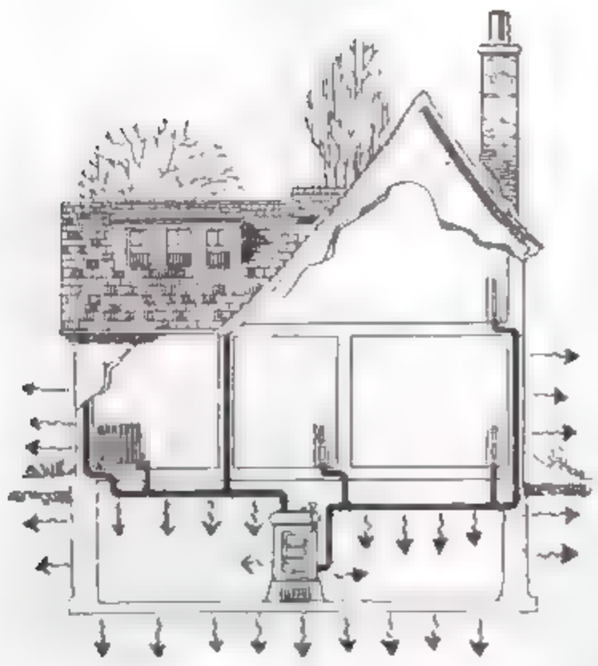
Make it a regular Wednesday custom in your home. To make certain of having it every week, place a standing order with your baker or grocer. Ask him to deliver or reserve a loaf for you each week.

At your Bakers & Grocers

Endorsed by bakers everywhere, including the American Bakers' Association, the Retail Bakers' Association of America, and the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association of Canada

To people who have shivered:

How to get more heat from less coal next Winter



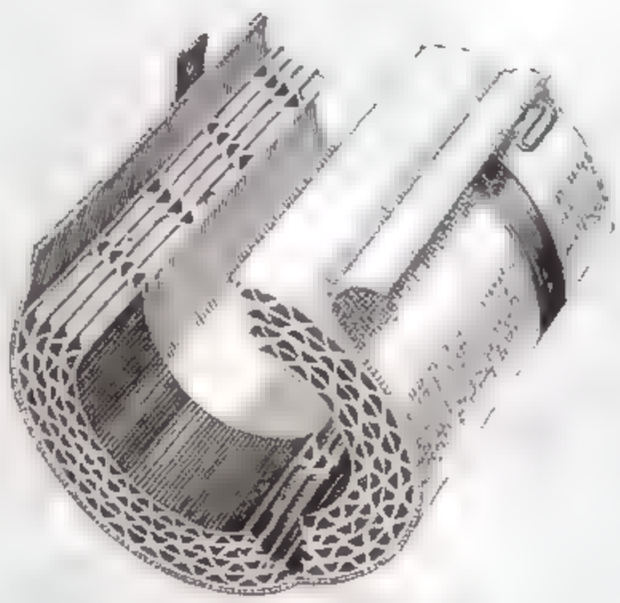
Where your coal goes

THE picture above shows what commonly happens to furnace heat in many American homes every Winter. Some heat of course reaches the rooms for which it is intended. But a great deal of expensive heat escapes through the cellar masonry and outer house walls as shown by the arrows.

This is always true where the furnace and heating pipes are bare or improperly covered.

And during this wholesale desertion of heat from your house, your coal-pile and pocket-book are being robbed as well.

Fortunately most of this expensive loss can be saved, and right now, while your heating plant is shut down, is the time to save it!

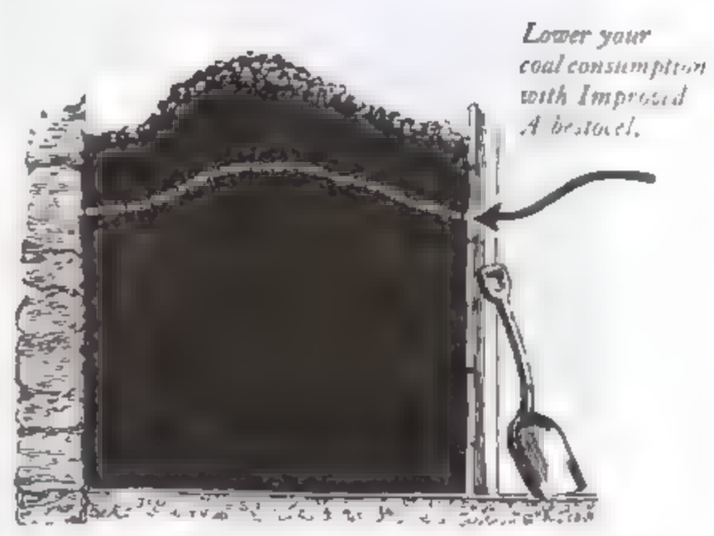


This will save it

THIS is a short cross-section of Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel pipe covering. It shows a very important detail of construction worth many tons of fuel to you. Notice how the corrugations run *around* this covering as well as lengthways. Any plumber or ventilating engineer can tell you about this "closed cell" principle.

It is why Improved Asbestocel saves more fuel per dollar of cost than any other pipe covering.

Improved Asbestocel comes in three-foot sections ready to apply and is marked with a red band on the inside ends of each section, so that you can identify it.



—and next Winter

IF YOU take advantage of the summer season and cover your heating system with Improved Asbestocel, you will save a good deal of fuel that was previously wasted. And you will be assured of warm, comfortable rooms throughout your house. Now is the time to have this work done—before you again begin to shiver and pay excessive fuel bills.

So get in touch with a plumber or heating man to-day, or send the coupon below.

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Improved Asbestocel
— saves coal

Asbestos and its allied products
INSULATION
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ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
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Name
Address
S E P 8-24

I want to know how Improved Asbestocel can help my heating plant do a better job.

Send me the booklet, "Bare Pipes Waste Fuel."

TOO MUCH ROOSTER

(Continued from Page 13)

back. She called him every name she could think of, and when he ordered her to hold her wicked tongue or he would hand her something to remember him by, the Señora Urbina grabbed up a broomstick and chased the general down the lane like a whirlwind. Yes, the terrible revolutionary—the dark cloud of his enemies—had recourse to his legs to save his bones.

"These women!" muttered El Gallo as he loped along toward the mountains. "What does a man profit from them? Wow, she is a devil! And maybe Mariquita would be like her. That don't go. Well, perhaps the Divine Ruler of the universe does all for the best."

In happier mood he went back where his forces were resting. Word soon reached him that a federal army was marching to wipe his bunch from the face of the earth, and Benito worked day and night to prepare a nice reception. He fell upon the enemy where they least expected he would be, and scattered them like chaff. In this engagement El Gallo captured seven hundred prisoners and large stores of booty, and his fame spread all over the country.

Bands of men came to join his forces every day, including many federal soldiers, for they like to be on the victor's side.

The federal commander in that state shut himself up in the capital and chewed his mustache. What should he do with this rooster? At last he hit upon a plan to buy El Gallo off, but this Salazar sent a haughty reply because he did not trust the fellow and feared it was only a trap. Then the federal general flew into a rage and swore that if El Gallo did not come in and surrender peacefully he would pluck out his feathers and feed his carcass to the buzzards. By goodness, he did not send such a message by courier! No, he dispatched a telegram instead. This is what he wrote:

"Do not oblige me to send my army against you, for if I catch you I will hang your rascals to the nearest trees and for yourself will cut off your ears and exhibit you in a cage."

Guess what this Benito replied, sir? Just one word: "If."

Well, they did not catch him, but El Gallo captured many a federal commander who very soon had cause to wish he had chosen the church or some other profession; and he captured towns also, and plunder by the trainload. However, nobody wins every step in life, and sometimes Benito met with reverses that took some of the crow out of him and obliged him to hide in the mountains like an ordinary bandit while the soldiers searched everywhere to gain the reward.

But he would not accept defeats. "A wise man learns from misfortune," he would say:

"Tomorrow it will be our turn again, little boys. I am going to make some medicine."

It was strong stuff, this medicine of his, for Salazar thought nothing of ambushing a trainload of federals with only forty men, and so he usually had the victory.

Well, the years passed and Benito Salazar gathered together an army of two thousand veterans and held that entire state except only where the perfidious federals maintained garrisons, sir. He owned herds of cattle, also, and whole trainloads of women and children followed his forces.

One day an old, old man was brought before him.

"May the blessings of God be on you, general"

"Have them yourself, uncle"

"I have something of importance to communicate, excellency"

"Then spit it out, *ho*."

This old man brought news that a federal army was preparing to sneak out of the capital of that state to jump on El Gallo from the north, while part of the garrison made a feint from the south.

"How do you know this?" the general demanded in a terrible voice, piercing him with a look.

"My niece's husband's brother, excellency ——"

"Enough. It may be a big lie—but you are not the liar. If you speak the truth you shall be rewarded. But if this is a trap, hombre, get ready to die. Take him away, Colonel Luque. We will see about this."

El Gallo's spies soon confirmed what the old man said, sir, so Benito made his plans. He waited until the main forces had left the capital, pretending to go south, then he made a wide sweep, and by riding

He Didn't Even Take Time to Put Up the Line Fence After Him, and So Two Other Horses Which Were Grazing on the Mesa Wandered Through Also

a hundred and ten miles without a stop, he hurled his cavalry in a night attack against the city from the other side. In two hours the place was his. No sooner did the federal infantry in the garrison hear the shots and shouts of "*Viva El Gallo!*" than they beat it, and joined the citizens who ran out from their houses to cheer for the victors. Salazar did not lose a man, and so he spared the prisoners and enrolled them under his banner.

That federal commander looked mighty sick when he learned of the trick that had been played on him. He retreated rapidly into another state, where he sent out manifestoes telling the world what he planned to do to that son of a gun when he should catch him. But before he could carry these threats into execution he lost his job, for the commander in chief busted that fellow. And so El Gallo remained undisturbed for a long while.

The first thing he did was to send for the poor old man and present him with a house and a little farm and several strong donkeys and a hundred pesos. But it would have been better if the general had thrown him into prison, for the old man's neighbors grew jealous and asked one another how that ignorant good-for-nothing grabbed this wealth so easy, and when El Gallo evacuated the town and the federals came back they carried their complaints and curiosity to the commander. And he hanged that old man.

About this time couriers arrived at Salazar's headquarters from General Campos Cañero, the famous rebel chief of the south. They brought very flowery messages, sir.

"He is well named The Fox," said Benito Salazar when he heard them. "Where does he get that stuff? He invites me to join him and serve under his banner—me! That don't go. Tell El Zorro I will not take orders from no man."

However, that is not the message Benito sent back, for though he was a rough guy, this Salazar united cunning with bravery. Often he would fly into a rage and compose messages which raised the skin of the officer who wrote them down, but he always said, "Let that cool a day; maybe I will feel different now it's out of my system." And so it was in this instance. After thinking it over, he dispatched a very polite reply to El Zorro, expressing his readiness to cooperate with all his forces to sweep the rascally enemy from the face of the earth. He did not offer to fight under his orders, but he could not take the risk of offending General Cañero, who had an army of eighteen thousand seasoned fighters and might one day be in a position to make Benito sweat.

This alliance proved extremely profitable to both commanders. While El Zorro held the enemy by a show of force in the south, Salazar could raid and capture towns where he pleased in the north, and then he would concentrate his forces as though for a great blow and when the federals brought up an army to meet him he would keep them occupied long enough to give Campos Cañero a chance to get what he wanted. And all the time their strength increased.

At last Benito Salazar thought the moment had arrived to drive the enemy out of Mexico City, but El Zorro replied, "Not yet," and when Benito began to fret and mutter he met with unexpected firmness from the old fox. That Cañero had a hand of iron underneath that smooth tongue of his, sir.

Money was always their chief need a mighty gentleman is Mister Money. Without it they could not get arms and ammunition except what they captured from the federals, and General Campos Cañero pointed out that money was the sinews of war and unless a big army had plenty it could not do nothing. He was anxious also to enlist the sympathy of the United States before striking the final blow.

"He is a coward," sneered Benito Salazar.

"Most men run from shadows," he continued, puffing out his cheeks, "Hear me, muchachos. Know that the world belongs to the guy without fear. I will show this fox. Scared of the Americanos, is he? Well, I am not. When I am ready I plan to take that country and make my headquarters in Washington. And after that, when I am strong enough, I will take Texas also. You will see." What do you know about that?

Just to show who was the boss, Benito went ahead without acquainting General Cañero with his plans, and raided several mining properties owned by foreigners, and held the officials for ransom.

"If it's money he wants, here's plenty of it," said Benito Salazar.

This sort of warfare proved a rich source of revenue, and after he had shaken down the mine owners he jumped on the haciendas owned by foreigners. Most of these had once belonged to cientificos who were now refugees in Europe and the United States. Finding they could not hold these properties because of the many revolutions, they sold them very cheap to enterprising American and English speculators who hoped their own countries would protect them in said lands and thereby return ten lovely pesos for every one they spent. Well, Benito Salazar could not hear these foreigners mentioned without flying into a rage, and whenever he found himself in need of money the bugles would sound "Boot and Saddle," and away that striving bunch would go to seize a hacienda.

El Zorro did not like these doings, sir. He feared they would land them all in trouble and maybe force intervention

"That fellow's too much rooster," he remarked, and he wrote to Benito Salazar cautioning him to be careful.

"If you provoke these people too far," declared Campos Cañero, "they will send a great army and drive us into the sea, and our last state will be worse than our first. We should cultivate their friendship if we wish to succeed."

But El Gallo scoffed at this advice. "I and my men can handle these Americanos. They are afraid of me. Look how fast they paid what I demanded for the release of prisoners; hey, boys? Yes, these people are my own private gold mine."

But the owners did not pay the ransoms without many howls of anguish, and when they discovered they could not work their properties on account of El Gallo and his bunch they perceived those beautiful dollars slipping away from them. Thereupon they began moving heaven and earth to persuade your great Government to make war on my poor country. Many newspapers published pieces saying American property must be protected no matter where it lay, and if the Mexican Government could not do the same, then it was clearly the duty of the American Army to do it for them.

Now, I have noticed, sir, that one never hears this cry raised where the country concerned is powerful enough to make the issue doubtful.

Well, your Government would not go to war to please these noisy trouble-makers, so they had recourse to other tactics. They got a prominent politician to undertake a journey to Mexico City, and arrange with the Fraustro brothers for a sum of money to hold up the train and take him and all other Americans aboard into the hills for ransom. Surely that would stir the Washington authorities to action!

(Continued on Page 92)

Announcing *a* New Rebound Check

One Model Fits All Ford Cars

No matter what Ford you drive, you can secure riding comfort at the new low price of $17.50. In many cases this means a saving of nearly 50 per cent.

Ride on Hasslers

and Shock Absorber *for* Ford Cars *at a new low price*

$17.50

Per Set of Four
West of Denver, $18.50

IT was logical to expect that if anyone could ever find a way to produce a better shock absorber than the former Hassler—and sell it for less money—it would be the Hassler organization itself.

The new Hassler is an improved device—in reality two devices in one—better than a shock absorber *alone*—better than a rebound check *alone*, because within itself it does the work of BOTH.

On Ford cars equipped with the usual tires it gives a Balloon Tire effect without the rebound.

With Balloon Tires this New Hassler Rebound Check and Shock Absorber enables you to float on the tires without any "tied-down" or rigid feeling.

Automotive authorities recommend soft, resilient springs for the best results with Balloon Tires. Don't spoil your expensive Balloon Tire equipment with the wrong kind of rebound check. Get this new Hassler and enjoy the ultimate in riding comfort.

Every factor that went to make our former type of shock absorber the most sought-after shock absorber in existence (over a million sets are now in use) is embodied in this newest Hassler model

—PLUS

—compact construction and neat, unobtrusive appearance

—more positive checking of the rebound

—a more effective holding of the body at a restful level over rough roads at all speeds.

You bought your Ford car because you wanted the best possible, economical transportation. Now insure that wise investment at a cost of but $17.50.

The addition of Hasslers—the new improved model—will keep your car in better running condition—add to its life—subtract from its upkeep.

Don't form your opinion of these new Hasslers by what anybody says about shock absorbers, ourselves included. Your own experience will be more convincing and dependable than what anyone tells you.

If you cannot obtain them locally we will ship you a set prepaid on receipt of price.

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Our present sales system is being extended by further division of territory. This may create an opportunity for you as our local distributor. Write for particulars.

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Ten Positive Advantages of The New Hassler:

1. Two devices in one—a positive rebound check and shock absorber combined.
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3. Eases spring action downward—checks spring action upward, producing easy riding resilience without upthrow.
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6. In no way interferes with bumpers, special bodies or other equipment on any Ford model.
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8. Easily and quickly installed.
9. The one type shock absorber fits all Ford cars, closed or open.
10. Carries the same strong guarantee that is on more than a million Hassler Shock Absorbers now in use.

HASSLER
Rebound Check *and* Shock Absorber

ROBERT H. HASSLER, INC., Indianapolis, U. S. A.
ROBERT H. HASSLER, LTD. *Hamilton, Ontario*

(Continued from Page 89)

But the plan failed. Those Fraustro brothers did as they were paid to do, but El Zorro dispatched orders that the captives should be released at once and sent on their way, and those brothers feared the old fox too much to disobey.

It was very provoking, especially when Cañero revealed all the details of the plot, but withholding names. Those Americanos began to form a high opinion of that fellow's brains about this time, and they decided that if the Mexican Government could not give them protection El Zorro could. Yes, they determined to put their money on the other horse.

One day a courier reached Benito Salazar from General Campos Cañero, inviting him to come to a conference.

"Do you think he means to ambush me?" asked El Gallo.

"Two can play at that game, excellency."

"True. Well, I will go, but we will meet at a place of my own choosing, and not his."

El Zorro was agreeable to his wishes, and the two chiefs met for the first time with many expressions of esteem and cordiality. Yet Benito kept his eyes peeled, sir.

"This fellow smiles too much," he declared. "He is a stiffneck masquerading as a patriot. Keep all the boys sober, Colonel Luque. And if I give the sign let them grab their rifles and shoot their way out."

However, there was no need of these precautions. It seemed that El Zorro had received proposals from important jefes in the United States which he wished to discuss with his ally.

"But why do you wish me to go, instead of going yourself to meet this hombre, general?" asked Benito Salazar, very polite. "I do not understand."

"Because," replied Cañero," that is your territory, general. And you speak the language, I hear."

"Well, I will not meet him at the border. It may be a trap."

"Precisely what came into my mind at first, general. But I do not think so. Nothing would be gained from it, and these people do everything with a purpose."

Still Benito would not consent. As long as he felt the soil of Mexico under his hoofs he feared no danger, but nobody could tell what might happen in that strange country across the line.

"Why can't he come into my own territory to talk? I will extend him protection."

"What? You surprise me, general. What would the federals think if they learned that a man of his importance went to confer with El Gallo?"

"True. True," replied Benito Salazar, frowning, very thoughtful. "What you say is reasonable, compadre, yet the business does not smell nice to me. No, it stinks."

Campos Cañero laughed and said to him, "I have another plan. Let this man enter your territory as though he planned to travel to Mexico City. He can give out that he is going there, and the federals will be pleased. Well, you can capture that train—and before you turn him loose, the business has been arranged."

"Ha!" thought El Gallo. "The fox is up to something." But he kept his thoughts to himself.

"You say this hombre is a big jefe in that country?"

"Very big. And very rich. He owns vast haciendas along the border and he has also oil lands. My agents report that whenever he goes from town to town, committees meet the train and give feasts in his honor, hoping to profit from his presence there."

"Wow, he must be El Presidente himself! Is he a soldier?"

"No, but he has great influence. He puts in his own officials where he requires them, and he has elected a governor of his state. With his help we are sure of victory. Will you do it?"

"You have not yet told me his name, general."

"Señor James Stofer."

When El Gallo heard that name, sir, he could hardly keep his countenance from betraying his surprise.

"You know him, then?" asked Cañero, giving him a look of suspiciousness.

"No—that is, I have heard of a Jim Stofer. But that fellow was nothing short a bum, and they could not be the same."

"Well, what is your answer?"

"I will do it."

"Good. You can leave the arrangements to me and I will acquaint you with his decision."

By goodness, Benito Salazar was a happy man when he went from that conference. "Will I go?" he cried. "I would go to hell to meet that guy."

But El Zorro paced up and down his room a long while with his hands behind his back. "I did not like the look on that mug of his," he muttered. "No, he is keeping something back from me. I must proceed cautiously. This fellow is a game rooster, but dangerous."

And he thought and thought, and none of his staff dared to break in on him. At last the general smiled, and when he sat down to eat his supper he seemed very pleased, sir.

It was on the sixteenth day of May that Benito Salazar held up the train for Mexico City. There had been no rain for five months and all the country lay bare and gasping. He took with him only forty picked men -boys who had shared all his campaigns and never asked any questions or cared what the business might be that El Gallo required of them. By his orders they tore up a hundred feet of track and then waited in ambush.

It was dark when those desperate fellows heard the screech of the whistle. Along came the train, its headlight piercing the gloom for miles. A train at night is very beautiful, do you not think so, sir? But those rascals of Salazar's, all they thought about was how soon that train would run into the broken track and how much lovely money they would get their paws on.

The engineer perceived what had been done and stopped in time, with suddenness that bumped the coaches together and spilled the passengers in the aisles. Then, before anybody could recover from the surprise, Benito Salazar swept down out of the blackness, shooting and yelling. By goodness, it sounded to those travelers like the end of the world had come.

The guards on the train did not fire a shot. They jumped up from the floor as quick as they could and ran out with their hands raised, yelling *"Viva El Gallo!"* What do you know about that? And there was no resistance. The engineer was a sensible man with a large family, so he lines up with the others.

Now, Señor James Stofer and his private secretary were traveling in a private car. Yes, it was no longer Jim Stofer, but Mister Stofer, and wherever he went, why, you could see that everything was his. When the train halted with a jerk it threw him out of his seat, but he only laughed.

"What's up now?" he inquired. "Let's go see."

A fierce voice was yelling orders when they jumped down to the ground, and one of El Gallo's men spurred along beside the train, shooting into the air to hurry up the passengers. Another one followed with a rawhide whip, and he made a cut at Jim Stofer which caused that son of a gun to step very lively.

"Where is your general, hombre?" he shouted furiously, rubbing the spot.

"You'll find out soon enough." And the fellow handed him another that made Stofer dance.

Women were screaming and wailing, and the children clung to them with shrill cries. There was a very large lady, sir, with a husband about up to her shoulder, and she kept demanding to be informed what kind of a coward she had married that he didn't speak up and stop this business. Before the poor fellow could do so, that bunch blew up the safe in the baggage car with dynamite and, after rifling its contents, set fire to the car. The leaping flames added to the terror of the scene, and all the time those fellows kept on shooting, for confusion served Benito's purposes.

Well, the passengers were all lined up along one side of the train, with their hands above their heads, and then Benito Salazar got off his horse and walked along to look them over. A soldier with a flashlight accompanied him. By goodness, it was quiet enough now! When that fellow eyed anybody, that person hardly breathed.

He came to the end of the line and stopped in front of the two stiffnecks from the private car.

"What's your name?" demanded El Gallo.

"James Stofer, general."

Benito nodded. "There used to be a cow thief of that name in Arizona. I'll talk to you later."

When he heard those words Jim Stofer was so dumfounded that his jaw dropped and he could answer nothing. The general moved along the line.

All at once there broke out a clatter like a turkey gobbler—a fat little man in the line was telling El Gallo that if he wasn't released immediately and sent back with honor to the United States, the whole American Army would be down there within twenty-four hours and they would never stop until the country was wiped out. Now, Benito Salazar would not take many words from nobody, and his men looked to see him shut this loud mouth forever, but El Gallo listened with a grin.

"So," he said, "you're an important guy in the United States, hey, hombre? All Americans are important away from home. And the farther away they get the more important they become. Step back."

The foolish fellow continued to threaten.

"What? You will talk back to me? Silence or I will give you a pill of my making!"

When the general roared like that, with his eyes rolling like pin wheels, the passenger turned as pale as death, figuring his last hour had come. By goodness, he shut up then. Now, if he had not been so foolish as to shoot off his mouth he would have escaped from that mess with nothing worse than the loss of his valuables, for, after inspecting the passengers and collecting their money and jewelry into sacks, El Gallo ordered them all back into the train except only this guy and Jim Stofer.

"You'll come along with us," Salazar told him. "I'm curious to see how quick the American Army mobilizes to your rescue, amigo. Maybe they'll send the Navy, too, hey? Throw him on a horse, somebody."

When Stofer perceived he was to accompany El Gallo his confidence returned and he smiled very knowingly. Benito Salazar saw that smile and it infuriated him.

"Maybe you'll laugh on the other side of your mouth before I'm through with you, you big son of a gun!" he thundered.

"But, general," whispered Jim Stofer, thinking this was also a part of the playacting, "you must excuse me. It was done so clever ——"

"You'll think so pretty soon. Let's go, muchachos. Heave this sack of meal on the big sorrel," he commanded, pointing to Stofer. "And if he doesn't keep up, tickle him."

They had to tickle Stofer many times before morning. He had not ridden anything but an automobile cushion in years, sir, and so he was fat and soft, and Benito Salazar rode as though the devil was chasing him. The dust choked them, also, and they went all night without stopping. As for the powerful jefe who was going to fetch the American Army to his relief, he bumped and moaned and groaned and begged they would shoot him.

"Who's making all that racket back there?" shouted El Gallo. "It sounds like a bunch of parrots."

"He says his bones are coming apart, general."

"It'll be the first time he ever loosened up then. Forward!"

A change of horses was waiting for them in a cañon, and they stopped for a few minutes to eat and take a drink of water. It was now daylight and Salazar appeared very uneasy.

"I smell danger," he kept saying.

"They can never follow us, general."

"All the same, I smell danger. Something in here tells me when it is near." And he struck his chest.

He ordered them to mount again, and they began to climb into the mountains. The heat grew terrible. Jim Stofer had to be held in the saddle, and the other prisoner fell off so frequently that at last El Gallo called a halt.

"You, Rafael, and you, Pablo—take this fellow to La Paloma and turn him loose there and then rejoin us. He has had his lesson."

Then they went on. Jim Stofer rode with his eyes closed—he didn't know what was happening round him, sir. Once he sort of woke up and moaned, "I'm too old for this, general. It'll kill me."

"We'll see about that. Keep him moving, boys."

They reached a lonely valley in those mountains and his men began to wonder what for they rode so fast, because it seemed to them they were now far beyond pursuit for many days, but Salazar urged them forward. He grew more and more uneasy, and as he wiped the sweat from his forehead he muttered, "Ah, something bad is about to happen. I can feel it."

There were many trees in the upper end of that valley and while still a great way off El Gallo swerved and led his whole band off at a gallop.

They were amazed, because they had seen nothing; but his eyes were sharper than theirs, sir. He had perceived buzzards circling above the trees.

"Captain Aguilar, take five men and reconnoiter over there. We will wait here among these rocks."

Off the captain went and cautiously approached that grove. When he came back his face was very gloomy.

"There are eight corpses hanging to those trees, general," he reported.

"Recent?"

"Not many hours, sir."

"Who are they?"

"I do not know."

"Are their ears cut off?"

"No mi general."

"Somebody must have hung them there!" cried El Gallo.

"I am of that opinion, too, general."

"The federals?"

"I think so."

That was enough for Benito. "Grab your rifles, muchachitos, and be ready to shoot your way out," he ordered. "Follow me. You, captain, take your men and reconnoiter that pass to the north while we explore here a while. And shake your hoofs, boys. I smell treachery."

But beyond those silent figures swinging from the branches of the trees, sir, they found no traces of any force. Captain Aguilar sent word the pass was clear, and so El Gallo and his bunch made a dash for it. His intention had been to strike over the mountains and swing back southeast, but now he changed his destination and headed northwest. By goodness, that fellow was made of iron! He never stopped going until nightfall. Seven of the horses dropped down and died, and he left their riders there, ordering them to beat it anywhere they liked. Jim Stofer was out of his senses and only opened his mouth to rave like a crazy man on account of the terrible heat, yet El Gallo would not halt. He had some of his boys rope Stofer to the saddle and they took turns riding beside him to hold his body upright. Even Captain Aguilar, who was famed throughout the army for his rawhide muscles, began to think they must soon fall in their tracks and perish miserably in the wilderness. But Benito Salazar did not seem to notice—he was the same as when they started.

Just before sundown, with this Jim Stofer blaspheming the sky, and weeping and praying, they came in sight of a little white church spire peeping above some tree tops in the hills, and Benito let out a yell.

"Aha, here we are, my poor boys! We have arrived. I know this place. So cheer up."

The people of the village were dumfounded to see them, sir, and took refuge in their houses, but Salazar had the bell rung and ordered the priest to inform the citizens they would receive no harm, for he came as a deliverer of the oppressed, but his soldiers were hungry and required food for themselves and horses. They listened without saying anything. Maybe Benito expected those people to cheer when they heard the name of El Gallo, but instead of that they glanced very uneasy at one another as though to inquire "What does this mean? Trouble!"

"Tell them," commanded Salazar, "that my army is following behind me."

The priest opened his eyes very wide, for he knew this was a big lie and he did not believe Benito had any other army than the ragamuffins with him, but he did as ordered. And those citizens listened and then turned around and went home. Some packed their belongings and sneaked off into the mountains. It was very mysterious.

"That don't go," said Benito. "Stop them, and find out what the trouble is. I don't like their faces."

Well, he soon found out, sir. A large federal force was somewhere in the neighborhood. They had appeared suddenly a few days before, surprising and capturing the Fraustro brothers, a band of freebooters who had terrorized those parts.

"H'm," muttered Benito Salazar when he heard this; "there's something strange about this business, captain. What are the federals doing in this region? They never operated here before. Well, it'll be safe

(Continued on Page 94)

How Henry Disston Made

"The Saw Most Carpenters Use"

TODAY or tomorrow, perhaps, you will buy a saw.

Before you buy, you will want to know the story of "The Saw Most Carpenters Use."

—

In 1840 Henry Disston opened his own saw shop, in a cellar in Philadelphia. Carpenters then wanted foreign-made saws. Henry Disston knew he had to make saws better than any made before.

He himself fired his furnace, tempered his saws, smithed, ground, set and filed them.

Around him he gathered men and trained them in his own methods. First he made saws with his own hands; then he made saw makers.

Carpenters—the men who make their living by using saws—told one another to get a saw with Disston's name on it. Before long, even Europe was sending to Disston for saws.

Finer workmanship was impossible, but better steel for saws was possible.

So Disston in 1855 made his own steel—the first crucible saw steel ever made in America.

And Disston Saws of Disston steel won the world! The Disston Hand Saw everywhere is "The Saw Most Carpenters Use."

—

Henry Disston's spirit lives on in the Disston Saw Works.

First his sons and then his grandsons served apprenticeships in the shops. They worked side by side with the sons and grandsons of the men who learned saw-making from Henry Disston himself.

The Disstons make saws today after the ideals set by Henry Disston. As long as there is a Disston left, Disston standards will be maintained.

For the Disston Hand Saw that you buy must run true, cut clean and fast, and stay sharp. It must have the proper hang and balance. It must give you a lifetime of faithful service.

—

Now you can realize why Henry Disston's little shop grew to be the largest saw works in the world—65 acres, 68 buildings, 3,600 craftsmen.

You can realize why carpenters write letters like these:

"I bought my first Disston when I learned my trade. For 44 years I have made my living with it, and when I hang it up I will have finished my work."
—*A. H. Koehler, Lebanon, Pa.*

"I am still using a Disston Saw that I bought 52 years ago. It has been filed down to the size of a keyhole saw, but my boys both want it when I'm done."
—*Fred Forbeck, Terre Haute, Ind.*

You need a *good* saw—the best you can buy. You need "The Saw Most Carpenters Use."

World's Largest Saws Made by Disston

When the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Mills needed saws larger than any ever made before, they came to Disston for them.

And Disston made saws 110 inches in diameter, weighing 1595 lbs. apiece, to run at a speed of more than two miles a minute.

This same Disston experience that made possible these great saws, can serve you if you use lumber-cutting saws of any description.

For Cutting Steel, Use Disston Saws

The Sectional Interlocked Inserted-Tooth Circular Saw for cutting metal is a Disston invention.

This Saw in daily use in metal-working shops is cutting high-carbon steel rails and irregular steel shapes faster and at less cost than any other circular metal-cutting saw ever made.

Disston Milling Saws, Friction Discs and Hack Saws are saving time and money wherever men work in metal.

Let Disston Service reduce your costs

Ask Disston

Tell us what kind of work you are doing, in wood, metal, stone, ivory, rubber, leather, cloth, fibre or other material, and we will tell you what types of saws to use to do your work better and easier. Disston issues many books to aid the user of saws and tools.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, INC.
Philadelphia

Hardware dealers the world around sell Disston Saws, Tools, and Files

DISSTON

So little vinegar is used at a meal, and so much depends on the flavor of that little, that the cost is negligible.

For about a cent a week more you can have Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar—made from the whole juice of the apple—full flavored and mellow, with a delicate, aromatic, appetizing flavor that brings out the best of fruits or vegetables.

HEINZ
PURE
Vinegars

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long enough for our purpose—we leave tomorrow. Get fresh horses quick."

They had dumped Jim Stofer on the floor of a house and he lay there for twelve hours without moving. Then he woke up and asked for water, and when they had given him that, he asked for food. El Gallo sat and watched him.

"Now," he said, taking a chair opposite, when Stofer had finished, "we can talk."

"What do you mean by these monkeyshines?" blustered Jim Stofer.

"Not so much noise, scoundrel."

"But you promised ——"

"I promised nothing. Who do you think I am?"

"General Cañero, are you not?"

"I am El Gallo, hombre."

By goodness, that made Jim Stofer open his eyes!

"You are surprised, yes? Get ready for another then. Look at me."

Jim Stofer did so. He stared as bold as a bull.

"Do you recognize somebody you have known?"

"I've seen you somewhere, general, but I can't quite place—did I ever buy any cattle from you, maybe?"

"Stand up."

Stofer obeyed, but he groaned very loud.

"Now do you remember me?" thundered El Gallo, handing him a swift kick in the pants. "Benito Salazar, you son of a gun!"

This Stofer couldn't fly straight, sir, but he was a game bird all the same, and no sooner did he feel Benito's boot than he took a swing at him with his fist and knocked El Gallo clear across the room against the wall.

"That for you, you yellowbelly!" he retorted.

It was a very plucky thing to do, for Salazar could order his execution on the spot. He sprang up like a tiger and jerked out his knife. Then he put it back and swallowed like he was choking. He was not yet through with Stofer.

"That's the first honest thing I ever saw you do," he said. "We will now talk a little."

"What do you aim to do with me?"

"Kill you—when I'm ready."

"Then what's the use of talking? Go ahead and shoot."

Benito Salazar paid no attention to the request.

"You arranged to meet General Cañero. Well, he sent me in his place."

"Double-crossed me, hey?"

"No, not you—me. A federal force has arrived in this region. That is El Zorro's work."

Upon hearing these words Jim Stofer pricked up his ears and appeared to gather hope. "Well, why not fool him?"

"I intend to."

"I'm just as willing to back you as back him. Let's talk like sensible men, you and I. Why not let bygones be bygones, and work together?"

"You would be willing to throw over Campos Cañero, señor, and furnish me the support you promised him?"

"Sure. Why not?"

Benito Salazar was staring at him.

"You're right," he murmured. "Why not?"

"What difference does that make?" said this Stofer. "You or Cañero—it's all the same to me."

"But your country has put a price on my head. I am its enemy."

"We can fix that up. Once you're in power—why, anything's possible with money, general."

"Hombre," replied Benito Salazar in a quiet voice, "pay attention to what I say. You are lower, in my estimation, than the lowest animal. Did you ever see a beast betray its kind? Friends, family, country—there is nothing and nobody you would not sell for money."

"Well, when it comes to that, you and Cañero ——"

"Silence! Have I sold out to you? Know, rascal, that before the sun sets—hark! What's that?"

It was a burst of rifle fire from the edge of the village, sir, then shouts and the sound of running feet and galloping horses. El Gallo uttered a terrible oath and rushed out. People were fleeing for shelter in all directions, and his men were retreating from house to house before the advancing federals.

"To the horses, boys!" roared the general. "We must get away from here."

At that moment Jim Stofer sneaked out of the house and started to run toward the federal lines, shouting and waving a handkerchief. Benito Salazar saw him and stopped. He still had time to reach his horse and escape with his bunch. Instead, sir, he took a deep breath and chased that son of a gun.

"Señor Dios," he prayed, "give me but one more chance at this traitor!"

Now, Jim Stofer was big and fat, and so he could not make his legs move with the rapidity he would have liked. He heard El Gallo behind him and turned. They grappled and fell to the earth. But in a minute Benito Salazar rose up from there in a hail of bullets from the federal lines.

"Señor Dios," he shouted in a voice of thanksgiving, "you have heard!" And then he stopped and smiled very foolish like something sure enough surprised him. A puzzled look changed mighty quick to one of agony, sir, as his legs bent at the knees, and he fell down dead on top of Jim Stofer, who was also very dead.

Well, that federal commander felt very elated because he had killed the notorious Gallo, and he sent the body from the nearest railroad station to the capital in a special train, that it might be exhibited to the people.

Also, he wanted the reward.

But he soon found out it is monkeying with the buzz saw to mix in the affairs of nations. They gave him the reward for El Gallo's head—yes—then they fined him double that sum and confiscated his property and threw him into prison for slaying Stofer. What do you know about that?

It was very strange. Your great Government demanded that the federal authorities should apprehend everybody concerned in the murder of this prominent citizen. They asked for an apology, and punishment of the guilty, and also a sum of money to appease his family. The federals replied that Stofer had plotted to stir up a revolution against them. It made no difference. They then asserted this Jim Stofer was nothing short a traitor to his own country, and a black scoundrel—and they sent by special courier to Washington certain correspondence obtained from El Zorro at much cost, to prove their contention. Washington would not relent. They branded those papers as forgeries and suppressed them "for the public good." He was always lucky, that Jim Stofer.

By this time the newspapers all over your country were fiercely excited and every day they clamored for the Government to get busy and do something. And they made Jim Stofer out to be a hero too. There were threats of war, so the federals had to back down and do what they were ordered. By goodness, I bet that old fox Cañero laughed, away up there in his mountains!

I could not understand this affair at all, sir, so I asked a correspondent of a powerful American newspaper what it all meant.

"Why, that's simple," he said. "Simple as A B C. What's on your mind?"

"Well, señor, there is poor Benito Salazar, an honest peon driven by perfidy into the revolutionary business. A rebel, yes. A traitor to his country?—never! He would die first. Well, they hunt him down and kill him and exhibit his body as a warning to evildoers."

"Sure. That guy got what was coming to him. Too much rooster was his trouble."

"But what about this Jim Stofer, sir? How do you explain that?"

"Why, you poor fish," he replied, "can't you see the difference? We're a civilized people. Get civilized, son, get civilized."

"Flowers bloomed in the windows and the bathroom was warm enough for bathing *on the coldest days*"

Here is a picture of the Ohio home whose owner made the statement above. It was a home impossible to heat with a base burner, but when a Sunbeam Cabinet Heater was put in the living room *every* corner of *every* room was easily kept warm and cozy all winter long.

Because it heats by circulation instead of radiation, the Sunbeam Cabinet Heater keeps the most distant rooms just as warm and comfortable as the one in which it is placed. It takes the place of two or three stoves and saves one-third the cost of fuel.

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Not a stove—not a furnace—but a heater whose low first cost and low operating cost will greatly reduce the cost of heating your home. It burns either hard or soft coal, or wood.

A better way to heat your home. It unfailingly draws the air from the floor, heats it to the desired temperature, sends it out at the top and circulates it evenly throughout every room.

This beautiful Vitreous Green Enamel Heater occupies a space only 27 inches square and is 52 inches high.

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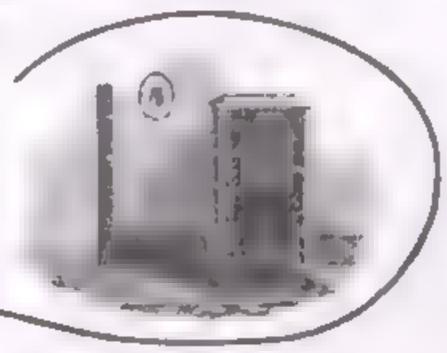

The Heater was Here

—in the living room, where its attractive design and rich green finish added greatly to the appearance of the room. By its new method of warm-air heating it constantly circulated fresh, healthful, warm air into every room in the home

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Please send me, without obligation, your sketch blank, so that I can have your Engineering Department give me a *free* heating plan for my home. Also send me illustrated literature.

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P S

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

(Continued from Page 19)

and reloaded them as we sped on, though one hand was of little use in the work.

"Maybe they follow," he explained, "but maybe not; maybe you send too many to h—l."

"There were three of the scoundrels," I said. "I saw them halt their car and extinguish their lights, although I did not suspect they were highway robbers."

"D—d hijackers," he retorted, using his own term to designate the ruffians. I could make out by now that the man was a foreigner, of a Latin race, short, stoutly built, with a swarthy countenance. "Keep going fast," he continued after a groan aroused by his wound, "and you bet we give them more h—l fire if they follow."

I needed little urging to drive fast. I had always longed to drive a motor car rapidly, but never before for various reasons had the privilege been mine. Now it was not only advisable but Mrs. Copplestone would not be able to censure me for recklessness. When we had put a round dozen of miles between us and our encounter with the blackguardly crew I began to take a genuine delight in the situation. The car ran truly, obeying my lightest touch on its wheel, and I reflected that I was at last on a journey after my own heart. I had not to reach a certain place at a certain time, I had not to return at a designated hour, and, best of all, I did not know where I was going. I caught a fine exhilaration from this freedom. My hunger had ceased to annoy and, except that the fellow beside me had grave need of a surgeon, I should have wished our ride to be indefinitely prolonged. I was thrilled, too, at the knowledge that criminal activities, such as the mystery tales recounted, should have been running so close to the surface of my unexciting life. At any time in all my dull years, apparently, I could have mingled with them by stepping a few yards from my own door.

My wounded companion would eagerly direct me to the right turn at crossroads and at the same time adjure me to greater speed. Doing this he would address me as Bo. "Take the right turn, Bo. Keep her moving, Bo!" And twice he said, "Pretty fast company, you are, Bo!" which I took as a tribute to my skill in driving, and wished Mrs. Copplestone might have heard. Once and again he instructed me to halt and light cigarettes for him which I placed between his lips.

The moon had long since gone down and a ghostly light from the east began to reveal details in the landscape we traveled. This was an adventure in itself, unprecedented for me, to watch the dawn light creep over a sleeping world while I shattered the silence with the clamor of my vehicle. I received a new and strangely intimate sense of cosmic relations, a vivid realization that I was on a huge ball that slowly turned in space and would continue to turn until we again faced the sun. It was a familiar phenomenon, of which I had long since been aware in a bookish way, but not before had I observed it so nearly.

As the scene lightened, my companion stirred and looked about him, then addressed me: "Now we are coming, Bo. Here is the railroad track; turn right after you cross." I took the turn he indicated a mile beyond the track and saw that we approached a town. It was well-nigh hidden by clumps of growing trees, but many stacks and steeples pierced the canopy of foliage. My companion became as vivacious as his enfeebled condition would permit.

"Now we come to the big gate, Bo! That's where you turn in." We approached the gate and I saw the place to be a sort of country inn at the town's edge, with a stretch of veranda along the road, the gate leading to a side yard. This gate stood open between two square posts and perhaps I turned my truck too quickly, for although I missed one of them I heard quite a crash as the ponderous vehicle raked the other and sent it toppling. Somewhat dismayed by this contretemps I pulled up quickly inside the yard and at the same moment a stout disheveled man rushed excitedly from a side door of the establishment, loudly crying, "Hey! What the h—l, there, where you going, you d—d idiot!" Then as his eyes cleared he came down the steps to us and I saw that he was indeed the man who would use language of this sort, a rough, rather commonly dressed fellow, portly, and with a florid, irritable face. His expression of annoyance vanished quickly, however, and gave place to one of amazement when he saw me at the wheel and observed the blood upon my companion's shoulder.

"Something doing, Joe?" he demanded.

The latter spoke up instantly.

"Boss, this bozo, he's pretty fast company; he knocked off a couple of guys back there and saved your stuff."

The fellow seemed taken aback at this, but in a moment he recovered and was helping the wounded Joe to dismount from his seat. When he had done this he keenly surveyed the vacant seat, which bore profuse evidence of our affray, glanced sharply again at me and called over his shoulder, "Hey, Ed, come out here!"

From the side door appeared a younger man, slighter, more intelligent-looking, who smoothed his recently wetted hair as he came.

"Get this bus around back and the boys to unloading," commanded the first man, and added, as the one called Ed surveyed us with amazement, "We nearly got hijacked."

"This bozo is fast company all right," again said the wounded man. "He knocks off a couple of guys back there." I thought if he were referring to the gateposts he was wrong, as I had knocked off only one by reason of turning too sharply, but before I could correct him the chap called Ed had come to my side of the truck and brusquely motioned me to dismount. When I had done so he took my place and drove the vehicle toward some outbuildings at the rear. It was with real regret I saw it go, for on its seat I had enjoyed some of the most satisfactory moments of my life. I was given no time to dwell upon this, however, for the remaining man ordered me inside, at the same time supporting his wounded employe up the steps.

The room we entered was a kitchen, still dim in the morning light, where a slatternly maid was laying a fire in the range. The owner guided his charge to a chair and went into an adjoining room, where I presently heard him in guarded tones request the immediate attendance of a medical man. Meantime Joe, slumped in his chair, regarded me with a sort of wan admiration. "Pretty fast company," he murmured, but rolled to the floor in a faint as the words left his lips. The man who had returned from the telephone as Joe fell raised his inanimate form and bore it to an inner room, commanding me with a glance of his hard eyes to remain where I was.

The maid, having her fire under way, was now slicing ham at a table, and the sight of this brought my hunger back upon me, redoubled. I resolved instantly that I should not leave the place until I had by some means obtained food. Being utterly chilled I moved my chair close to the range, in which the fire was roaring, but I was very soon routed from this position, finding even the room intolerable, for the maid, a quite stupid, sluggish-looking woman of middle age, began to drop the slices of ham into a hot skillet, and the aroma of this well-nigh drove me to madness. I tried moving my chair back, but the scent penetrated every corner of the apartment, and I rushed to the outer air for relief.

Sitting on the steps I heard the host, for so I took him to be, enter the kitchen and demand, "Hey, Tilly, wher'd that tramp go?" The woman must have motioned to the door, for the fellow at once came to it and was about to address me, but at that moment a car sputtered into the yard and a man emerged from it with a black bag. He was hailed by the host.

"Hey, doc—hurry in to Joe; he had a sort of accident." The doctor went within and the host, about to follow him, paused and glanced again at me. "Hey, better stick inside, Bo," he said not unkindly.

I explained my predicament as simply as I could. "Sitting inside your kitchen," I said, "is torture to me while your servant is cooking ham. Since late yesterday morning not a morsel of food has passed my lips, and the aroma of cooking in that confined apartment has become really excruciating. So if you don't mind I would rather rest quietly here, although I am chilled to the bone, until—that is ——"

I broke off in some confusion, lest I seem to be hinting that I sought an invitation to breakfast. I noted that almost from the beginning of my speech the fellow had drawn himself up in amazement, regarding me with a startled look. He seemed, indeed, rather dazed, brushing a huge and rather hairy hand across his eyes, as he exclaimed in low, tense tones, "Well, I am d—d!" A moment he stared incredulously at me, then turned to the open door of the kitchen and roared, "Hey, Tilly, get a movement on! This gentleman has brought his appetite. And don't you quit cooking until he gives you an office to—hear me!" He then turned to me, saying, "All right, Professor; come in and sit up; she's got enough to start you off." With which words he followed the medical man who had disappeared within.

Looking into the kitchen I saw that a cloth of red and white check now covered the table. A place had been laid, and before it was an immense platter crowded with slices of ham and bordered with eggs that had been fried in its juice. Without a word of apology I seated myself and began to eat, while the maid, with a detached, incurious air, brought me steaming coffee in a large thick cup and returned to the stove, where she resumed her work of cooking batter cakes on a griddle.

For the moment I was all animal. I forgot my drab past, my night's glorious venture, my present dingy surroundings, noting only that from time to time my cup was refilled with coffee or that a fresh tower of the excellent batter cakes was placed on the table by a silent automaton who never so much as raised her eyes to me. What I wish to convey is that I ate along in a rapid, absorbed, rather silly way, with apparently no object in view. Egg after egg slid from the platter to my plate, and twice the ham was renewed. Time, seemingly, had stopped its flight; I was eating on in an endless present. So it curiously seemed when at last I was in a condition to indulge in mental comment.

After I found myself studying each new egg with something like calculation before taking it on my plate, I became aware that I had eaten nearly enough of the ham, and regretfully concluded that I should be unequal to another monument of the cakes. It was in this comparative leisure that I began to recall the curious manner of my host, at first his peculiarity of speech, in that he commenced almost every sentence with an arousing "Hey!" and then his subtle change of manner when he had addressed me as "Professor." For all his rough exterior he must, I thought, be a keen student of human nature to have looked beneath my disreputable garb and divined that I was not the tramp I undoubtedly seemed to be. It was plain that I must not linger here, where my identity might be guessed by so shrewd a chap. As I meditated I toasted, though not without an effort, the last of the cakes and waved away new supplies which the woman was duly bringing me. Never in my life had I consumed so much food in so short time, and I felt a lethargy stealing over me which I found it hard to combat. I moved my chair back from the empty table and relaxed in the genial warmth of the room. I bowed my head, closed my eyes, and allowed thrilling impressions of recent events to race madly through my mind. Before my shut eyes ran a swift series of pictures, enlivened at intervals by the vision of a broad platter goldeningly burdened with ham and eggs; anon I heard, faintly, shots and the confused voices of men forgetting themselves in the foulest rage.

I awoke with a start, my body having fallen forward till I was like to pitch headlong from my chair, and saw that I had dozed for some time. At the table I had quitted my host and his employe, Edward, had finished breakfast and were conversing in low tones. They now glanced around at me and were genial in their greetings.

"I was just speaking of you, old-timer," said the host. "You are a wreck, a down-and-outer, and pretty far gone, too, but the way Joe says you threw yourself last night—maybe you have the makings of a man left in that old hulk yet, if you'd lay off the booze or the dope or whatever it was that got to you. Anyway, I'm half a mind to put you on that run. It's the first time I tried one man on it, and you bet I don't let another go without a side-kicker. What do you say? Joe's brother will take the trip tomorrow, and if you want to go along there's good money in it."

Fortunately I was able to divine the general intention of this jargon. A most attractive sort of employment was being proffered me; I could be out in the open, I could drive a car as swiftly as I wished, and the life, as the encounter of the previous night showed, would not be devoid of incident. While I considered my reply, each man took a toothpick from a small glass vase on the table between them. "I dare say I should find it an agreeable situation," I replied, "and your offer is the more welcome because it finds me in reduced circumstances."

"I bet they couldn't be reduced any more a-tall," remarked Edward, removing his toothpick for the purpose and shrewdly regarding my shabby attire.

"Quite correct," I assented. "In fact I am at this moment very awkwardly without funds."

"Hard lines, Professor," said the host, and, turning to the other, "Ain't he good, Ed?"

"I will say that he is," remarked Edward, who, it seemed, had somehow picked up a bit of our college slang. But I thought it best to free both their minds of a certain impression. "I am not a professor, as you seem to believe," I said stoutly. "My name is Simms."

Edward again removed his toothpick, leaned forward, and after peering closely at me, said in delighted tones, "Of course it is! As I live, it's my old friend, Addison Simms! Well, well, it's a small world after all!" His words were earnest enough, yet there seemed something waggish in the play of his eyebrows as he uttered them, so I thought it best to deny that I recalled him.

"I cannot remember," I demurred, "ever to have met ——"

The fellow would not let me finish. "But of course you remember!" he insisted. "You surely haven't forgotten our meeting at the luncheon given by the Seattle Rotary Club some years ago. Your suit was pressed then, but it's the same old Simms."

I now saw that he was entirely serious, and wishing to avoid explanations that might prove embarrassing, I thought it best merely to say that I had a wretched memory for faces and that I was extremely sorry his had slipped from my mind.

He took it nicely, I thought, and covered my confusion by saying, "Ah, well, it might happen to any man, and there was such a crowd at that luncheon. Still, Ad, I remember you perfectly. And how are all the Rotary lads?"

Again I was awkwardly placed, but managed to murmur some polite thing while I saw a way to divert him by picking up one of the two curious-looking firearms which our host had placed on the table beside him. "I suppose these are what I found so useful last night," I observed.

"The same," replied the host, "and I want them to have a good cleaning before you go out again."

"They are, surely," I said, "no despicable engines of warfare," and held one before me as on the previous night. Instantly a series of deafening reports ensued—the more tightly I clutched the thing the more vehemently it seemed to spit. Not until it ceased could I seem to drop the weapon, and then I fell back weakly in my chair.

"Hey! What the h—l!" roared the host, who had leaped to his feet and across the room with an agility amazing in one of his build. An acrid smoke palled the room. Edward was again leering waggishly at me. He had not risen, but merely withdrawn his toothpick, which he held poised before him.

It was now, we observed, that the maid had somehow removed herself outside the room. From the porch one heard a shrill torrent of speech which I recognized to be in one of the Norse tongues. Our host stepped quickly to the door and ordered her within. "Hey, there," he called, "do you want to bring the coppers [police] upon us?"

She returned timidly, no longer the dull, lethargic person she had been. Her face was eloquent with the liveliest emotions as she set about clearing the table at which we had eaten.

It was now I discovered that a spray of bullets had entered the floor at my feet and I was overwhelmed with confusion. It seemed so rude a requital for the generous hospitality that had been shown me, and I at once offered the most sincere apologies, adding that these weapons seemed to be of a curiously sensitive construction. I was

(Continued on Page 101)

Commonwealth Edison found need for a "Caterpillar." *What about you?*

Just picture an outlying district in Chicago; conduits and manholes all ready, but no streets, and the roughest kind of ground. How to get electric light cables pulled through those conduits, except by the most laborious and expensive hand-methods, has been a serious problem for the Commonwealth Edison Company. Teams or trucks couldn't do it.

Somebody thought of the "Caterpillar." They bought one—a 2-Ton. It's doing the job; doing it well; quicker, and at a big saving. The rough ground is no obstacle. The "Caterpillar" pulls the cable through the conduit; a steady pull—no jerks; and the job is done.

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Look around your plant. See if there aren't several jobs a "Caterpillar" can do—better; quicker; cheaper. "Caterpillar" owners constantly find new fields for its tremendous *usefulness.*

You'll find it a good servant; quality built into every part, for long life and efficient performance. Send for our literature. You'll find it interesting.

TO DEALERS: The "Caterpillar" dealer commands the most satisfactory tractor business in his community. Your territory may be open. Write for information.

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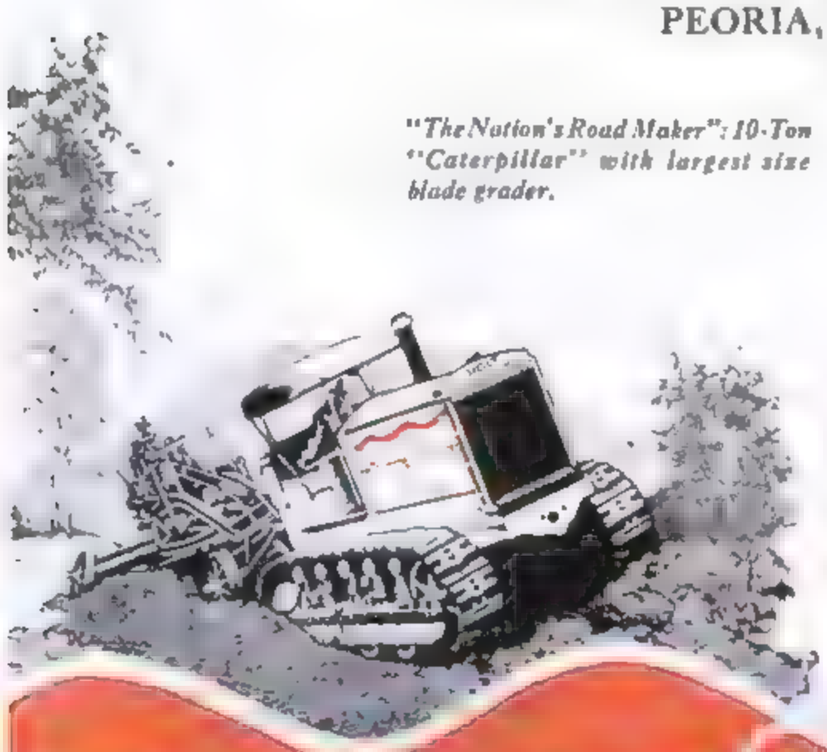
"The Nation's Road Maker": 10-Ton "Caterpillar" with largest size blade grader.



There is a "Caterpillar" of right size for every power need. For building and maintaining roads; on golf courses and in agriculture; in logging, mining and the oil fields; for snow removal and other municipal work; in all the tough jobs—the "Caterpillar" has no real competitor.

There is but one "Caterpillar"; Holt builds it

In hard-surface road construction: 5-Ton "Caterpillar" leveling the grade ahead of the concrete mixer.

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Produced by CECIL B. DE MILLE
To be played at legitimate theatres during season 1924-25. Story by Jeanie Macpherson.

"MANHANDLED"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON
ALLAN DWAN Production. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Frank Tuttle.

ZANE GREY'S
"Wanderer of the Wasteland"
IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Kathlyn Williams, Noah Beery, Billie Dove. Adapted by G. C. Hull and Victor Irvin.

"CHANGING HUSBANDS"
With LEATRICE JOY. From "Roles," by Elizabeth Alexander. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. Supervised by CECIL B. DE MILLE. Adapted by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin.

"Monsieur BEAUCAIRE"
Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO
Sidney Olcott Production. With Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Doris Kenyon, Lowell Sherman. From Booth Tarkington's novel and the play by Booth Tarkington and E. G. Sutherland. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"WORLDLY GOODS"
Starring AGNES AYRES. By Sophie Kerr. Directed by Paul Bern

"The Enemy Sex"
JAMES CRUZE Production. With Betty Compson. Owen Johnson's novel. Adapted by Walter Woods and Harvey Thew.

"Lily of the Dust"
Starring POLA NEGRI
DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From a story by Suderman and play by Edward Sheldon. Adapted by Paul Bern

"The Side-Show of Life"
HERBERT BRENON Production. Ernest Torrence, Anna Q. Nilsson. From Wm. J. Locke's novel, "The Mountebank," and the play by Ernest Denny. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck and Julie Herne.

"The COVERED WAGON"
JAMES CRUZE Production. By Emerson Hough. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"
ALAN CROSLAND Production with Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix. By Clive Arden. Screen play by James Creelman

"Her Love Story"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON
ALLAN DWAN Production. From "Her Majesty, The Queen," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Frank Tuttle

"The MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE"
Starring WILLIAM FARNUM. WALLACE WORSLEY Production with Lois Wilson. By Wm. Blacke and J. S. Hamilton. Screen play by Jack Cunningham.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S
"The ALASKAN"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN
HERBERT BRENON Production. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck

"Feet of Clay"
CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi, Julia Faye, Ricardo Cortez, Theodore Roberts. By Margaretta Tuttle. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Millhauser

"Open all Night"
Viola Dana, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Jetta Goudal. By Willis Goldbeck. From Paul Morand's stories. Directed by Paul Bern

"EMPTY HANDS"
VICTOR FLEMING Production with Jack Holt. Supported by Norma Shearer. By Arthur Stringer. Scenario by Carey Wilson.

"The Female"
Starring BETTY COMPSON. SAM WOOD Production. From "Dalia, The Lion Cub," by Cynthia Stockley. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston

"The Fast Set"
WILLIAM de MILLE Production
Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Elliott Dexter, Zasu Pitts. Screen play by Clara Beranger from Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Spring Cleaning."

"DANGEROUS MONEY"
Starring BEBE DANIELS. Adapted by John Russell from "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick. Screen play by Julie Herne

"The Story Without a Name"
IRVIN WILLAT Production with Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Victor Irvin

"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"
Starring POLA NEGRI
With Rod La Rocque. LUBITSCH Production. From "The Czarina," by Melchior Lengyel and Lajos Biro

"Merton of the Movies"
Starring GLENN HUNTER. JAMES CRUZE Production. With Viola Dana. From the novel by Harry Leon Wilson and the play by Kaufman and Connelly. Adapted by Walter Woods.

"WHISPERING MEN"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN
By Booth Tarkington

"Unguarded Women"
ALAN CROSLAND Production. Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Mary Astor. Story by Lucy S. Terrill. Screen play by James Creelman

REX BEACH'S
"A SAINTED DEVIL"
Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO
With Nita Naldi. Joseph Henabery Production. From "Rope's End." Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"Locked Doors"
(title to be changed)
WILLIAM de MILLE Production
By Clara Beranger.

"The Golden Bed"
CECIL B. DE MILLE Production
Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi. Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. From Wallace Irwin's novel.

"MANHATTAN"
Starring RICHARD DIX. R. H. BURNSIDE Production. From "The Definite Object," by Jeffrey Farnol

"Argentine Love"
ALLAN DWAN Production. Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez. By Vicente Blasco Ibanez

"A Drama of the Night"
JAMES CRUZE Production By Leroy Scott. Adapted by Anthony Coldeway and Walter Woods.

"The Garden of Weeds"
(title to be changed)
A JAMES CRUZE Production. Starring BETTY COMPSON By Leon Gordon.

"HEADLINES"
Starring RICHARD DIX. Directed by Paul Sloane. Supervised by Forrest Halsey. From "The Jungle Law," by I. A. R. Wylie.

"Peter Pan"
HERBERT BRENON Production. Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. From Sir J. M. Barrie's immortal play. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck

ZANE GREY'S
"The BORDER LEGION"
With Antonio Moreno and Helene Chadwick. Directed by William K. Howard.

"TONGUES OF FLAME"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN
By Peter Clark Macfarlane
A Joseph Henaberry Production

"NORTH OF 36"
IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery, Tully Marshall. By Emerson Hough.

"Miss Bluebeard"
Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play, "Little Miss Bluebeard," by Avery Hopwood and Gabriel Dregely. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

"OLYMPE"
(title to be changed)
Starring POLA NEGRI
DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production.
By Emile Augier

"Interlocutory"
(title to be changed)
Starring AGNES AYRES. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. By Charles Brackett.

"WAGES OF VIRTUE"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON
By Percival Wren. ALLAN DWAN Production. Adapted by Forrest Halsey.

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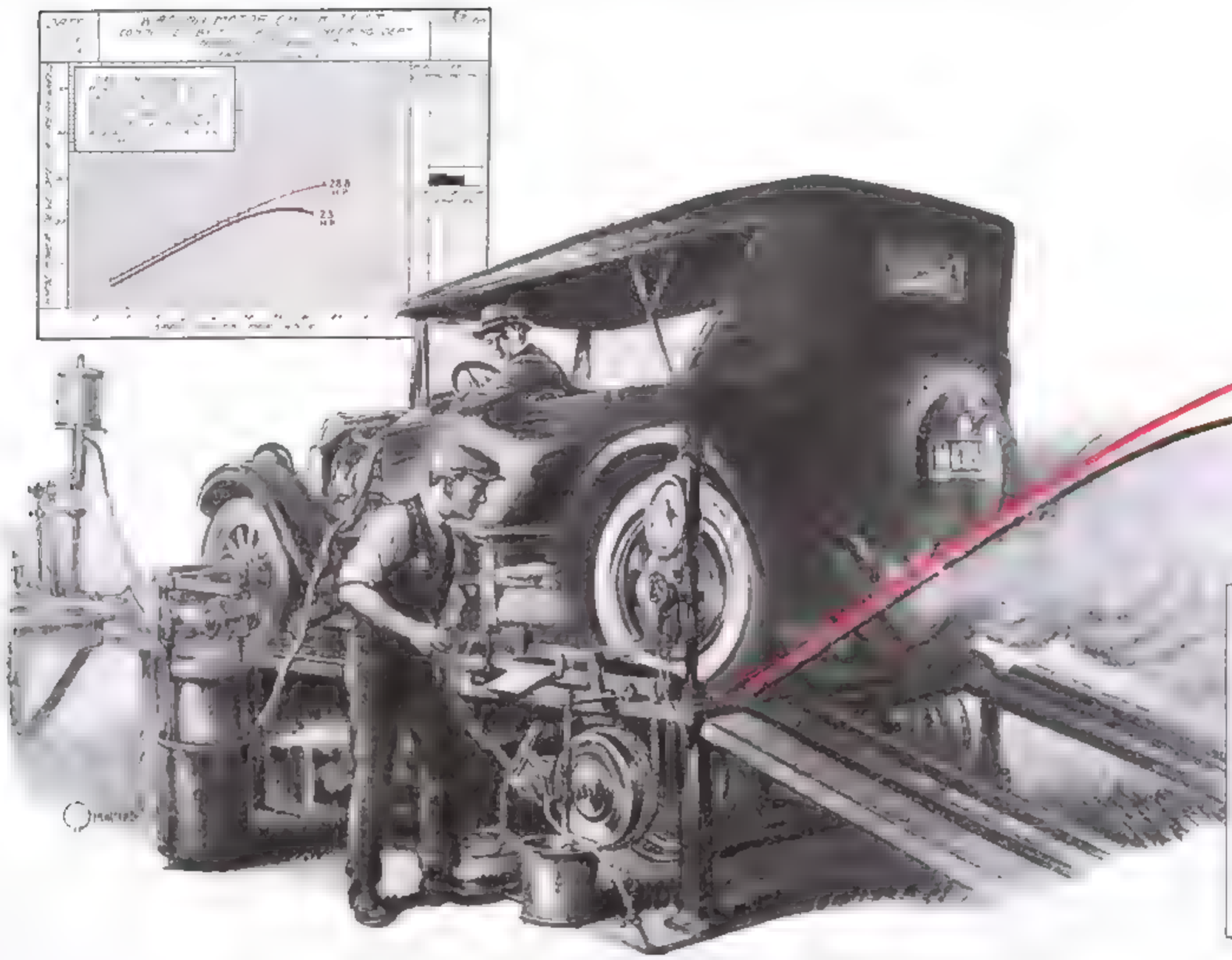

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Havoline is a 30c oil (slightly higher in Western States and Canada.)

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Not by using the glass tubes and thermometer of the chemist. Not by testing the many different properties of oil. Not by thinking about properties *that ought to* work best in an engine amidst a fury of fire and friction. Not by theoretical experiment, at all.

But, by using his own car and the apparatus shown in the picture above. It is easy to find out which oil *does* work best in a running engine. Merely by watching dials and gauges and doing some simple figuring.

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Power you can feel and use and keep for hundreds of miles—power that will keep you out of the repair shop—power that will cut down your gasoline bills.

Satisfy yourself. Find the man who sells Havoline. Drain your crank case, wash it out, and fill up with this power oil. You will change your whole point of view toward motor oil; you will think of it in terms of power. You will know, then, that it's the last five cents in a quart of oil that counts.

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Do you know a "breather" when you see one?

It's where the oil goes into your crank case, and where the unburned vapors come out, that have slipped past the pistons. That's one of the power wastes the Wasson Motor Check measures. A fine oil cuts the waste

HAVOLINE OIL

(Continued from Page 96)

about to pick up the other one that lay on the table, but my host with a quick movement reached it before me. "No, you don't, Professor," he said. "If you want to lecture take the one you just fired."

"I hope the boys in Seattle never hear about this," remarked Edward, almost as if to himself.

So I told them frankly that until the previous night I had never discharged a firearm in my life and it was not to be wondered at that I should at first be rather inept.

"On the level?" demanded the host.

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"Straight?" he again demanded.

Edward herespoke. "Anyone in Seattle," he said, "will tell you that the word of old Ad Simms is as good as his bond any day."

I was secretly pleased to know that he was at least mistaking me for some reputable person, and I now said to my examiner, "Do you mean, am I serious in saying that I have never discharged a firearm until last night? If so, I can assure you that I spoke the truth."

"Well, I am ——" The fellow was about to curse again, but at that moment the door to the inner room opened and Joe was revealed, his shoulder swathed and his right arm in a sling.

"Anything doing, boss?" he asked weakly.

"Nothing," replied our host. "It was only your side-kick [associate] showing off a little." This made it seem that I had intentionally brought about the late fusillade, but I was too embarrassed to defend myself.

"Ain't he one handy bimbo with them guns?" demanded Joe, casting at me a glance of sincere admiration.

"You have said it," returned the host warmly, "but he's a bit too handy for the job I had in mind. Sorry, old-timer" he now turned to me "but I don t think I had better trust you on that job I spoke of. Your trigger finger is not well trained."

"Don't you believe it, boss!" cried Joe from the doorway. "That baby, he's fast company bing, bing! he mows them down. I was near to die and needing for help, and he bring me off."

I was, of course, grateful to the honest fellow for this tribute, but I saw now, and admitted as much to the man who had so nearly become my employer, that I was perhaps unfitted for the post in question. "Perhaps later," I added, "when I have had a bit of practice ——"

"Exactly," said he.

"If it wasn't for that fast baby," insisted Joe, still clinging to the doorway, "I'd be out there yet; them guys would have put me in a hole."

The host gestured to him in a friendly manner. "That's all right, Joe; you got winged, and this bozo brought you off; I understand that, and I'll see he gets his. Don't worry, and now get back to bed before you start a fever, like the doc said."

Joe withdrew and the host turned to me, as he did so taking from a side pocket of his rough jacket a tremendous roughly crumpled roll of bank notes. "Now, Professor," he said, "here's where you get your split," and from the outer surface of the roll he began removing bills until he had a handful which he thrust upon me. I was amazed at his action, and protested.

"Really," I said, "I shall not need any large sum, because my wants are simple."

"Take it," he insisted, crowding the bills into my hand. "You saved me a wad of dough [money] last night, and you brought off a game little Portugee besides. I know it don't do any good to give your kind money you'll wake up in some dump tomorrow and wonder what you did with it but take it just the same."

As I stood there staring at the immense sum, Edward arose and made a suggestion. "Take my tip, Addison," he said, "and don't put it all in one pocket. Spread it; and, say, Dick, he ought to have some safety pins."

Dick, the host, at once addressed Tilly: "Hey, there, get us some safety pins, will you?" The maid went to a room back of the kitchen and returned quickly with several of these implements, whereupon they both, with merry chuckles, pinned bills into many of my pockets, saving only a couple of small denomination which they told me to keep in my trousers pocket. "For carfare and peanuts," said Edward.

"Now that bum suit of clothes is worth money," said Dick. Slapping me familiarly on the back, "And any dipper that tries to frisk you will have his work cut out."

Again I tried to express my thanks and my notion that I was being overrewarded for the slight service I had been able to render, but Dick gruffly muttered, "Forget it, sport." He and Edward then conferred over a penciled memorandum, so I did not again protest. It was planned, I learned, that I should accompany Edward to the city, some score of miles distant, he having to motor there to deliver some of the very goods I had helped save from the rascally robbers the night before.

"They got fourteen cases loaded in back," said Dick, "and there's the addresses of the four parties that gets them. You can take checks from all but this one; I ain't dealt with him yet."

"Right you are, boss," said Edward, who had completed his toilet since early morning and was now trimly dressed in a business suit of excellent taste. He was, I felt certain, a competent young man.

When the time for our departure came I went to bid Joe farewell. He was resting comfortably, I gathered, and the poor fellow was not a little moved when I gripped his hand. He wished to know where I was going, but I could tell him nothing definite beyond my intention of visiting, in time, the Rocky Mountains.

"Good," he replied heartily. "Maybe I sometime find you there; I don't forget how you brought me off." I assured him I would remember him kindly and went out to shake hands with Richard, who stood by the motor car giving Edward a final word of direction.

"You are a wonder, Professor," he said at parting; and added rather enigmatically, "When you was good you must have been very good, I will tell the world."

With Edward at the wheel our car sped out to the highway and presently we were making good time, though he seemed more timid about driving than I would have been after my success of the night before.

"Tell me," I said, as soon as we were well on our way, "why should Dick—or Richard, rather—insist upon addressing me as Professor? Do not think the question an idle one; I have a reason for wishing to know. Is there something in my appearance that explains it? Surely I am garbed like a workingman."

"You surely are, old sport," he answered. "And I don't really know why Richard should address you in that manner unless it is that you wear spectacles. If you took those off your disguise would be perfect; not a soul would ever dream of calling you Professor."

I fell to wondering if indeed so slight an item might wholly alter my looks, but I had not liked the use of his word "disguise," so I changed the subject by inquiring about the worth of the goods I had helped to save. Edward turned to smile upon me. "Worth a lot of dough to Dick," he replied. "Piled in the back here is about a thousand dollars' worth."

At this I wondered about the nature of goods so costly. "Silk?" I ventured.

But Edward answered evasively, "Finer than silk." And with this I was obliged to be content.

Edward spoke later about my life on the road, as he called it, and I was not a little vexed by his calm assumption that I was a victim of the drink habit, yet I saw no way of refuting this without revealing too much about myself.

At ten o'clock we were traversing the outskirts of the city, and ere long we skirted the edge of a vast green park where, it occurred to me, I might pleasantly spend a few hours, so I said as much, and Edward stopped to let me out. I then assured him that I should retain the most pleasant memories of our brief association.

He thanked me and said at parting, "Remember, Bo, you have a bum suit but it is lined with kale. So try to wake up tomorrow with something besides the safety pins upon you. And do not talk to any strangers. So long!"

He drove off with a cheerful wave of the hand, and I crossed the street to a news stand so that I might have reading matter while I rested in the pleasant park.

IV

THE drug-store news stand had but a meager assortment of periodicals; none that I would have chosen from a proper stock. But I purchased the least frivolous of them and entered the park in search of a nook where I could pass a few pleasant hours undisturbed. I found presently a rustic seat on which I made myself comfortable. My surroundings were conducive to quiet. Birds piped in the trees, a green turf spread away from me, and near by a dozen children played at games while their nurses chatted on another bench. Coming so directly from an atmosphere of tension I relaxed in the idyllic peace of the place and sought forgetfulness in the pages of my periodical.

Soon I was deep in a thoughtful article disclosing that we of America dance above a volcano by reason of our insensate pursuit of pleasure in cabarets, those gilded resorts in which the vicious night life of Paris is reproduced and even overdrawn. Home life, I learned, was now extinct, and we no longer give a thought to the morrow. I was sure I had done well to break from my prison, because this alarming news had never reached Fairwater—or at least my own immediate circle. I had been living in a fool's paradise, and only beyond its bounds could I have learned of the country's peril.

After a time of reading I chanced to glance up, musing on this dreadful new knowledge I had gained. Down the winding walk that passed before my bench sauntered a terrifying figure all too well known to me; none other than Bertrand Meigs, long since detested as Fairwater's demon alumnus. Even at a considerable distance the slight wiry frame, the loudish suit of checks, the straw hat ribboned with the colors of his college club, the rattan stick, made his identity all too certain. He is an irresponsible person of youngish—far too young—middle age; indeed I believe his was the class of '04; yet each year at commencement time he infests the campus in a striped blazer, and by sheer force of character becomes a leader of all activities. If nothing better offers he will assemble any random group of students and insist with a sort of grim frivolity upon leading them in the college yell. His energy is tireless and he presumes outrageously upon his seniority. I have known him approach our president while in the ceremonial robes of his office, slap him rudely on the back and proffer him a cigar from one of his waistcoat pockets, either of which seems to spout cigars like a fountain. He makes himself equally familiar with other members of the faculty. Me, for example, he has for years addressed as Coppie, even in mixed company, yet of his actual college time I have but the faintest recollection, being positive only that he never majored in history. He is, in short, a busybody, an annual pest, as Fargus Jessup has said. It was Jessup also who first called him the demon alumnus. He has, withal, a kind heart and a sincere interest in the well-being of Fairwater, wherefore much is forgiven him.

As the creature neared me I bent my head low over my magazine. He passed at a slow saunter and I supposed would not even glance at a person so insignificant as I appeared. Yet, lifting my eyes after he passed, I was chilled to notice that he had half turned and was looking back at me not with recognition, to be sure, yet with faintly stirred interest. I had the presence of mind not to betray that I observed his look, and presently he resumed his stroll, though more slowly, going on as one in a state of indecision.

I sat motionless, slanting my glance only enough to perceive that a score of yards farther on he again turned to regard me, almost stopping in his tracks as he did so. He found me still inert, but the moment he went on and a bend in the walk brought a stretch of shrubbery to intervene, I was up and footing it briskly in the opposite direction. I saw that the fellow might ruin all. He would have read of my disappearance, and in passing had been stirred by something familiar. I had once heard Fargus Jessup speculate interestingly as to whether this nuisance could have any other occupation than being a Fairwater alumnus; whether, between commencements, he might not hibernate in a cavern or perhaps sew himself up in a cocoon such being the fashion of Jessup's coarse humor. And now, as I practically fled from the creature, I found myself wishing that if he did have any serious purpose in life, he might be pursuing it instead of making himself objectionable in a public park. However, I saw with relief that he had not turned back, and I was presently in a maze of pathways where he would have found it difficult to trace me.

Following one of these I issued to a compound where wild animals were shut in cages, but as groups of people stood before these I thought it wiser to keep on until I had gained the brow of a hill beyond, where I again hoped to find a secluded bench on which to continue my reading of our country's plight.

Reaching the summit of this rise I saw that a fenced half acre of it was brown and bare and given over to the burrows of what I detected to be prairie dogs, a small American rodent allied to the marmots, many of whom were now erecting themselves rigidly at the mouths of their homes or scampering about in a hurried but aimless fashion. The spot seemed too unattractive to lure onlookers. I sank to rest on a bench overlooking it and again fell to my reading.

It seemed I was not to remain alone, however. Five minutes later a man oddly garbed and of striking appearance strode up the hill and, without noticing me, came not far from my seat and leaned over the fence to regard the rodents. He was tall, and of rather a harsh personality, but what marked him for me was his hat and his hair. The hat was immense, with a spreading brim and high crown, drab in color, and from beneath it the hair hung in ringlets well upon the shoulders of a not too modish coat. The person wore also a voluminous mustache with drooping ends. His face was dark and the eyes showed a saturnine glint under the wide hatbrim.

As he leaned there he seemed to be sunk in dejection, staring blankly at the colony of animals, and twice while I regarded him he drew a long sigh.

And now I became more interested in this figure than in my periodical, for I had identified him with picturesque creatures once observed in a wild Far Western entertainment. He would be of the famed Rocky Mountains, a cowboy or herdsman. In a conversational tone, for he was hanging above the fence hardly ten feet from me, I remarked, "They are a small American rodent allied to the marmots."

At my words he slowly turned, gazed at me quite without interest and asked in a drawl dark with cynicism, "Is that so?" the word "so" being heavily emphasized. He then resumed his listless stare at the animals, paying me no more heed.

He was a wild-looking man, yet I could not avoid thinking his wildness calculated. He seemed a bit unreal, like a person in fiction. Determined, however, to engage him in converse, I presently addressed him again:

"Perhaps you have not seen this very interesting article in which it is said that we, as a people, are dancing on the volcano's edge in those gilded resorts where the vicious night life of Paris is being reproduced and even overdrawn."

Hereupon the fellow once more turned to regard me briefly, but made no answer and lapsed into his droop of silent dejection.

Again, after a moment I remarked, "Every thoughtful citizen must be alarmed to discover that our home life is becoming extinct do you not think so?"

This time he sighed drearily, but came over and seated himself by me with something like a groan.

"Quit your kidding, old-timer," he crisply said; and added in a tone of not unkindly inquiry, "Things breaking rotten for you too?"

Being uncertain of the import of this speech I asked, "Do you know the Rocky Mountains?"

"Do I know the Rocky Mountains?" he repeated. "Listen, Bill, I knew them mountains when they wasn't that high" And he held his hand to within a few inches of the paved walk before us. I of course recognized this as a fashion of humorous hyperbole and laughed heartily, whereupon he gestured toward the colony of rodents and went on in a confidential tone, "Say, this here spot is the only spot in the whole town where I can get any home feeling I just come here and look at them dogs and that stretch of bare ground till I'm likely to break down and sob for homesickness"

As there was a note of genuine melancholy in his tone I thought best to divert him. "Those creatures," I said, "are not, I believe, hunted as game in the Far West. Are they considered, by any chance, good to eat?"

"Good to eat!" he exclaimed with real vivacity. "Say, Bill, I dare you to climb that fence and catch one for me; just bring one here and see what happens, that's all I ask." This, of course, was another of his absurdities of a significance not plain to me, so I made no comment, whereupon he continued, "If I couldn't eat a prairie dog my name ain't Sooner Jackson"

"Sooner Jackson," I repeated, struck by the racy quaintness of it.

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"The same," he answered, "and my middle name is Calamity, if anyone should ask you."

This, of course, was improbable, but I was impressed by the singularity of the two names. Then, feeling that he would expect the return courtesy I said, "My own name is Simms—Addison Simms." I felt rather than saw him regard me sharply, and in some confusion I added, "From Tacoma."

The fellow's eyes lightened and he said, "Don't you mean Seattle?"

My confusion became more marked and I fear my reply was a bit stammering. "From Seattle originally," I said, "but Tacoma, which is a near-by city, has been my home for some months."

The chap now grinned broadly at me, and said, rather wearily, "All right, all right, Bill! Kid me along! Feeling pretty good, ain't you, like you must have et lately?"

"I ate a very hearty breakfast not so many hours ago," I admitted. "There was a stupid, sullen-looking maid, Tilly her name was—though she fled when I began to shoot—but she made the most excellent batter cakes I have ever tasted, and the moment I removed a piece of ham from the plate she would put another in its place. Her coffee, also ——" I broke off because of the queerness of my listener's look. It had grown not only fierce but personally threatening. Suddenly his hand closed over my wrist like a gyve.

"Don't, Bill," he muttered. "Don't do it, because I might kill you." He said the absurd thing so simply that I suddenly saw the truth.

"When did you eat last?" I demanded.

Releasing my wrist he answered in a tone again light, "Yesterday morning at ten o'clock, by daylight squandering, I et the very last of a forty-dollar silver-mounted banjo with jeweled frets, but promise me you'll never tell a soul. I don't want to get talked about in a hick town like this." Such were his actual words, and I had no doubt that hunger had made the man delirious.

"Listen to me quietly, Mr. Jackson," I said. "As I came past that animal reserve below us I noticed a refreshment booth just beyond the cage of panthers—I believe they were panthers—and there seemed to be sandwiches for sale. For reasons of my own I prefer not to go down into that crowd, but I will let you have money if you care to go and purchase food." He seemed to be dazed by this speech; his eyes like those of a wounded animal followed my movements as I reached for the loose money in my trousers pocket. "I am certain there appeared to be sandwiches on the counter," I said, and debated the sum he would need. "How many would you be likely to eat?"

"How many did there seem to be?" he hoarsely demanded, and with a lightning-like swoop of his hand he was off down the hill, taking one of my bills. Now, too late, I reflected that this fellow was doubtless a sharper or confidence man. He had given me an assumed name—Sooner Calamity Jackson was so obviously just that. Edward had been right to warn me against having talk with strangers, and foresighted indeed had he been in suggesting that my money be not all kept in one pocket. Yet while I mused upon the manner in which I had been defrauded I saw that I had done Mr. Jackson an injustice, for he came panting up the incline, a paper bundle in the crook of one arm and carrying a large bottle of milk. As he came his dark curls fluttered backward in the breeze and his long, somewhat severe countenance wore a look of exaltation. He advanced to the seat, put down the bottle of milk, undid his bundle and, laying a great number of sandwiches between us, began to attack them in almost a bestial manner.

For a considerable time he ate in silence, at intervals sipping from his bottle of milk, and at last, somewhat restored, he reached into a pocket and returned me a handful of silver as change from my bill. Then again he fell to his food, though managing it now in more seemly fashion, and presently with a reviving appetite of my own I joined him, finding the sandwiches indeed not unwelcome.

Observing this he offered to get me a bottle of milk, he having finished his own, but I declined, fearing it would look unbecoming of me to drink milk from a bottle in so public a place. He then suggested another beverage. "They got some of that near-beer down there too. I'll get you a bottle of that if you say so—though it's tame stuff, like kissing your Aunt Hester."

This, too, I declined, and we were presently chatting of life in the Rocky Mountains. I asked him if he had done much panther hunting, but he shook his head, saying he would never hunt them if they did not hunt him; that "Live and let live" was his motto. I told him then of some reading I had done where panther hunts were described, and it was now for the first time that he addressed me as professor, so that I saw my spectacles must again have betrayed me. Determining to throw him off the track, as the saying is, I saw it would be wise to adopt his own ungrammatical lingo, rich in double negatives, contractions and other vulgarisms.

"Listen, Bill," I said, "I ain't no professor nor never was. I am a pretty fast baby and a handy bimbo with firearms, and last night I knocked off a couple of guys back there."

He stared at me quizzically during this speech and continued to stare a long time after I had finished it with a ring of defiance. Then, to my amazement he said slowly, with his eyes on mine, "Professor, I will venture the assertion that you are one whale of an old liar."

This nettled me and I retorted with some spirit, "You may keep your vile insinuations to yourself, if you please, but it's all true. I knocked off a couple of guys and brought off Joe when they were about to put him in a hole and at this very moment, although I wear a bum or inferior suit, I have a number of dollars of kale in many of its pockets—pinned in so that I may not be frisked except with difficulty."

Mr. Jackson was now staring at me, open-mouthed, rather pitiable in his undoubted confusion. "You win," he said briefly. Then after a careful scrutiny, "And what singed your eyebrows?"

"That occurred," I explained, "when I set fire to the house, the gasoline proving highly inflammable."

Again he fastened upon me his peculiar stare of half-persuaded incredulity. "Well I'll be ——" he began, but did not carry the speech to what I am sure would have been its profane end. "You little old murderer—and a firebug too!"

"Promise me not to tell a soul," I said.

"Don't worry about that, old-timer, but ain't they likely to do something with you? I don't want to pry, but how far away from here was all this ruckus [affair]?"

"Back there," I said, not caring to be more definite, and then recalling the suspicious stare of the Fairwater nuisance, Bertrand Meigs, I added, "I don't mind telling you that a certain man passed me not so long ago in this pack who regarded me very suspiciously. In fact he knows me and seemed to recognize me in spite of the fact, which, of course, you could not know, that I am pretty thoroughly disguised."

"Then you better get out of here quick." Mr. Jackson, I was glad to see, no longer thought me a boaster and was becoming alert and businesslike. "I'll tell you ——"

At that moment, coming up the path that led past our bench, I saw the gaw-hatted head of Bertrand Meigs, who advanced, twirling his stick and glancing right and left. "Hist!" I said to my companion—a word I had gleaned from one of Leffingwell's stories—"there he is again!"

Mr. Jackson saw the figure I indicated, and instantly froze to a frowning abstraction, at the same time demanding skillfully from a corner of his mouth and in a low tone, "Is he a detective?"

Instantly it occurred to me that this might really be the vocation of Meigs, never suspected by us at Fairwater. "I think he is," I answered.

As he came before us Meigs halted a bit uncertainly, whereupon I glanced coldly up at him, and my companion did the same. "Hello, Coppie," he hailed me, though I could see he was on his guard.

"I think you have made a mistake," I said shortly.

"Have a cigar," said the intolerable creature, taking one from an upper waistcoat pocket, as usual crowded with them.

I waved the thing off with a gesture of repugnance. "No, thank you," I said severely. But the man would not be rebuffed.

"Say, Coppie, on the level ——" he was beginning in his most offensive manner when Mr. Jackson spoke up impatiently.

"On your way, friend; you're hiding the view. This gent you're misnaming is old Pete Johnson from Moose Jaw that married my wife's cousin."

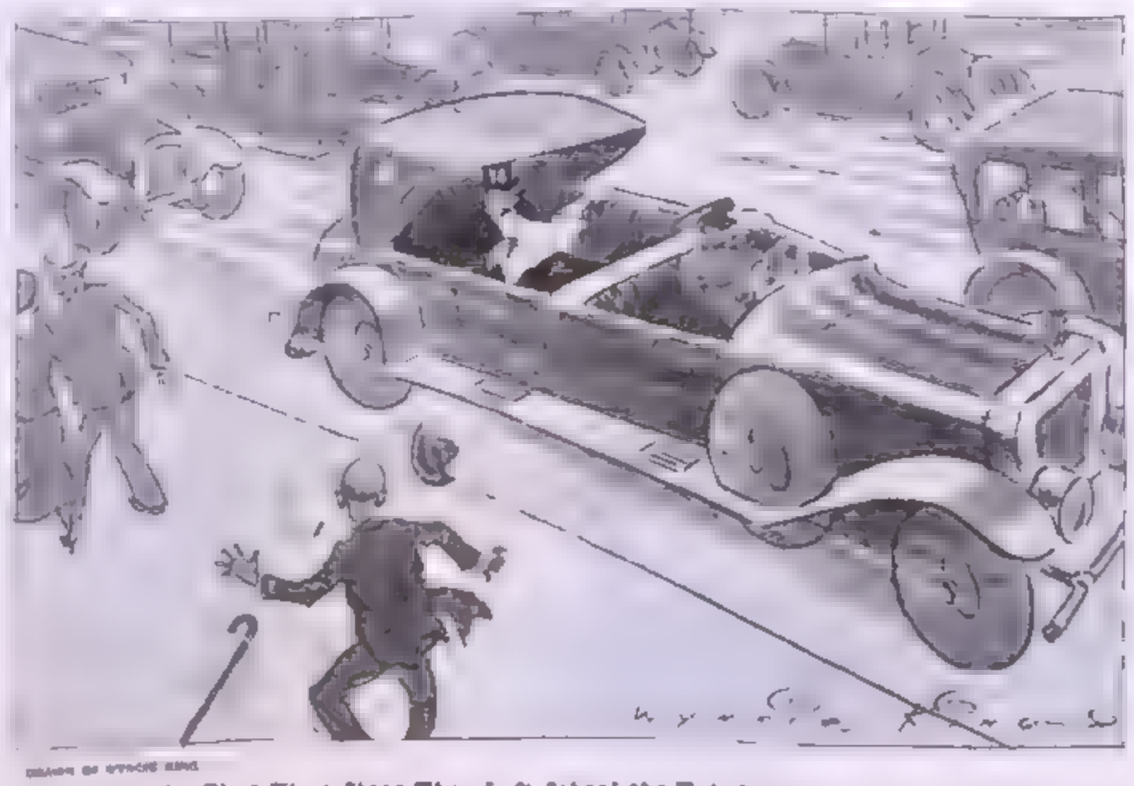
At this the Meigs creature laughed loudly and did one of his abandoned dance steps I had so often witnessed in the Fairwater halls. "Yes, he is!" he cried with gay sarcasm, so that I saw the clever device of Mr. Jackson had not availed and that I must speak for myself.

"I am Addison Simms of Seattle," I said stoutly. "I have never met you and I have seen enough of you to know I should never care to. Let me detain you no longer."

I had thought to freeze the fellow with this, but now he again emitted his offensive laugh and said, "Ah, yes, Mr. Simms, I understand; I understand perfectly. And do you mind telling me if there is any truth in the report that you have become engaged to that poor girl who orders so many chicken salads? If it's true, allow me to congratulate you both. You deserve each other. And so"—he turned as if to go, but paused, leering waggishly at me—"as far as I am concerned—remember—there is as yet no news of the missing man. Foul play is still suspected." With a final flourish of his stick the intolerable creature returned down the walk, glancing back to laugh in a boisterous and insulting way.

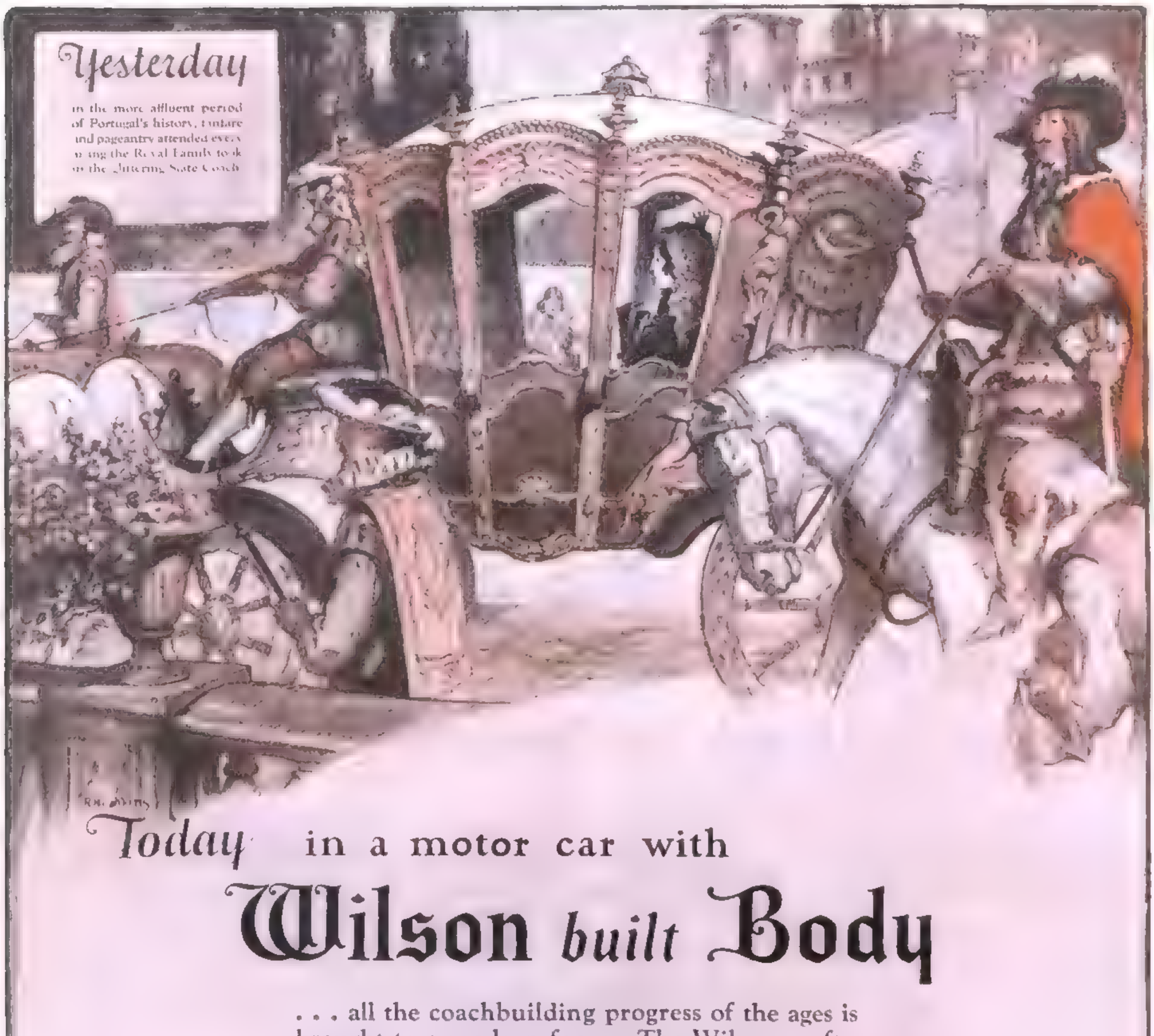
For some moments Mr. Jackson and I sat in silence, I trying to wrest a meaning from the speech about a young lady who ordered chicken salads. It seemed utter nonsense and yet must have been spoken with a purpose. I gathered, too, that Meigs, while certain of my identity, had wished to tell me that he would keep his meeting with me secret.

As I reflected thus my companion grasped me by the arm and said explosively, "You poor nut-head, come on out of this. You are no more fit to be left alone than a babe in its mother's arms. For G——'s sake why do you keep springing that stale Simms gag? You come with me and get under cover."



For the First Time Since They Left School the Valedictorian Gets a Glimpse of the Dumb-Bell of the Class

(TO BE CONTINUED)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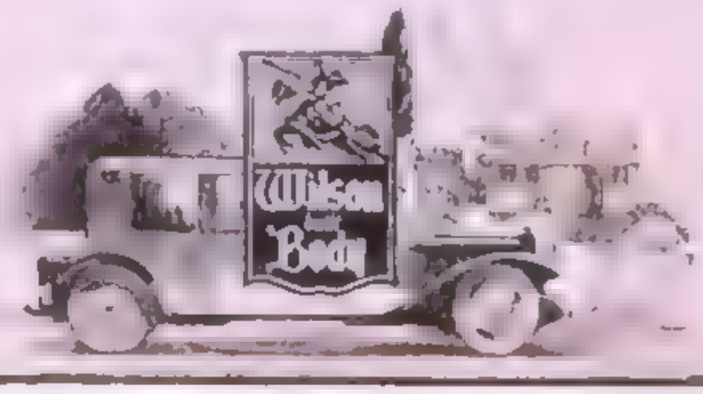

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Adding new pages to your Book *of* Youth

IT IS always at the end of the fairy tale that the prince wins the hand of the princess. With the sound of the wedding bells, the story is ended.

In real life, too, marriage was the end of the fairy tale for many women. The husbands went out into the world of business, where new problems and new responsibilities forced them to mental growth and broader vision. The wives stayed at home and found little of growth or interest in the monotonous routine of household duties. And so marriage was the last of their youth.

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A finer laundry service. Everything carefully washed in many changes of rainsoft water and mild suds, everything beautifully ironed, ready to use or put away — a dainty service, complete in every detail.

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A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched a[illegible] per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists and house dresses will require a little touching up with a hand iron at home.

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Everything carefully washed and [illegible] changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed and carefully folded. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

WET WASH

[illegible] to ten changes [illegible] The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or starch and hang up to dry.

Here are six modern laundry services to choose from. Some laundries offer all; all laundries offer some, or equivalent services under other names.

BUTTERFIELD'S RUN

(Continued from Page 11)

help pointing out that his salary was now precisely triple that of the president of State, and twenty times that of an instructor in Greek.

His inaugural address to the city sales force was a work of art. Afterwards, Cunningham came to him almost with awe.

"Bill," he said, "all bunk aside, I'm proud to know you. Gosh, if I could sling language like that! And the way you brought out that idea about laying back for an opening and then having the punch to rip in and take advantage of it! That's the honest-to-God stuff, Bill!"

William smiled engagingly. He had taken on about ten pounds, which added both to his authority and to his comeliness. Also, having ceased to study classical philology by artificial light, he had dispensed with his glasses.

"Yes," said William modestly, "and maybe the reason it sounded so good was because it was the straight dope."

That spring, Cunningham's kid sister, released from a Connecticut finishing school, came back to New York and made a smashing debut. William, who by this time knew her well enough to call her Shrimp, assisted at the function and thoroughly enjoyed it. She was a mighty attractive little girl, and she was rather unusually frank and outspoken. Everything considered, he liked her as well as any girl he had ever met, and he said so to his friend Cunningham. His friend cleared his throat.

"Well, that's fine," he said, and cleared his throat again. "That's fine."

William was slightly confused. His friend's tone had lacked warmth. Was it possible that after all their intimate companionship, Cunningham was infected by a mental reservation? Was it conceivable that he had finally drawn a line beyond which he didn't care to have William encroach? In a word, was he displeased by William's evident interest in his sister?

"Why, what the mischief!" said William to himself, and nine-tenths by inclination and the remainder by pique, he promptly fell in love with Betty Cunningham.

By disposition, she was a destroyer of dignity, and at the outset William liked this because he wasn't used to it. She flirted outrageously at him, and just when he was about to capture her, she would tweak his ear and escape. She made fun of him, she mimicked him, and she assured him that he danced like a mechanical walrus. At Christmas, he caught her under the mistletoe, and she went limp and said resignedly, "Oh, well, as long as it's only you, grandpa, go on and get it over with."

In the meantime William was nearing twenty-seven. His name was in the Social Register, and he was director of one or two public-utility corporations. He was a governor of the Kingston Club and an inveterate speaker at financial dinners and conventions, at which he demonstrated, both by precept and by example, that only shallow incompetents believe in luck and that you can't keep a good man down. And William, privately, was fortified with fresh and tangible evidence of this great truth, for at the end of the fiscal year he was to be admitted to the firm; Martin, '69, had said it. Whereas his friend Cunningham, for all his personal fortune and position, was still a city salesman. William couldn't help gloating a little, in solitude, especially because his friend had been behaving so listlessly for the last six months.

On the day that William Chauncey Butterfield was admitted to the firm, he proposed to Betty Cunningham, but he did it in such an amateur fashion that afterward he often blushed at the recollection. He had gone up to take tea with her and to receive felicitations, and the Shrimp had deviled him even more than usual. William forgot himself, upset his teacup on the carpet and went for her; and his language was as ardent and as extravagant as though he had been a lusty bourgeois instead of an august financier. Indeed, he was almost shocked by his own juvenescence; but the Shrimp, discarding her previous mood, melted into his arms.

"Billy," she said under her breath, "when you're just Billy Butterfield, I adore you!"

William blinked.

"Am I ever anything else?"

"Yes, you are! About half the time you're a big, pompous Wall Street man, and then you're perfectly ridiculous! But, Billy"—and she clung tightly to him—"are you going to be a good boy if I marry you? Are you going to stay young? Are you going to take me to parties? Are we going off on trips? Are you going to stop being so serious? Are you ever going to bat one single eye at any other woman? If you do, I'll scratch her eyes out!"

William was recovering his poise.

"Betty ——"

She put her hand over his mouth.

"Don't say that! Say Shrimp!"

"But, my dear child, now we're engaged, it isn't dignified."

For answer she stood on tiptoe and kissed him.

"But you always called me that. Nobody else ever did. I love it."

"But, Betty ——"

She kissed him.

"Shrimp! Say it!"

To humor her, William said it, but he resolved to teach her, with all diligence, that the wife of an investment banker cannot properly be addressed as a crustacean.

In breaking the news to Cunningham he was somewhat constrained. He didn't know precisely what to anticipate, but he was ready for anything, even for an absolute show-down. To his amazement, however, Cunningham overflowed with emotion.

"Bill," he said, "why, I—I can't hardly talk about it. It's what I—why, Bill, it's too darned good to be true! I kept out of the way because I was so afraid of queering it. I was afraid if you ever saw how crazy I was for it you'd balk. I mean, I was afraid you'd think I was throwing her at you. But now it's all arranged, why, hang it, Bill, all I can say is—well, about all I can say is—shake on it, Bill! When are you going to be married?"

"June," said William.

"Couldn't be better," agreed Cunningham fervently.

But it wasn't until William was on his honeymoon that he knew why his friend had been so fervent about a mere matter of the calendar.

The information came to him at Paris, in a letter mailed from Colorado Springs. It said in part:

"The doctor told me two years ago, old top, that my lungs were pretty blooey. Too much football and crew. Well, that's why I never went out for a partnership; I couldn't have kept it anyway. I just dubbed along because I liked to be busy. And a year ago they said I had to take a quick sneak if I wanted to fool the insurance companies. Well, I stayed on because I was so keen to have you and Betty hit it off together. I hunched you would, and I just simply had to be in on it.

"But now I'm out here, and it may be for keeps—it makes me feel like an ass, too, with my size—and all I can say to you is, old boy, God bless you both! I'm writing separately, today, to B. I didn't want to worry her, so I never told her either. But they say I can live another forty years in Colorado, so when you can spare the time, hop the Orient Limited from Chicago, and it's the third stop on the right, and I'll have a pink azalea in my buttonhole, so you'll recognize me."

When William landed in New York he found the office rather demoralized. Martin, '69, had died of apoplexy, another of the older partners wanted to retire and the panic of 1907 was devastating the Street.

"If I could get my hands on a quarter of a million dollars," said William Chauncey to his bride, "I could make my everlasting fortune. The time to buy is when the other fellow's anxious to sell. But all I've got is about seventy thousand and my partnership profits, so what's the use?"

Mrs Butterfield perched on her husband's knee and tweaked his ears, which, now that the original charm of her methods had gone, he hated. She also curled his front hair around her fingers, which he loathed.

"Are you sure you would, Billy?"

He nodded.

"It isn't a guess; it's absolutely sober judgment. Why?"

"Then I'll lend it to you," said the Shrimp, tickling him under the chin, which he detested.

William brushed her away as though she had been a house fly.

"Don't be silly! This is serious business."

"Silly?" said Mrs. Butterfield. "Why, I've got about three hundred thousand of my own—three or four, or something like that. Didn't you know it?"

William stared at her. He had always fancied that her brother held the family purse and that his wife was merely a pensioner, and he had been far too punctilious to make inquiries.

"Are you joking, Betty?"

"Shrimp!"

He compressed his lips.

"Are you joking, Shrimp?"

"No, my lord and master." And breathed down his neck, which he abominated. "Money doesn't mean so very much to me anyway. I just let the bank take care of it, and then when I need a new nightie or something I write out a check. And if you wanted it for anything, why—why didn't you ever say so before, you old sphinx?"

Within the month, the shingle of Martin, Carson & Co. disappeared from Wall Street. Its place was taken by that of Carson, Butterfield & Co. Those on the inside, however, said that Carson was now hardly more than a figurehead, and that the brains of the organization, as well as the greater portion of the spoils, belonged to young Butterfield.

"Of course," said William to his wife, "it means I'll have to keep my nose pretty close to the grindstone for a while, but it's going to be worth it. The situation's bound to turn, and when it does, we'll be right up in the front row. Our commitments are sound, we've got the working capital and we've got the goodwill. So you just watch us."

Obediently, Mrs. Butterfield watched the fulfillment of his prophecies. She was a reasonable little person, and she was very proud of William, and eager for him to be listed among the mighty. She understood perfectly that having put all his eggs—together with the setting which she herself had so blithely loaned him—into a single pannier, he had to walk sentry duty over it. Besides, during the first year, she was contented enough to have her evenings alone with him, even if he talked rather too much shop. She realized that he was working under pressure, and accordingly she never involved him in social affairs except for Saturday nights. And on Sundays they generally motored out into the country, and William kindly explained to her in detail just how it was that Carson, Butterfield & Co. were booming.

"That's lovely, Billy. You're going to take a long, long vacation this summer then, aren't you? Where are we going?"

"Sorry," said William, "but I don't honestly see how I can manage more than ten or twelve days. It's going to be pretty ticklish this summer, dear; it's going to be the crucial period for us; but you'd better go to Southampton, and I'll run down for the week-ends."

She refused indignantly and spent the summer in New York, while William outlabored his own clerks. And in the autumn, when business picked up again, he even had to forgo some of their Sunday outings. But Mrs. Butterfield understood, and both petted and pitied him. Yet sometimes when she took her dreams out of the lavender she was introspective.

When they had been married for five years, old man Carson retired and the firm became W. C. Butterfield & Co. William, whose rise was ordinarily described as meteoric, distributed a commemorative bonus to his employes and was an hour late for dinner.

"Well, Betty," he said, "down in the Street the boys are babbling about Butterfield's luck. Luck? Do you remember how I analyzed conditions when we came back from France? Well, after my own capital was at stake, I simply wouldn't stand for any more participations; I made us quick profits in call money until we got around the corner; and then when interest rates were ready to go up, I put us in over our heads on new issues. We made five-six-seven points. Then I trimmed ship and got us on an even keel—and now they talk about Butterfield's luck! Can you see it?"

Mrs. Butterfield didn't see it and didn't try to; she only saw that William, no less today than four years ago, was unavailable for all practical purposes. He resented

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How to prevent gum infections

PHYSICIANS and dentists have been unable to determine the fundamental reason for the enormous increase in gum infections. It is apparent, however, that modern methods of living, particularly in regard to food, diet, exercise, etc., lead to a general weakening of the gum tissues. They become soft and "flabby" so that they cannot offer a proper resistance to germ attack.

Gum infections are fast becoming the most serious dental problem of the day. Your dentist will tell you that three out of five men or women who have reached the age of thirty show signs of this unfortunate condition.

Tenderness and bleeding of gums are the first indication of trouble to come and if proper corrective measures are not taken infection sets in and the gums slowly recede until the teeth loosen and eventually fall out.

To guard against this, two things are necessary. First: Regular dental inspection, and treatment if necessary, at least twice a year. Second: Systematic cleaning of teeth and gums and *the destruction of the bacteria* which cause the infection. The latter requires a powerful germicide.

Mildly antiseptic mouth washes won't begin to do it. The ideal antiseptic for this purpose is Zonite. Although non-poisonous, non-irritating and perfectly safe to use, it has greater germ-killing power than pure carbolic acid. Laboratory tests show that Zonite, diluted 1:50, kills the infectious bacteria of the mouth in thirty seconds.

Zonite is not only an effective germ-destroying agent in the mouth; it also possesses other properties of the utmost importance in combating gum infections. Because of its unique chemical composition it has the property of stimulating the tissues of the mouth, making the gums firm and tightening the teeth.

Zonite, therefore, not only kills the germs that cause gum infections but is also a decided help in correcting harm already done and keeping the tissues in condition to resist further attacks.

Zonite, when used as a mouth wash (teaspoonful to quarter glass of water), also destroys the germs which are responsible for colds, sore throat and the more serious respiratory diseases and instantly removes all breath odors arising from conditions in the mouth.

Ask your dentist about Zonite, the new form of antiseptic discovered during the World War.

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New York City

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guests unless they spoke the jargon of the Street. He shied at other people's parties on the ground that they bored him. When, semioccasionally, he could be lured out into the open, he flatly declined to dance. He said it exhausted him. He utterly ignored the fact that his wife, at heart, was still the Shrimp, whom he had covenanted to worship forever. In addition, he seemed annoyed whenever she reminded him of it.

"Billy dear, I'm tired to death of New York. Let's pack up and go down to Florida for a couple of months. Please!"

William revolted politely.

"Say no more, my child! I'll be happy if I can get away for a week at Tuxedo."

"Other people get away, Billy. Why can't you?"

"Because, my dear, I'm not other people. I work."

Later, when Mrs. Butterfield asked for a week at Tuxedo, William said that he would be happy to have as much as two days. She asked for the two days, and William suggested some Sunday. So that they went to Tuxedo one Sunday, and she pried him away from a group of bankers to take a walk in the woods with her, and William went to sleep on a bed of moss and slept until dusk.

Halfway back to town, Mrs. Butterfield said suddenly, "Billy, how much money have you?"

William, who had been sitting in his own corner of the car, and thinking acutely, said, "Why? What's the big idea?"

"I'm afraid you won't understand me, dear, but sometimes I wish I hadn't lent you mine."

William sat straighter.

"How so?"

Mrs. Butterfield sighed deeply.

"That was what ruined us."

He laughed.

"Don't be idiotic, my dear. It absolutely made us. I've always given you credit for that, haven't I? And paid you five per cent, haven't I? What more do you want?"

"Lots more. I've wanted you—you yourself—the you I thought I was marrying. And the moment I loaned you that money, Billy, you began to change."

"Change? What do you mean, change?"

"Why, just that. You've never been the same since. Oh, Billy, couldn't you just concentrate on me for a while? We've got enough money; we've had it ever so long. What did we marry each other for, dear?" She was almost crying. "If I had it to do over again I wouldn't let you have one single cent. Look what it's done to you! You haven't any more youth; you haven't any more vitality; you're nothing but an old cash register—and I did it to you! Why don't you ever pretend we're still engaged, Billy, the way I do?"

"H'm!" said William reflectively. "Well, tomorrow night I'll surprise you."

The next day at six o'clock she was fully braced for the surprise. She wore a new evening frock and orchids which she had bought herself. She tried to imagine what Billy had planned for her—presumably dinner at one of the newer hotels and afterward a theater and then a cabaret for dancing.

It was literally months since he had taken her on such a party, and she was keyed to it so that she sang, under her breath, while she waited for him.

"Hello, Betty. Gosh, I'm tired! Better market today, though. Lots better. What's the matter? Am I late?"

They dined, as usual, in broken silences. William didn't notice either her gown or her orchids, but he explained to her meticulously why Supermetal First and Refunding 4's had advanced three points, and how W. C. Butterfield & Co., having foreseen the movement, would thereby profit.

At last, over the coffee, she ventured, "You said you'd have a surprise for me, Billy. What was it?"

"Oh!" From his waistcoat pocket he took a check and flipped it at her. "As long as you felt the way you did yesterday, dear, I thought we'd better square up. Don't look like that! It's a drop in the bucket to me now. And I've been paying you half a per cent above the bank rate. Why, holy smoke! Anybody'd think I'd insulted you! What in thunder's wrong, Betty?"

The check was for the amount of her loan to him, plus accumulated interest. Mrs. Butterfield disregarded it.

"Billy, couldn't you manage to go out somewhere with me just tonight—and dance?"

He yawned.

"Couldn't be done, dear. I'm all in. Some other time. The market's active and I've got to be down early. And I'm speaking at a banquet tomorrow night." He yawned again and smiled. "And some of the boys still call it luck! Luck? Honestly, do you know anybody else who works as hard as I do? Honestly, do you?"

She couldn't say, honestly, that she knew anyone who spent as many hours in his office as William did. This appeared to satisfy him, and he took a nap in his chair while the ex-Shrimp sat tense, seeing a kaleidoscope of her past youth.

In 1917, when William went to Washington at a dollar a year, his income, including partnership profits and the unearned increment, was approximately a dollar a minute. He had given his wife, as a farewell gift, a string of pearls which had historic as well as intrinsic value; he had buried his parents in a mausoleum which cost thirty thousand dollars; he had created a trust fund of a million for each of his two infant children, and he was thoroughly at peace with William Chauncey Butterfield. Indeed, the only criticisms he ever received were from his wife verbally, and from his brother-in-law, by increasingly plaintive correspondence.

Yet with utter ingenuousness, William told himself that if he had ever been able to afford a long vacation, he would certainly have gone to Colorado as readily as anywhere else. Cunningham, however, seemed to figure that a business man was as free as a tramp; he had obviously forgotten that responsibility begets responsibility, and that after you've scraped together a competence it's twice as hard to keep it as it was to get it. His letters were almost a whine, they were so insistent, and he wrote about Betty as though William had been beating her. Still, one must be charitable and make allowances for a chronic invalid, as well as for a chronic wife. William did so, with a keen consciousness of his own forbearance. And anyhow, Betty had been out to Colorado at least once a year.

In Washington, he was perspicacious enough to reject a colonelcy and to function as a civilian. He wasn't a man to be hobbled by red tape; he swore by initiative and individuality. And to his cohort of deeply impressed tin majors and captains and lieutenants he delivered his time-honored speech.

"Gentlemen," said William, "there is no such thing as luck. When a man prates about luck, you can take it for granted that he refers either to his own defects or to somebody else's efficiency. This war will not be won by luck. It will be won by study, effort, determination and ability. Similarly, as long as I am in control of this department, your individual futures will depend upon these same items. I shall recommend for promotion only those officers who have the vision to see their opportunities for exceptional service, and to grasp them. By 'exceptional service' I mean in emergencies, when decisions must be made instantly and correctly. Mere consistent work is no reason for promotion; it is simply a valid reason for you to retain your present ranks. To advance, you must show me."

They applauded him liberally and went out wondering how many desperate emergencies were likely to turn up in the finance department, where they had commissions only because the law required certain documents to be signed by army officers. It looked like a hard winter.

Eventually, just before the Armistice, William was persuaded to be a brigadier general, but he never boasted about it. This was because he still retained a certain sense of proportion, and because his firm had made several million dollars during the war. But he did wish, vaguely, that his parents could have lived long enough to see him in his uniform. He now weighed a hundred and eighty and swelled the whipcord to perfection. And in addition to the Distinguished Service Medal, he had the Legion of Honor and the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

In New York, General Butterfield resumed command of his firm; and, lush with working capital, plunged into new syndicates in which a million dollars was only a white chip.

"Billy," said Mrs. Butterfield wearily, "when is it going to stop? When are you going to retire, just to please me, and begin to live?"

William frowned impatiently.

(Continued on Page 108)

And Now FIR

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(Continued from Page 106)

"Listen, Betty; you don't appreciate the situation. The way things are going, in a year or so ——"

"Oh, Billy dear, I've waited so many years already – and I'm so lonesome!"

"Don't be silly," said General Butterfield affectionately. "Haven't I done pretty well, starting from scratch?"

The Shrimp was pallid.

"Yes, but you haven't gone out with me for ages! We haven't had a vacation together in years! You haven't danced with me for centuries! You don't even talk to me about anything but business. Business!" She broke down completely. "What do you think I married you for, Billy? Why, because I wanted you! And you've given me everything else but that. You've been generous with everything but yourself; everything else that doesn't count. Oh, Billy dear, when am I ever going to have *you?*"

William coughed recessively.

"Well, I suppose that's more or less true. But this is a pretty dangerous time, dear, and the skipper belongs on the bridge. Suppose you wait a bit, Betty, and see what happens to the market."

He was nearly forty when, one June afternoon, his secretary came in to him with a card. William glanced at it casually, and then to his secretary's bewilderment, leaped to his feet and made for the reception room. The visitor was Cunningham, lean and bronze and equipped with a stout cane.

"For heaven's sake!" said William. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming? Gosh, but it's great to see you! Have you been up to the house? Why in blazes didn't you let me know?"

Cunningham was very quiet.

"Oh, I knew how busy you were, Bill. I wired Betty and she met me at the train."

William looked blank.

"Well, that's mighty strange. When did you get in?"

"Ten this morning."

William looked blanker.

"What? And Betty —— Why, this is a darned funny proceeding. But come on in."

Cunningham shook his head.

"No, let's go somewhere else, Bill. I want to talk to you."

William stiffened.

"Why, I'm inviting you into my private office. Can't we talk there?"

"No, not quite so well. Let's go to the Kingston Club."

William hesitated.

"Well, under the circumstances, all right; anywhere you say." He dispatched an office boy for his hat, stick and gloves. "But why in thunder didn't you let me know you were coming, old man?"

"I'll tell you later," said Cunningham. "But I'd rather not tell you in your own office. I'm a trifle old-fashioned that way."

They went uptown in William's limousine. Enroute, William said abruptly, "I don't know that I like your attitude so very much. What on earth made you adopt tactics like these? Why did you wire Betty instead of me? What are you so funereal about? Why did you make that crack about being in my office?"

"I'll tell you later," said Cunningham.

At the Kingston Club, they found the huge common room vacant, and established themselves on a high-backed lounge in one corner.

William was the first to speak, a trifle forcedly.

"Well, leaving out all the mystery, it certainly is great to see you again, old man."

"Thanks," said Cunningham dryly. "I wish I could say the same to you."

There was a silence.

"Look here," said General Butterfield, with considerable hauteur, "what in the devil is all this mumbo-jumbo about? I'm the one that ought to be touchy, not you. What did you wire Betty for instead of me? Why didn't she tell me, anyway? I'd have met you. So if that's what's bothering you ——"

"It isn't that, Bill. I made her promise not to tell you."

William exhaled sharply.

"Oh, you did, did you? That's interesting. Why the conspiracy?"

His old friend leaned forward.

"Because, Bill—and now you can see why I didn't particularly care to hand you this in your own office or your own car—you've wrecked my sister's life."

After a long pause, William put back his head and laughed.

"My dear man, you're raving!"

"Not quite so bad as that. I've seen her pretty often, and had a letter from her every week. And one from you twice a year. I've had a pretty good perspective." He coughed painfully. "Bill, you know how crazy I was for you to marry her. But if I'd known what sort of a yellow pup you really are ——"

The general turned red.

"Take it easy there! Don't go too far! I don't listen to that sort of conversation from anybody on two feet!"

Cunningham smiled wanly.

"You'll take it from me, though! Bill, think over your life, beginning senior year. Could I have done more for you than I did? Ask yourself. I never in the world thought of throwing it up at you, but now you've compelled me to. How did you get your start in college? How did you get in New York? Whose sister did you marry? Whose money put you where you are? You're the luckiest man the Lord ever made, and ——"

"Luck!" said William contemptuously "Any man who talks about luck is an imbecile. You get what you deserve. I've proved it for twenty years."

Cunningham closed his eyes for an instant.

"Then you claim that if you lose, you deserve to lose?"

"Absolutely!" And William brought his fist down on the divan.

"That simplifies it," said his old friend in a whisper, "because you've lost Betty."

At length William cleared his throat.

"What was that you said?"

"I said you'd lost Betty."

"What does that mean?"

"I put her and the children on the Leviathan at two o'clock. You'll have a letter at the house. She'll get a French divorce, for technical desertion. And she's got money enough to live on, and it isn't too late for her to find a man who'll be happy—yes, happy—with her! She was a peach, Bill, and she loved you, and you threw her away. That couldn't go on forever. She's younger today than you ever were. She's braver than you ever were. She's got the courage to realize what a mistake she made and start over again. You'll never miss her. She knows that.

"If she thought she'd ever meant anything to you, she'd have stuck it out. She would yet; she's that kind. But she knows it's futile. Lucky? You were the luckiest man I ever knew, Bill. Apart from everything else, you married my sister. But now—well, you've asked for it and you've got it. We're through."

William sat motionless. His brain, usually so capable, was benumbed. He felt as though his spirit, disembodied, were being blown at random, like a brittle leaf in the eddy of a winter's gale.

A band of iron was across his forehead and his heart was racing. For, at the end, he remembered what the Shrimp had been at the beginning.

"You said—she's—gone?"

"Yes."

Behind the high-backed divan, two men—elderly men, to judge from their intonations—settled themselves, and unconscious of eavesdroppers, began to converse. Their voices cut like twin knives through William's sensibilities.

"No, sir," said one voice, "you can't tell me anything like that. I've seen every big game in fifty years, and I never saw one that was won by a real fluke yet. I don't say the breaks of the game; I say fluke."

"Well, I've seen a dozen big games won by flukes," said the other voice; "and you're talking from a spectator's point of view, and I'm talking from a referee's point of view. Listen; did you ever hear of Butterfield's run?"

"Well, I should say so!"

"Well, I refereed that game myself. You say there aren't any flukes. Now this is strictly between ourselves, and you're the only man I've ever told it to, but I refereed that game myself."

"Yes, you said that before."

"Well, I say it again. Do you know what happened? Well, that bird Butterfield made a big reputation, didn't he? They talk about it yet, don't they? He won the game, didn't he? Well, on that particular play he was offside by a good three yards!"

The other voice said, "Well, why didn't you blow your whistle?"

"Damn it, man, I tried to, and it wouldn't blow! It was full of dirt, and before I could get it clean the timekeeper blew his for the game. If I'd tried to call back that touchdown—well, I just couldn't have! I'd been murdered. And by the rules I couldn't have, anyway. The boys were snake-dancing all over the field. Was it a fluke, or wasn't it?"

"Well ——"

"Well, hear the rest of it! It was two weeks afterward before I ran across the timekeeper. What do you suppose he told me? He'd forgot to stop his watch when I called time out for Smith to be taken off and Butterfield to come on. He didn't remember it until he went to bed that night. Two minutes! Think it over. Yale's ball, first down, on the two-yard line; Butterfield offside; penalty halfway to the goal line. Yale first down on the one-yard line, and two minutes to play. It'd been Yale 6-0 instead of Kingston 6-0. And they talk about Butterfield's run! With my whistle full of dirt! Don't talk to me about flukes; I've been there! Let's go somewhere else. This is duller than mud."

When the footsteps had ceased echoing, Cunningham lifted his head to meet the doltish stare of William Chauncey Butterfield, who had just reviewed in a lightning flash his whole career, beginning with a gray afternoon on Kingston Field.

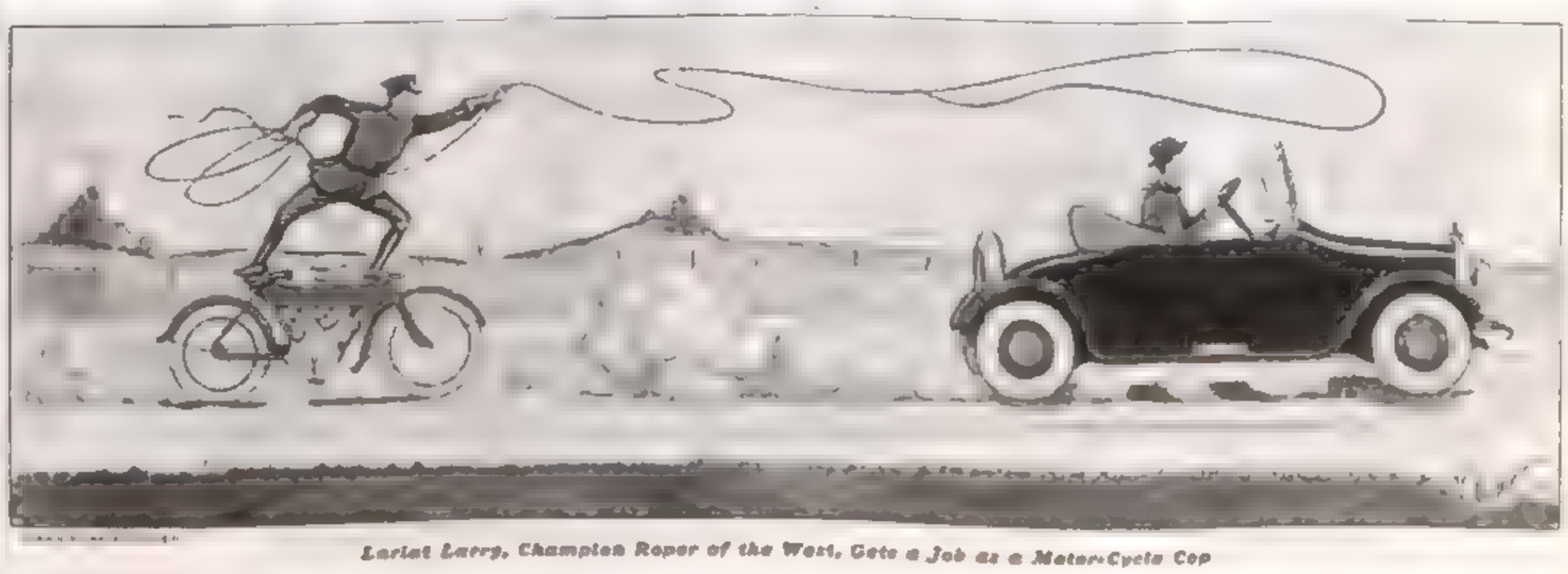
"What time," said William, almost inaudibly "what time does the Leviathan —sail?"

"Five o'clock. Why?"

"What time is it now?"

"Twenty minutes past four."

"I'll make it, though," said William, as in a trance. "I'll just make it. Luckily, I told the chauffeur to wait."



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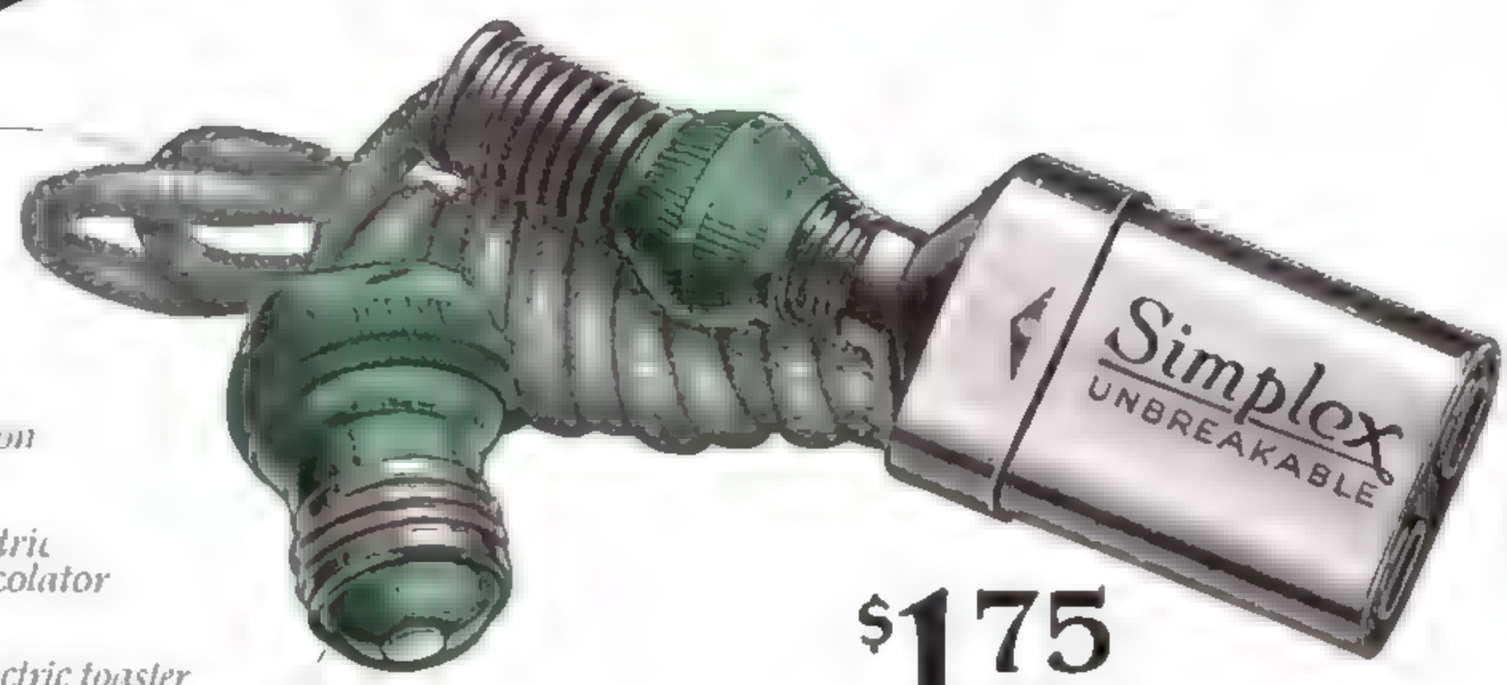

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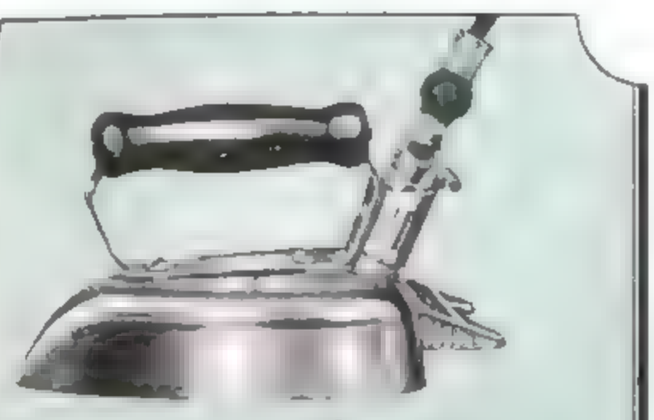

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GENUINE

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COMMUNISM AND THE BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 21)

purpose, his ultimate significance in their political history.

The maintenance or otherwise of the British Empire is a matter for Britishers. But its fall would have consequences, incalculable in the totality of their terrible ramifications, for every other nation—and not least for the United States of America. Wherever in the wide world the Stars and Stripes do not wave, there, speaking broadly, the Union Jack stands for that stability of political institution, that integrity of the judiciary, that sanctity of contract, that high standard of commercial morality, that punctilious concern for the well-being of less-developed peoples which is the unrivaled title to survival of the English-speaking race. Between the two of them, Britain and America—and only they—make the world a safe place to trade in. The day is long past when the United States could live by taking in its own washing. Its prosperity is indissolubly intertwined with that of the whole world, and particularly, since the war, with that of the British Empire. The fanatics who hate the British Empire and strive unceasingly for its destruction hate the United States still more virulently, for the United States with its hundred-million-odd of happy, prosperous people is the despair of the professional revolutionary. The world preponderance of the hitherto politically sane English-speaking race is the great obstacle to world revolution. The United States is for the moment unassailable. Britain, weakened by the Great War, exasperated and exhausted, offers an opportunity for possibly successful attack. The revolutionary attack on Britain is an attack on the whole English-speaking race. The interest with which the proceedings of the first British Socialist government are followed in America is an instinctive recognition of this fact.

For whom is this opportunity which, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald says, connotes power? Mr. Ramsay MacDonald reiterates over and over again that he believes not in revolution but in evolution. The capacity for continued evolution is as necessary to survival of a political entity as it is to the speck of protoplasm. Mr. MacDonald's principle is the principle of all sane politics, but at the great Socialist Victory Gathering at the London Albert Hall on January 7, 1924, presided over by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself, Mr. Robert Smillie, a power in the hearts of the British working masses—a capitalist weekly periodical for the million which recently published his reminiscences was startled at the coincident jump in circulation—announced, unrebuked, that the revolution was still coming, and the proceedings terminated with the enthusiastic singing of the Red Flag. For whom is this opportunity? For the evolutionist—or the revolutionist? With the Armistice of November 11, 1918, one volume of the Sibylline Books of human fate was put back on the shelf, completed. The next is now being opened. The title of that next volume is The Fight with Communism.

Tarred With the Same Brush

There is a widespread idea that socialism and communism are philosophical antitheses, violently opposed to each other. It is an idea without foundation. Anarchism and socialism are indeed philosophical antitheses, though their disciples coöperated heartily enough during the nineteenth century in demonstrating against the existing social system. But anarchism is dead, leaving syndicalism as its weakly and hybrid orphan. Its rival holds the field. Communism and socialism are two names for the same thing—even as Presbyterianism and Methodism connote a common Christianity. At most the distinction is one of method and of tactics. Communists and Socialists of diversified shades may and do quarrel very violently among themselves, even as the various sects of a religion quarrel over the best methods of getting to heaven, but, like those sects, they are at one on the main principle. At the final test—the only one which matters in practical politics—they all group themselves under the red flag in contradistinction to any national flag whatever. They are all pledged to the class struggle, and they all believe—or profess to believe—that the giving of an unbridled political predominance to the incompletely educated laboring masses of a community spells the social millennium. Communism is merely socialism that frankly means business; it is the driving force behind every socialistic movement in the world today.

The British Labor Party tries hard, officially, to dissociate itself from communism, for communism has a little too recklessly revealed itself as the ugly thing it essentially is. In the great Socialism versus Capitalism debate in the British House of Commons on July 16, 1923, which was the overture before the curtain went up on the Socialist government of six months later, Mr. Snowden, who initiated it, characterized communism as "in fact, die-hard Toryism." Whereupon Mr. Walton Newbold, M.P., the only official Communist member in the House, had something to say: "Despite the anxiety of the honorable member for Colne Valley—Mr. Snowden—and the equal anxiety of the honorable member for Aberavon—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—I would suggest that it is impossible for the two honorable gentlemen to dissociate themselves from support of the Soviets. I can remember very well sitting in the body of the hall at the Leeds Convention, in 1917, when Soviets were considerably more popular in semi-respectable circles than they are today, and hearing the enthusiasm with which they greeted the establishment of a movement entitled the Movement of Workers and Soldiers' Committees."

A Matter of Tactics

Without being unjust either to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or to Mr. Snowden one may assume that their present attitude to communism—that is, militant socialism—is merely one of tactics. They are concerned, theoretically at least—in actual practice the force of events and environment is making them specifically British and not international Socialist statesmen—only with the advancement of socialism. In 1917, imitation of the Bolsheviks seemed the quickest way to get it. Now a process of imperceptible evolution seems more sure of success to them.

To clinch the argument, in May, 1923, a delegation of all the British Socialist parties under the leadership of the British Parliamentary Labor Party went to Hamburg to reëstablish the old Second International, killed by the war, and their members became the leading officials on it. Clause I of the constitution of that international states unequivocally: "(1) The Labour and Socialist International (L. S. I.) is a union of such parties as accept the economic emancipation of the workers from capitalist domination and the establishment of the Socialist Commonwealth as their object, and the *class struggle*, which finds its expression in the independent political and industrial action of the workers, as a means of realising that object." The bitter quarrel between the Second International of Hamburg and the Third International of Moscow is merely a quarrel as to whether the revolutionary world movement shall be under Germano-British or Russian-Jewish control. The arena in which that quarrel is being fought out, thanks to the establishment of a British nominally Socialist government, is Great Britain.

For the moment personal and sectional rivalries may be left in the background. What matters is the doctrine which inspires the Socialist movement, whether of Great Britain or of any other nation. That doctrine is identical with communism, for modern socialism and communism alike are founded upon the teachings of Karl Marx, "the greatest name in the history of socialism," to quote the philosophical evolutionist, Mr. Snowden, the present Chancellor of the British Exchequer. Unless the pure communism preached by Marx and put in practice by Lenine is understood, it is impossible to grasp the potentialities of a movement which menaces Europe—and Asia as a corollary—with a social cataclysm to which that of Russia was merely a prelude.

Marx did not invent communism. So far as its obscure origins can be elucidated, it began with the famous secret society of the Illuminati in the eighteenth century, and many of its doctrines are word for word the same as those professed by the wilder apostles of the French Revolution, just as the Bolshevik Terror reproduced on a colossal scale the French Terror of 1793. It is a gospel which appeals irresistibly to the disequilibrated minds produced by thousands in the hothouse forcing ground of great cities, who are fundamentally incapable of adjusting themselves to the high-powered complexity of modern civilization. They revenge themselves on a social system in which they are doomed to fail, by hating it. Their mentality is that of the Indian prowling round the settler's stockade, lusting to destroy what he would be impotent to create, to rehabilitate a wounded self-esteem by barbarian triumph amid the ruins.

We all plausibly rationalize our instincts and our motives, and communism offers a specious rationalization of the atavistic impulse of those for whom civilization is too great a strain—a rationalization which seduces the allegiance of many thousands of honest idealists moved only by love for their fellow men. Human society is admittedly far from perfect; destroy it, therefore, that we may set up a better. In actual practice—Russia is the evidence—the triumph of communism is the triumph of atavism, and the new society that emerges is that of barbarism. Throughout the nineteenth century, Europe produced its unassimilables in ever greater numbers, the half-insane men and women foremost on every barricade, in every hopeless contest with society—the men who flung dynamite, the men and women who did their best to burn down Paris with petroleum in 1871. All proclaimed, more or less intelligently, the doctrines initiated by the Illuminati. Karl Marx codified those doctrines, and gathered an inchoate turbulence into a movement of definite purpose.

Marx was born at Treves in 1818. His real name was Mordechai. Except in the reading room of the British Museum he never did a day's work in his life; he lived on his friends—as became a professional revolutionary—and particularly on the bounty of a wealthy German cotton spinner settled in England, Friedrich Engels. In 1847, conjointly with Engels, he produced that famous codification of socially subversive doctrines entitled the Communist Manifesto—"that extraordinary document," says Mr. Philip Snowden, with implicit half-approval, in Socialism and Syndicalism, Page 66, "which Professor Sombart describes as 'an unequalled masterpiece of convincing eloquence.'"

The Communists' Creed

It is rare that the Communist Manifesto is read by other than convinced communists and the potential proselytes upon whom they press their literature. It is still to them, as it is to at least the advanced Socialists, the Law and the Prophets, vaunted at every opportunity and carried literally into practice whenever possible. Here are a few typical and illuminating excerpts from it. I quote from the British Communist Party's official translation:

"In what relation do the Communists stand to the proletariat as a whole?

"The Communists are no separate party distinct from other working-class parties.

"They have no interests separate from the interests of the proletariat in general. . . .

"The Communists are only distinguished from other proletarian parties by this: that in the different national struggles of the proletarians they point out and bring to the fore the common interests of the proletariat independent of nationality. . . .

"The immediate aim of the Communists is the same as that of all other proletarian parties: organisation of the proletariat on a class-basis; overthrow of the supremacy of the bourgeois; conquest of political power by the proletariat. . . .

"The Communists can condense their theory into one sentence: abolition of private property.

(Continued on Page 113)

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BLUE WHIRL EGG BEATER

(Continued from Page 111)

". . . In bourgeois society, capital is independent and personal, whilst the living individual is dependent and deprived of personality.

"And the bourgeoisie calls the abolition of this state of things the abolition of individuality and freedom! And with reason. It certainly means the abolition of bourgeois individuality, independence and freedom. . . .

"In one word, you reproach us because we would abolish your property. Precisely so; that is our intention.

"Abolition of the family! Even the most radical are enraged by this scandalous proposal of the Communists.

"On what is the present family, the bourgeois family, based? On capital, on private gain.

"The bourgeois family vanishes naturally . . . with the disappearance of capital.

"'But you Communists would introduce community of women,' shrieks the whole bourgeoisie in chorus.

"The members of our bourgeoisie . . . take special delight in mutually seducing each other's wives.

"Bourgeois marriage is in reality community of wives. The Communists could at most be accused of wishing to replace a hypocritical and concealed community of women by an official and open community of women.

"The Communists are further accused of wishing to abolish countries and national spirit.

"The workers have no country. What they have not got cannot be taken from them. . . .

". . . 'But Communism abolishes religion and morality, instead of constituting them on a new basis, which is contrary to all past historical development.'

"What does this accusation amount to? The history of all past society is the history of class antagonisms, which took different forms in different epochs.

"The Communist revolution is the most radical rupture with traditional property relations; no wonder that in the course of its development it breaks most radically with traditional ideas.

". . . The first step in the working-class revolution is the raising of the proletariat to the position of ruling class. . . .

"In short, the Communists everywhere support every revolutionary movement against the existing social and political order of things.

"Finally, the Communists work everywhere for the union and agreement of the democratic parties of all countries.

"The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can only be attained by the forcible overthrow of existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

"WORKERS OF ALL LANDS, UNITE!"

Pernicious Nonsense

That is the essential, reiterated over and over again in the short paragraphs of the original, out of a pamphlet of twenty-nine closely printed pages. To the ordinary sane mind it appears pernicious nonsense. It is more than that in its deliberate antagonism to every instinct by which man has raised himself from the level of the brute beast; its inspiration seems Satanic. And it has had an enormous influence—a greater influence certainly than any other pamphlet ever printed in the history of the world. Together with Das Kapital, Marx's ponderous work, which is but an elaboration of this original thesis, it has been rapturously called by Socialists the workingman's Bible. Printed in 1847, not for seventy years did the visionaries, fanatics and mere unscrupulous rogues who subscribe to its doctrines get an opportunity to put them into practice. When they did so, they did so literally—as every account of Russia during the past seven years bears witness. "By the work of Lassalle and Marx," writes Mr. Philip Snowden, "Socialism became established as a permanent part of the political life of most of the industrial nations." Communism, nakedly displayed as such, explicitly and entirely accepts Marx's Communist Manifesto as its profession of faith. Orthodox socialism, however, revolted more and more from the crudity of that proclamation, and sought to establish a more plausible formula of its own.

In that schism originated the present antagonistic Second and Third Internationals. The First International was founded in London in 1864, and was speedily captured by Karl Marx, who was one of the original members. His quarrels with his anarchist comrade and "friend"—their comments on each other are vitriolic—Bakunin, hastened its dissolution, and after 1873 it had only the ghost of an existence. The Second International, formed to continue the revolutionary work of the First, came into being in 1888, and to it practically every Socialist party of every nation belonged. The war split it into its component national fragments, and in 1919 Lenine and the leading members of the Russian Soviet Government, professing the principles of pure Marxism and arrogant with their local success, founded the Third—Moscow—International and claimed the hegemony of the entire international Socialist movement. This claim was immediately resisted by a majority of the British and German and a large percentage of the French Socialists.

Long before the war there had been conflict between the compromise Marxians and the pure Marxians, partly on the question of whether the proletariat includes workers by hand and brain or merely manual workers as Marx originally envisaged, and partly on the difference of opinion as to whether evolutionism or revolutionism was the royal road to the Socialist millennium. Personal rivalries, of course, embittered the quarrel. Lenine and the pure Marxians claimed that revolutionism had triumphantly demonstrated its superiority—and Lenine kindly undertook to show the others how to do it.

Mr. MacDonald's Views in 1919

It was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald who flung down the gauntlet of defiance. In April, 1919, a month after the formation of the new Third International, he wrote an article in L'Humanité, the organ of the French Socialist Party, which commenced as follows:

"It has been the ill-fortune of the Socialist movement, both in its national and in its international policy, to be the prey of tendencies towards division. Our Socialism is still in its experimental stage.

"Its general principles are fixed, but the way best to apply them, the methods which will bring the triumph of the revolution, the manner in which the Socialist state should be constructed, are still questions for discussion, on which the last word has not been said. . . .

"Today our movement has unhappily encountered another obstacle. A new International has been founded at Moscow.

"I regret it very much, for at the present moment the Socialist International [he refers to the old then-nebulous Second] is sufficiently broad to include all forms of Socialist thought, and, in spite of the theoretical and practical controversies raised by Bolshevism, I see no reason why the Left should separate itself from the Centre and form an independent group."

This immediately elicited an outburst of furious diatribe from Lenine—wherein he said that Ramsay MacDonald's article contained more lies than words—and from that moment it was open war between MacDonald and Moscow. In 1919 and the period immediately following, however, Great Britain was not in the center of the revolutionary picture. The dominant question in Socialist circles was whether Germany was going Bolshevik. When it was finally clear that Germany was not immediately to be communist, Ramsay MacDonald rallied the scattered forces in opposition to Moscow. Speaking through the London Congress of the almost defunct Second International, he persuaded the comparatively more moderate Socialist parties of Germany, France, Austria, Italy and other countries to a conference at Hamburg in May, 1923, and there the Second International was reconstructed and given a new lease of life. To that new Second International he led the whole of the British Socialist movement—not, of course, the British Communist Party as such—and placed its executive committee under the chairmanship of his henchman, Mr. Arthur Henderson, the present British Home Secretary. Although Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was personally unable to be present at this congress he was represented by proxy, and it is no exaggeration to say that his influence dominated it. The

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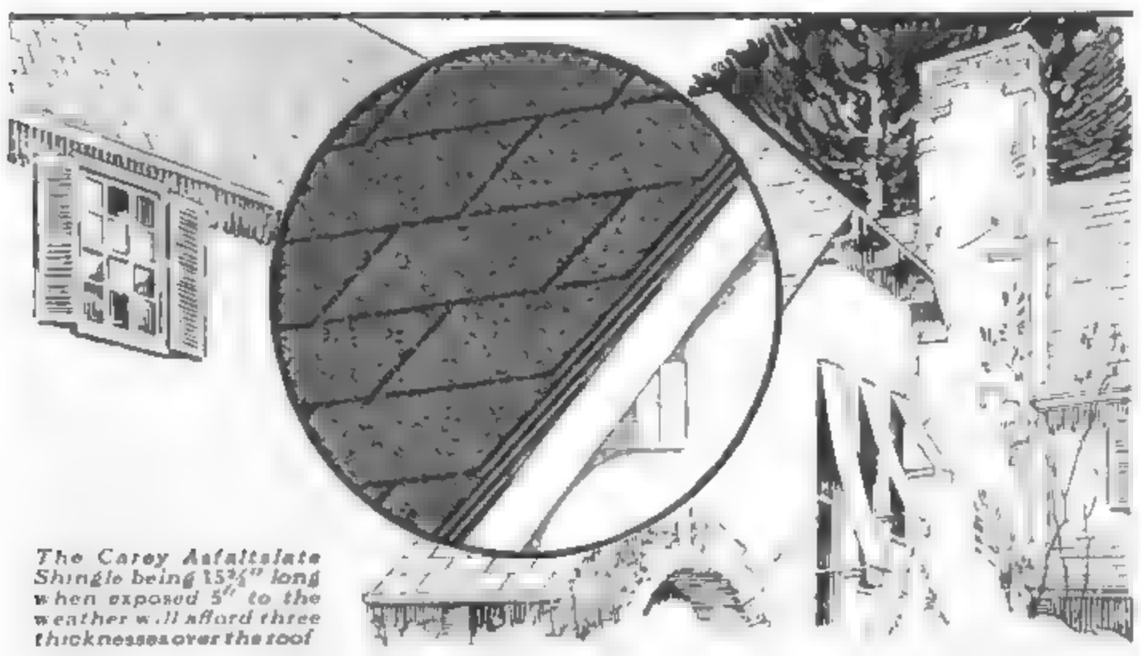

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panegyric of him recently issued in book form by the British Parliamentary Labor Party claims as much.

So far as it is a Socialist government, the present British Labor Government is the creature of the Second International. It accepts theoretically the principle of the class struggle, but in practice it is pledged to gradual revolution by legislative means, capital levy, nationalization of basic industries, and so on. And since the legislative power of the Labor Government is conditioned by its minority status in Parliament, it follows that so far none of these revolutionary measures has been introduced. And there comes the snag which threatens to rip it up from the bottom. When, six months ago, the rank and file of ardent British Socialists saw the Labor Party become the British Government it was with a surge of wild enthusiasm; somehow or other, the millennium was certainly going to be brought about at once. Now that rank and file is angry, disappointed and suspicious. The Third—Moscow—International watches its anger with a cynical satisfaction. For Moscow is quite determined that it, and not the Second International, shall dominate the coming British revolution. It cheerfully subscribes to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's dictum that opportunity is power, and it is cheerfully convinced that the opportunity is for itself. It is concentrating all its forces for decisive action in England for disruption of Mr. MacDonald's brand of socialism—even as Kerensky's brand of socialism was disrupted—and final seizure by uncompromising Marxists.

It must be admitted that the Third International is proving itself infinitely more virile and aggressive than its rival. The executive of that Third International—which affectionately calls itself the Comintern—is nominally elected by a world congress and is composed of a chairman, twenty-four members and ten substitutes, out of which fifteen members must be permanently domiciled in Moscow. Great Britain is represented by one delegate and one substitute. The present chairman of the executive is Zinoviev. It declares its aim as follows: "The aim of the Communist International is to organise an armed struggle for the overthrow of the international bourgeoisie and the establishment of an international Soviet Republic as a transition to the complete abolition of the capitalist State." From that executive not only the declared Communist Party of Great Britain but a host of other camouflaged organizations take orders. The whole of this power, amply supplied with funds—whatever the shortage of cash in Russia, there is always plenty for subversive agitation in other countries—is now furiously in attack against what it calls MacDonaldism.

An Attack on the Premier

The May number of the Labour Monthly, excellently produced as an apparently independent review and the most important of the camouflaged communist publications, thus defines the issue in a violent editorial:

"The speech of the Prime Minister at York afforded a very clear expression of the policy which rules the Labour Party and the Labour Government today. . . . If anyone had foretold twelve months ago that within a year MacDonald would as Prime Minister lead the working-class movement into the establishment of a Coalition Government with a Liberal Imperialist and a Conservative ex-Viceroy; voluntary suppression of strikes with the threat of the Emergency Powers Act in the background; use of the Secret Service against Labour; carrying of armaments extension programmes by means of the Labour vote, and coercion in India, he would not have been believed. . . .

"This temporary power of MacDonald is only a reflection of the present balance of classes, to be swept away very rapidly by a development of the class struggle in one direction or another. . . . MacDonald has always been able to maintain his position, partly by the support of his own immediate ring of non-labour backers in the key positions, partly by his control of the giving and withholding of place and position among a greedy and not very high-principled crowd. . . .

"The more sincere MacDonald is, the more use he is to the bourgeoisie. . . . MacDonald represents all that opiate of social pacifism, religion, constitutionalism, and cloudy ethical idealism by which the bourgeoisie hopes to drug and stifle the awakening consciousness of the working-class. . . .

"Thus MacDonaldism is the greatest enemy of the working class at the present stage against which all sincere elements must openly combine. . . . An alternative leadership has got to be achieved. The triumph of MacDonaldism does not mean merely the defeat and frustration of the working-class movement; it means its disruption. For the workers will go forward in any case, and no MacDonald can hold them back. But if MacDonald remains at the head of the movement, then it means a breach in the movement. The new militancy of 'trade union M.P.'s' is not the result of a sudden awakening on their part (their past record would absolve them from this charge) but is the compulsory reflection of the awakening of the rank and file. . . . There is only one alternative to MacDonaldism for the policy of the working-class movement. That alternative is Marxism, the modern realisation of which is Communism. The expression of this alternative has got to be achieved by all the virile elements of the Labour Party.'

That is the keynote of the attack, reiterated everywhere in Socialist meetings, Socialist journals, in factories and at street corners; MacDonald is the traitor, just as Kerensky was the traitor. The Third International believes that the hour of its opportunity has come; the pendulum seems swinging back toward them; in Germany the recent elections gave the communists an increase of fifty-eight seats; in France the communist representation increased from twelve to twenty-nine; in Britain, the disillusionment of the Socialists at the revolutionary impotence of the first Socialist government offers an unwontedly fertile soil for the sowing of the communist seed of dragons' teeth.

Communist Factory Groups

The British Labor Government derives its personnel chiefly from the Independent Labor Party, but it derives its strength, so far as it is a Labor Government, from the solid support, moral and financial, of the great trade-unions. The communist policy in the first place is to disrupt and demoralize those trade-unions, to undermine the position of the regular trade-union leaders who are nearly all closely associated with the maintenance of the present government, and to stampede the workmen into strikes which have the double object of sabotaging the resources of the country and making the position of the government impossible. The government, they hope, will be caught in the alternative of suppressing the strike, and thus lie open to the charge of being the enemy of labor, or allowing the country to drift into that condition of chaos which is the communists' golden opportunity. Since the Labor Government has been in power a quick succession of important strikes has exasperated the community—the locomotive men's strike, the dockers' strike, the shipbuilding strike, the tramway and omnibus men's strike, the strike on the London electric railways—and nearly all those strikes have been in opposition to the wishes of the leaders of the trade-unions concerned, and some in defiance of their prohibition. In each one of them the communists have been busy.

On May 18, 1924, the Communist International sent a carefully unnamed delegate—it was Marcel Cachin, the French communist—with its message to the British Communist Party's congress at Manchester. It was a message that, of course, violently attacked MacDonaldism. The central thesis of that message was as follows: "I would therefore emphasize at this very moment the necessity of creating factory groups in every factory and every workshop. Those groups may help the party to unite the masses, not for words but for deeds—namely, for immediate action, to impose upon the government to fulfill the promises they have given and the obligations they have taken upon themselves. This campaign if properly organised should show the masses that the way to emancipation lies outside the Parliament."

The way these communist groups are being created is explained in the June, 1924, issue of the Communist Review:

"We want a unit that (compared with the Trade Union branch group) is superior

(Continued on Page 117)

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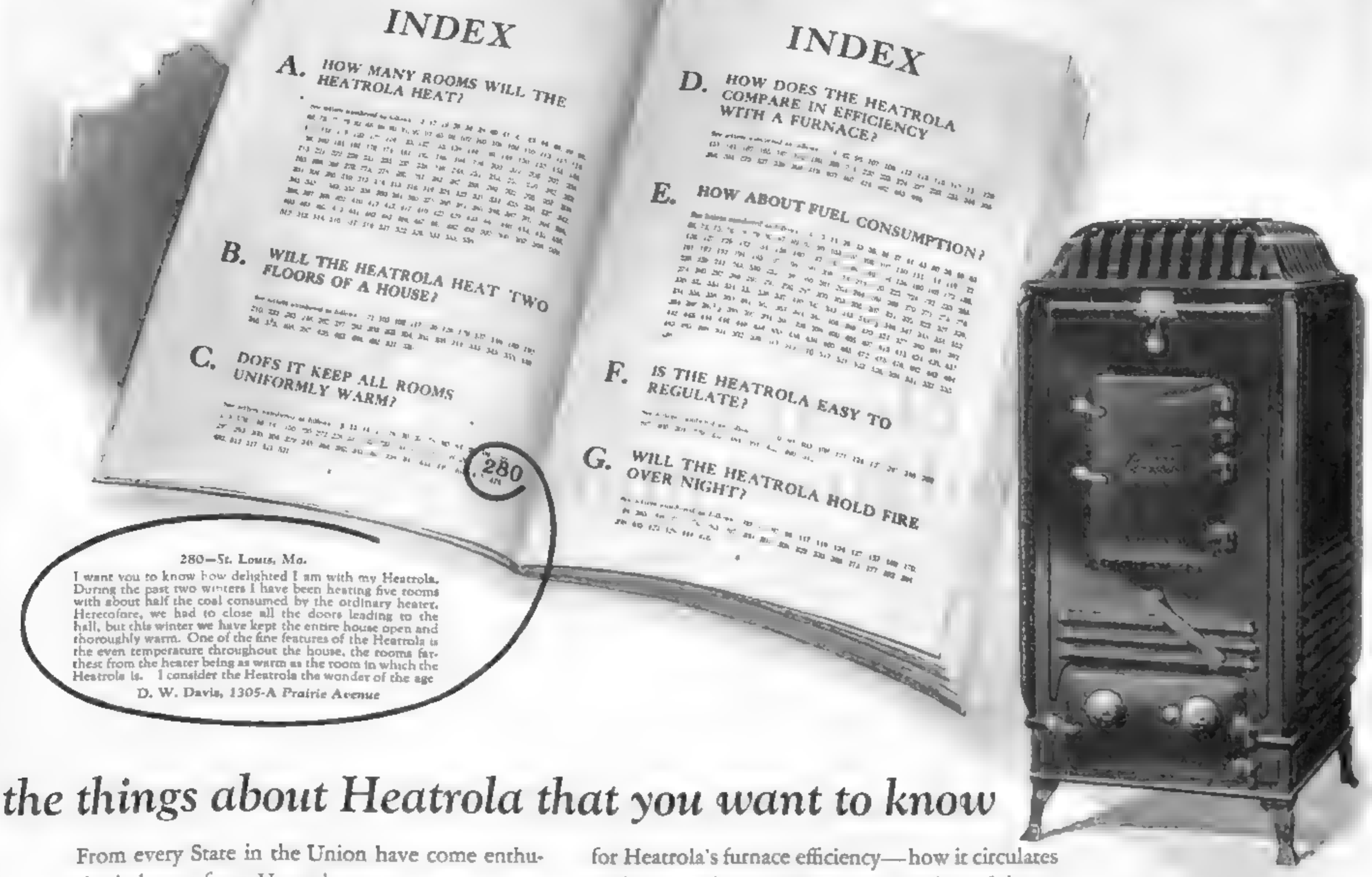
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The 48-page Kohler Automatic booklet tells a most interesting story of the efficient, dependable, and economical service which these remarkable plants are giving. It contains convincing evidence from owners, covering every class of installation. Let us send you this booklet. The coupon will bring it to you.

"Wonderful work for over three years"

THE Kohler Automatic has been doing wonderful work at my summer home at Point o' Pines, Wisconsin, for over three years. It is used in lighting the house, garage, machine shop, and two log cabins. We have never for one moment been without light.

"With its 110-volt current we use vacuum cleaners, washing machines, coffee percolators, toasters, etc., without having to buy special appliances as would have been necessary with a low-voltage plant. I would much rather do away with any comfort or appliance at our home than do without the Kohler."

[Signed] *E. C. Patterson,*
President Warner Patterson Co., Chicago

Kohler Automatic Model D
1500 watts: 110-volt D. C.

What will the Kohler Automatic do next?

For a year a Kohler Automatic has been supplying current for floodlights, searchlights, and ordinary lighting on a dredge engaged in swamp-reclamation along the lower Illinois River. It has kept the work going as smoothly by night as by day.

It is the *fifth* Kohler Automatic purchased by the McWilliams Dredging Company, of Chicago; the fifth which they have pronounced "100% satisfactory" for use with their dredges, draglines, and shovels.

This is typical of scores of new and surprising uses which have been found for the Kohler Automatic. *Because this plant has no storage batteries, because it generates standard 110-volt current,* it has made real electricity available everywhere and transportable anywhere for the first time.

Kohler Automatics are being used on ships for radio; in hospitals and motion picture theatres for emergency current. They travel on trucks for contractors who must make their electricity on the spot. They serve mines, lumber camps, oil fields, and isolated factories.

Many such installations are described in the Kohler Automatic booklet. You should be sure to send for this booklet if you need electric light or power for any purpose which city current can not serve.

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Gentlemen: Please send me the Kohler Automatic booklet, *"The Private Plant That Pays."*

Name

Street or R. F. D.

City State

I am interested in [illegible]

Mark X here [illegible]

(Continued from Page 114)

(a) from the standpoint of contact with the workers (b) from the standpoint of circulation of the paper (the 'Workers Weekly'), (c) from the standpoint of maximum efficiency and economy of forces in the Party organisation.

"The factory group . . . reaches for purely objective and inevitable reasons, 100 per cent of the workers, while the trade union branch meeting, as you know, is attended by 5–10 per cent. . . . In this connection, the case which Comrade Cant quoted at the Conference (two Communist Party members in a factory of 400 trade unionists, 86 readers of the paper, 30 potential Party members) is a particularly striking and persuasive illustration. . . .

"When a regular circulation of at least ten has been achieved in any one factory, the process of converting the regular readers into Party members begins. One way, of course, is by direct approach of the factory member; another way is the special recruiting meeting at the workshop gates, with sales of Party literature; a third is the organisation of classes or lectures under Party auspices; while a fourth, and very important, is the canvassing of the regular readers at their homes. . . .

"As soon as the members in the factory in question number three or five, they are constituted into a group, and the original member or members withdrawn from their area groups."

Nevertheless, the communists are far from neglecting the trade-unions. As the Communist Review truly remarks, trade-union branch meetings are attended by only 5 to 10 per cent of the members, and the great majority in that percentage are active Communists. It is at the trade-union branch meetings that the resolutions get passed which stir trade-union M. P.'s into a new militancy as a compulsory reflection of the awakening of the rank and file, in the words of the Labour Monthly. Moreover, numerically small though the Communist Party is, its members by their assiduity at these branch meetings manage to get themselves elected to a very large proportion of official positions. It is naturally difficult to obtain exact statistics, but in a list of the branch secretaries of the Transport and General Workers Union, Bus Section, London, which lies before me as I write, out of the total forty-five of such branch secretaries, seventeen are notorious and avowed communists whilst others are doubtful cases. This is not an especially red trade-union, and the percentage may be accepted as generally typical. In this connection it is extremely significant that the new general secretary of the Miners' Federation, Mr. A. J. Cook, is a very prominent communist comrade. Such are the methods by which the communists, under the orders of the Third International, are undermining that great trade-union organization of Great Britain which is the foundation whereon rest both the British Labor Government and, as a consequence of the prestige of that government so intimately associated with it, the Second International.

The Red Defeat at Kelvingrove

Nor does the communist permeation stop at the industrial side. The British Labor Party refused affiliation to the Communist Party as a party, but by a curious compromise it granted admission to any communists who cared to join as individuals. Undoubtedly a very large number belong to the Independent Labor Party which is the political source of the Parliamentary Party, and at the last election twenty-six communists were returned to Parliament, not as communists but as official Labor members. At a very recent by-election at Kelvingrove, Glasgow, the Labor Party—as the result of some unexplained wire pulling behind the scenes—withdrew its own official candidate, and gave its support instead to an unabashed communist. It is refreshing to note that this gentleman so frightened the electorate that he came out at the bottom of the poll in a ludicrous minority.

That Kelvingrove by-election illustrated a point of which the communists are well aware. Communism as a label is anything but a recommendation to favor in Britain. It has advertised its real nature too recklessly. The British workingman has read quite a lot about Russia in the past seven years, and he declines to believe that it is a terrestrial paradise, even for the proletariat. Consequently, whilst retaining for the moment the British Communist Party—with a paltry if preternaturally active membership of five thousand—as its official representative in Britain, the Third International creates as many camouflaged and equally active organizations, both of propaganda and action, as it can.

Its newest favorite is the Red International of Labor Unions—domiciled in Moscow, of course. This organization has energetically interfered in every strike since the formation of the Labor Government, and at the conclusion of most of them the strike leaders have engineered a mass vote of thanks to their benevolent helpers. It is significant that the Russian Soviet representatives now in London to attend the interminable Anglo-Soviet Conference, have practically ignored the existence of the Communist Party of Great Britain though they have paid many visits to the London headquarters of the Red International of Labor Unions. Simultaneously the Russian Pravda has been attacking the British Communist Party for not being sufficiently extreme! An absurd accusation, for the British Communist Party merely repeats, parrotlike, what it gets from Moscow. Evidently the Third International has decided that the British Communist Party—which exists solely on Russian subsidies—does not give sufficient return for the money invested, and funds have recently been cut off. The British Communist Party is in such desperate financial straits that it was constrained to mortgage its premises in King Street, Covent Garden, London, for three thousand pounds. That money is now all spent; and it is the Red International of Labor Unions—with money from Moscow—which has bought the mortgage over its head!

The Meeting at Mooney's Tavern

This obscure intrigue may signify the reemergence of that interesting gentleman, Mr. Jim Larkin, backed by the full power of the Third International, as the new leader of the communist campaign in England. Larkin is an influential member of the Red International of Labor Unions as he is of the I. W. W., and was the organizer of the old Irish Workers' League, which was the original Irish Communist Party and had many members in the Irish Republican Army.

There are at present in London many I. R. A. officers, and conspicuous among them is one Flood, a friend of Larkin's, and one of the chiefs of the old I. R. A.

At a secret meeting of the I. R. A. members in London, at Mooney's Tavern, on Monday, June 2, 1924, the I. R. A. decided to throw in its lot with the communists, "as both are working for the same object." The Red International of Labor Unions will therefore possess an embryo military framework, which the Communist Party of Great Britain lacked, for the more efficient attack on the British social system. The armed struggle is explicitly the aim of the Third International. The recrudescence of strife in Ireland, threatened by the Ulster border question, may—they hope—afford a pretext for its inception.

The communists are also working untiringly to stampede the mass of British Socialist opinion toward the left through a large number of somewhat crude weekly periodicals as well as through the camouflaged propaganda of such excellently produced publications as the Labour Monthly and The Plebs. This latter has an especial significance. It is the organ of the National Council of Labor Colleges. This body was founded in 1908, as the Plebs League, by Socialist students of Ruskin College, Oxford—a working-class college—on the principle that "education is, in a class society, a class matter"; that is, to give the younger and cleverer members of the working class that definitely revolutionary education which was not provided by the Working Men's College, Ruskin College, The Workers' Educational Association, and other similar philanthropic institutions. Until quite recently this movement languished, obscure and insignificant, but in 1921 came a sudden accession of vitality, and the Plebs League became the National Union of Labor Colleges with branches all over the country and the financial support of the trade-unions at the back of it. It claims this year to have more than 17,000 students as against 11,993 in 1923. It states for itself: "As the purpose of the Labour Colleges is to help the workers in their industrial, political and coöperative struggles, the subjects taught are chosen with that end in view." It is careful never to apply the

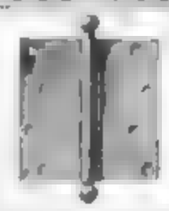
Out of 10,000 here are 16

Do you know what they are?

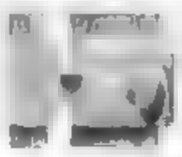
YOU'LL find them at your Corbin dealer's. He carries them in stock for you—the little things in hardware that "keep your house in order."

He doesn't know when you'll need them—nor do you. But when you do, there they are.

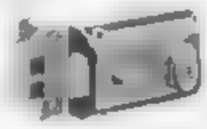
Look over these 16 of the 10,000 items of *good* hardware Corbin makes. Then you'll know more about the service a Corbin dealer can give you.



Corbin Butts never "jam" nor squeak. Cast in bronze, brass and iron—they last



Corbin Catches for every kind of door are willing servants too.



There is no better guide to security than Corbin on a Night Latch.

Smooth edges and plenty of finger room on Corbin Drawer Pulls

The beauty of a Corbin Door Knocker charms you and your guest

One of 107 styles of Bolts made by Corbin—each an example of good hardware.

The Corbin Sash Fastener accepts its responsibility cheerfully.

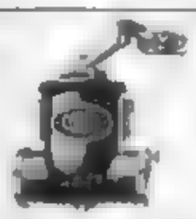
The Corbin Unit Lock whose key-hole comes to meet you—exclusive with Corbin

Even Door Stops deserve to be good hardware, and are—when Corbin made

A Lock Set is always good hardware when it bears the name Corbin

A Corbin Door Holder never fails to hold down its job. Good hardware!—certainly

This is a Corbin Sash Lift—a popular member of the good Hardware family



The Corbin Door Check will tame unruly doors, end slamming and drafts

Nowadays one hangs his best clothes on the best Hooks—Corbin's

Windows are certain of an "easy rise" on Corbin Sash Pulleys

See that name Corbin! Be sure of that and you're sure of a Cylinder Lock

WHEN you are in need of any one of the 16 or the 10,000 visit the Corbin dealer first. It will save your shopping steps. His store is *good* hardware headquarters, whatever your needs may be. Write for our booklet "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware."

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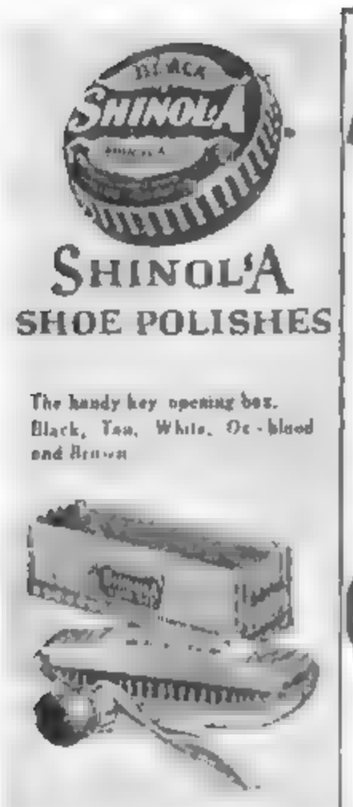
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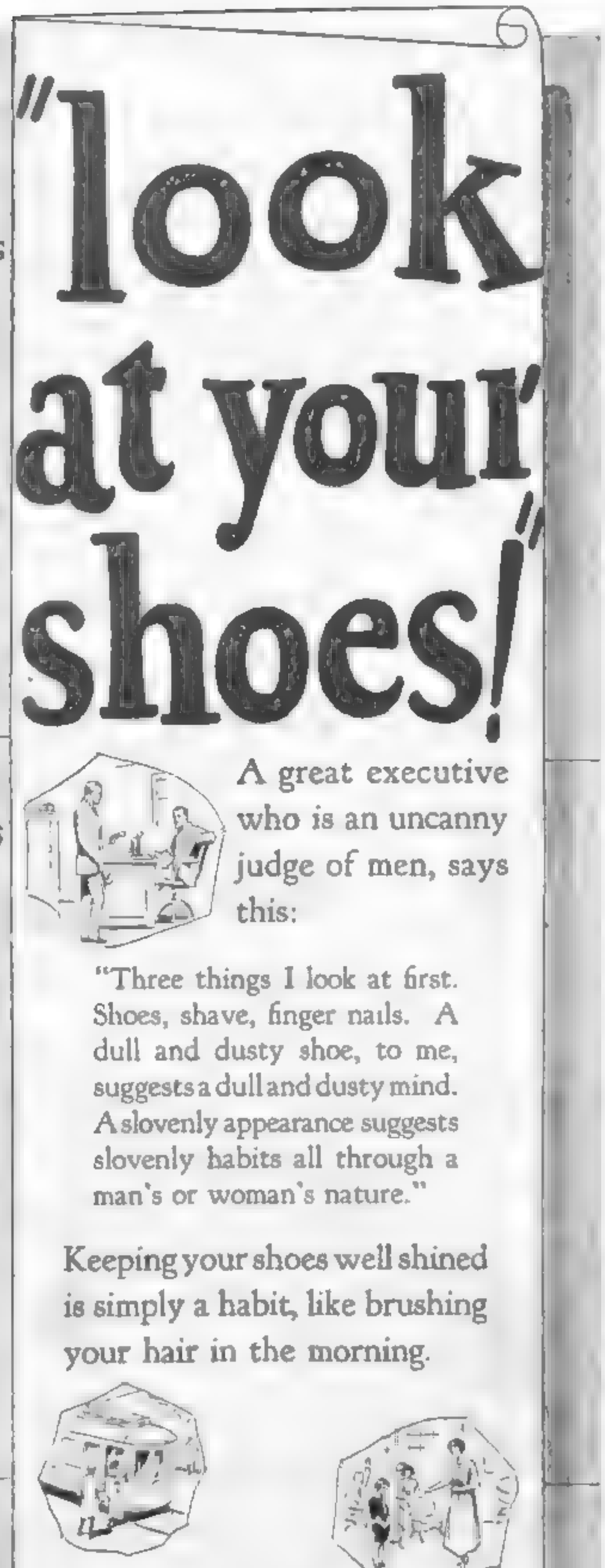
SHOE POLISHES
The handy key opening box. Black, Tan, White, Ox-blood and Brown
SHINOLA Home Set. Genuine bristle dauber cleans the shoes and applies the polish. The big lamb's wool polisher brings the shine with a few strokes


"look at your shoes!
A great executive who is an uncanny judge of men, says this:
"Three things I look at first. Shoes, shave, finger nails. A dull and dusty shoe, to me, suggests a dull and dusty mind. A slovenly appearance suggests slovenly habits all through a man's or woman's nature."
Keeping your shoes well shined is simply a habit, like brushing your hair in the morning.
Look at your shoes . . . then you can look the world straight in the eye, without any apology for your personal appearance.
Buy a Shoe Shining Outfit today—and use it!
If your dealer can not supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N.Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.
Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.

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SHOE POLISHES

A Success of Years

Everybody is pleased with Bixby's JET-OIL Shoe Polishes. They clean, dye and shine.

Easiest to use. Good for shoes. For Black, Brown, White, and Ox blood shoes.

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SHOE POLISHES

Everybody knows the quality. Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox blood

2-in-1 Shining Kit

A big fine quality brush and dauber of South American horse hair with polishing cloth - complete - in durable box.

label communist to itself, but all the publications issued by it are definitely communist, and the Plebs Magazine, its official organ, is never anything but communist in its attitude and its teaching. It is, of course, virulently antagonistic to MacDonaldism. This organization exerts a very great and increasing influence among the ranks of those who still discreetly call themselves Socialists, particularly among the younger men.

Nor are the communists content with capturing the adult and the adolescent. They focus strenuously on capturing the child. They are never tired of proclaiming Liebknecht's motto: "Who has the youth has the future." In pursuance of this policy they publish the Young Worker, the organ of the Young Communist League, and the Young Comrade, the organ of the Children's Section, filled with propaganda purporting to be written by infants of eleven and twelve. One may doubt whether these journals have much influence, however. Far more potent is the agency of the communist, proletarian and Socialist Sunday schools which are scattered all over the country. The Socialist Sunday School Union disowns confraternity with the communist and proletarian schools, but the following note in The International of Youth, organ of the Young Communist International, September, 1922, rather spoils the repudiation: "*Great Britain.*—The Young Communist League of Great Britain carries on the work of summer propaganda very successfully. . . . By an agreement with the Socialist Sunday School Union, the Young Communist League will not form schools in districts where the former has schools already in existence." In January, 1922, as a matter of fact, the Socialist Sunday School Union published an expression of regret that the Young Communist League had dissociated itself from the S. S. S. U.

The Corruption of Children

In all these Sunday schools—so called it is explained because they are held on Sunday—Socialist, communist and proletarian alike—the Red Flag is prominently displayed, and the literature, songbook, and so on, used are the same. In all are taught the Ten Revolutionary Maxims, parodying the Ten Commandments—the whole proceedings are a parody on Christian religious services. They're too long to quote in full, but here are a few:

"(1) Thou shalt inscribe on your (*sic*) banner: 'Workers of all lands, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains—you have a world to win.'

"(2) Thou shalt not be a patriot, for a patriot is an international blackleg.

"(5) Thou shalt teach Revolution. . . .

"(6) Thou shalt demand on behalf of your class the complete surrender of the Capitalist class. . . .

"(7) Thou shalt wage the Class war. . . ."

And so on.

Here are verses from the hymn books in use:

"*No Jesus died our class to save*
On this or any Calvary;
We paid the price, our lives we gave
To clear the earth of slavery."

"*What! Wear a tricolour Union Jack,*
Symbols of greed and stealth,
And haul from the masts of the brotherhood
The flag of the Commonwealth?
I would as soon help weeds in a garden,
Where sweet flow'rs cannot grow
As turn my back on our Red Flag
For the 'tag-rags' of the foe."

"*We love the brave class-conscious few*
The workers who will dare—and do!"

A parody on Christian baptismal rites welcomes the newborn infant into the ranks. Here is some of the ritual:

"Comrades, on your behalf I welcome today a child of the working class.

"It is the parents' desire that their child should be named as a child of the Revolutionary working class.

"With pleasure we inscribe on our roll the name of our Comrade ——

"Every child in the Industrial Republic would have as a birthright, everything in life. . . ."

It is difficult to say how many children attend these schools and have their minds thus debauched. In 1922 the movement boasted of 225 schools in England and Scotland, with an attendance of more than 14,000 children; there are now certainly very many more. It was of these unfortunate infants that The People—an important London newspaper—of July 2, 1922, reported: "It is an unpleasant story, but the fact remains that a party of over 70 children aged between 3 and 12 recently marched through London's streets, accompanied by men in red ties, singing in shrill voices the following disgusting doggerel:

'They have got the money,
They have got the money,
And we can't get a bob;
They tell us to love our Jesus Christ,
But there ain't no bloody God!'"

It was these unfortunate infants who were the feature of the British Labor Day celebrations of May first this year—held under the ægis of the British Labor Party—paraded through the drenching rain in wagons labeled "Long Live Soviet Russia!" and singing their Sunday-school songs.

In view of the slavish and meticulous adherence of the communists to the principles formulated by their apostle, Karl Marx, nearly eighty years ago, it is worth while recalling the axioms laid down by Marx for the 1870 Congress of the International:

"England alone can serve as a lever for a serious economic revolution (the World-Revolution).

"The General Council being placed in the happy position of having its hand on the great lever of the proletarian revolution, what folly to let it fall into purely English hands!"

Marx then summed up under five heads the policy to be followed:

"(1) England is the only country in which a real Socialist revolution can be made.

"(2) The English people cannot make this revolution.

"(3) Foreigners must make it for them.

"(4) The foreign members, therefore, must retain their seats at the London Board.

"(5) The point to strike at first is Ireland, and in Ireland they are ready to begin their work."

The communists today are repeating this word for word.

Incitement to Violence

This is a rough sketch of the movement which is now mobilizing all its resources to overthrow MacDonaldism in Britain as in 1917 it overthrew Kerensky in Russia. It enthusiastically subscribes to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's dictum, "Opportunity is power," and it believes that the opportunity is to the communist in the immediate future. To quote the words of the final paragraph of the Third International's last published order to its British agents:

"(3) The Communist Party of Great Britain must remember that the objective conditions for its development into an influential revolutionary mass party are now present. Therefore it must do all in its power to make its organisation strike deep roots in the revolutionary masses of workers and especially in the productive workshops.

"Executive Committee of the International, Moscow, February 6th, 1924."

It is doing its best—by unceasing abuse of the Labor Government, which it accuses virulently of the betrayal of the workers' cause; by unceasing agitation within the trade-unions to stampede them into strikes against the orders of the official leaders; by an intensification of anti-MacDonald propaganda through every agency by which it can reach the workers; by the personal action of left-wing Socialists themselves. The following paragraph from the London Times of June 23, 1924, is typical of much:

"Speaking from another platform (at Glasgow, Sunday, June 22nd) Mr. James Maxton, M.P, (a prominent 'Left-Winger') exhorted a somewhat restless audience to be a little more revolutionary. 'It is not a bit of use my talking Revolution in Parliament, being called the wild man leading wild and determined workers, unless there is evidence that these workers are wild and determined. If I could only hear that one revolutionary in Glasgow had broken one window at the Labour Exchange I would feel wildly elated.' He deplored the apathy and lack of fire among the Clyde workers. During the past year, he said, there had not been a thing happening on the Clyde to

(Continued on Page 121)

RAILWAY EXCHANGE BLDG., ST. LOUIS, MO. Architect—Mauran, Russell & Crowell, St. Louis, Mo.
Window Frames Manufactured by J. F. Ruth, St. Louis, Mo.

Father Time Reports

Father Time is the busiest person on the Armco staff—he is forever checking up on the service performance of ARMCO Ingot Iron the country over.

Eleven years ago four thousand window frames made of galvanized ARMCO Ingot Iron were installed in the Railway Exchange building at St. Louis.

These window frames are today in splendid condition and are good for many years to come.

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Is it any wonder that Architects and Engineers specify Ingot Iron for all sheet metal work on all types of buildings from skyscrapers to cottages?

Ingot Iron is the purest of ferrous metals made in an open hearth furnace. It resists rust to an extraordinary degree, lasts a lifetime and because of its even, dense structure is easy to work. The purity of Ingot Iron makes it an ideal base for zinc coating (galvanizing).

For roofing, siding, cornices, flashing, window frames, heating and ventilating ducts, skylight frames, water tanks, smoke stacks, lath, rain gutters and conductor pipe, culverts, flumes, and other sheet metal uses there is nothing comparable to rust-resisting, long-lasting Ingot Iron.

If you are building for permanence it will pay you to look for the blue ARMCO Triangle stencilled on every sheet of Ingot Iron.

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IS IT MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON? *Every day more and more people are making sure of enduring sheet metal work by asking this question.*

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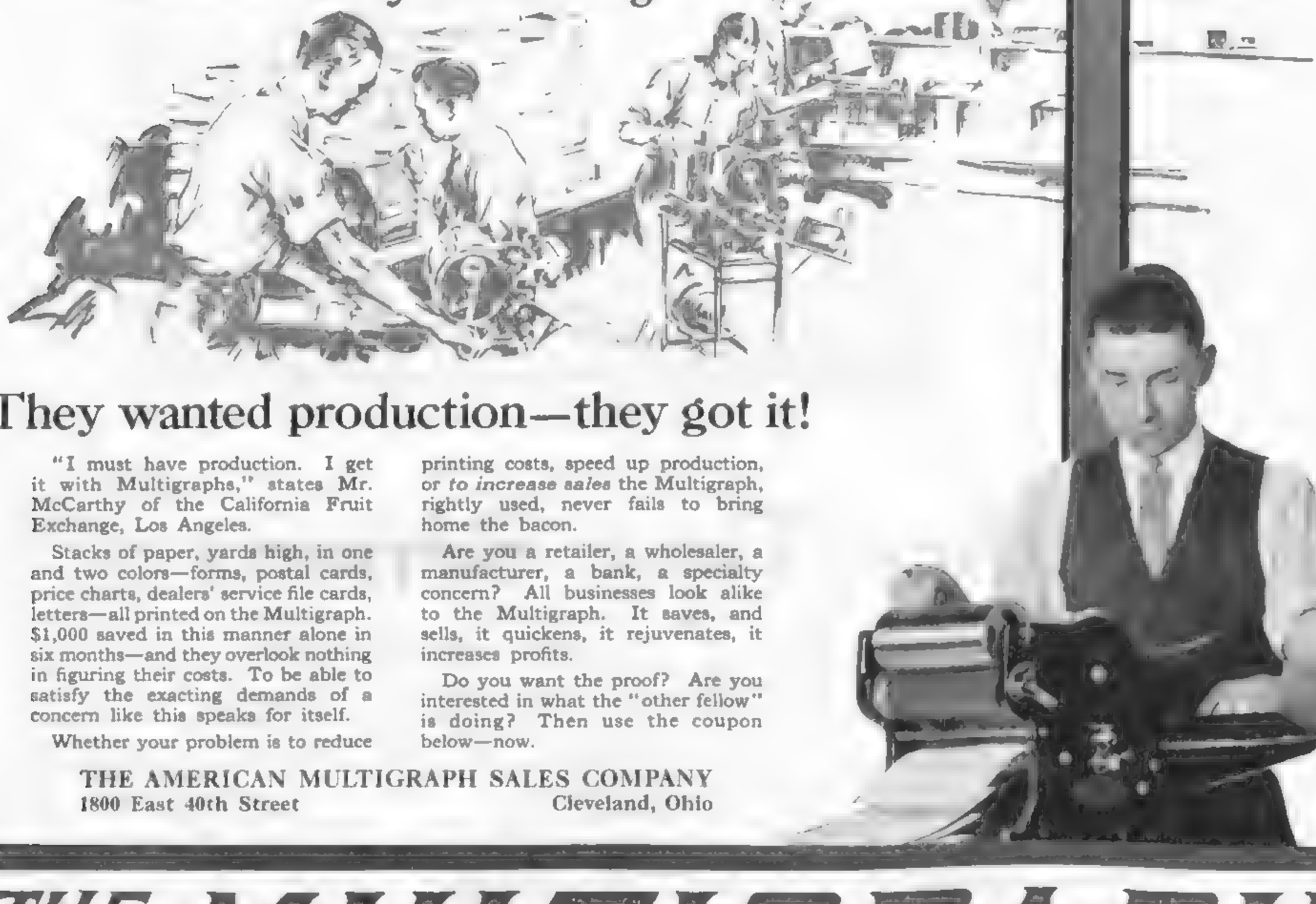

They wanted production—they got it!

"I must have production. I get it with Multigraphs," states Mr. McCarthy of the California Fruit Exchange, Los Angeles.

Stacks of paper, yards high, in one and two colors—forms, postal cards, price charts, dealers' service file cards, letters—all printed on the Multigraph. $1,000 saved in this manner alone in six months—and they overlook nothing in figuring their costs. To be able to satisfy the exacting demands of a concern like this speaks for itself.

Whether your problem is to reduce printing costs, speed up production, or *to increase sales* the Multigraph, rightly used, never fails to bring home the bacon.

Are you a retailer, a wholesaler, a manufacturer, a bank, a specialty concern? All businesses look alike to the Multigraph. It saves, and sells, it quickens, it rejuvenates, it increases profits.

Do you want the proof? Are you interested in what the "other fellow" is doing? Then use the coupon below—now.

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The Multigraph is a rapid, rotary printing machine for office use, which can be used either for printing with ink from type or plates, or for multiple-typewriting through a ribbon. Hand-operated and motor driven types. It prints bulletins, folders, tags, forms, letters, bags, envelopes—almost anything the average business requires. Easy to operate—easy to own.

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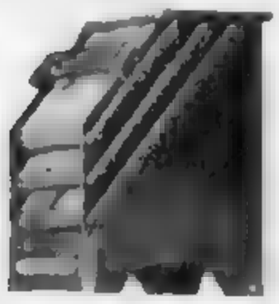
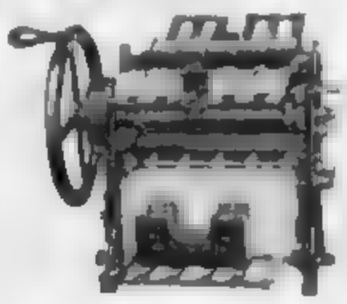
Mail This Coupon Today

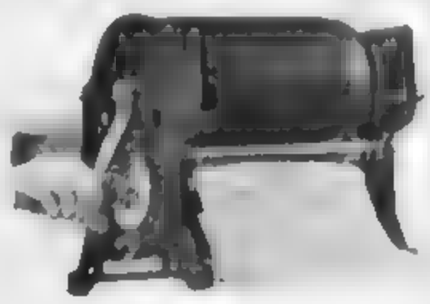
This is the Multigraph Typesetter which makes it easy to set type for the Multigraph



This is the Multigraph Folder Junior, companion equipment to the New Multigraph; has a folding speed of 4,800 pieces an hour; hand operated. Price $125.00 (in U. S. A.).



This is the New Multigraph equipped for turning out typewritten letters, forms, etc.



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Gentlemen: Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your new booklet entitled, "Going After the Customer," and inform me just how the Multigraph will be of service to me.

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Address

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(Continued from Page 118)

justify him standing in the House of Commons and saying, 'Unless you deal drastically with the problem of unemployment the people on the Clyde are going to play hell.'"

And what is the Ramsay MacDonald government doing to meet the peril which threatens it? So far as can be observed—nothing. The Labour Monthly's accusation of the voluntary suppression of strikes is wide of the truth. Not even in the unofficial strikes has the government intervened. On the contrary, when at the beginning of June the unofficial strike on the London electric railways for several days paralyzed those essential means of communication and subjected London's millions of workers to immense hardship, Mr. Tom Shaw, the Minister of Labor—and aforetime joint secretary of the Second International—speaking in the House of Commons said that it was no business of the government to interfere "since the railways were not nationalized"! It makes no effort to counteract the orgy of anti-MacDonald propaganda which is overwhelming the workers behind its back. All its own propaganda is directed toward the British middle classes in an effort to convince them that Labor has justified the experiment, that it is fit to govern.

It looks forward confidently to an immense accession of strength at the next election, and the probability is that its confidence is justified. Labor has been in office for six months, and though it can point to no measure by which Britain and the British Empire have clearly benefited, it has at least done nothing overt and startling to harm the charge intrusted to it. It has reduced the food taxes on the workingman's breakfast table, a measure much appreciated by the poorer middle classes at their wits' end to make ends meet. The British middle class is more than half convinced that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is an honest man, and it likes honest men. The abuse with which Moscow covers him is a recommendation in itself. And there is no doubt whatever that, under the tactful management of Mr. MacDonald, Great Britain has recovered much of that prestige in foreign affairs which it lost under Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin. The conviction is growing in England that whatever may have been the revolutionary Mr. MacDonald of 1917 and 1919, the Mr. MacDonald of 1924 is honestly determined to uphold the dignity and traditions of the great office to which he has succeeded and to govern Britain to the best of his ability for the benefit of the British people and not of the alien revolutionary.

The Trial of Strength

The trouble will come if, as is probable, the next election—which may come next month or next year—returns the Labor Party with perhaps an absolute majority in the House of Commons. Then Mr. MacDonald and the moderate Socialists associated with him—Mr. Snowden, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Sidney Webb, and the like—will no longer be able to excuse themselves to their impatient propaganda-maddened rank-and-file with the explanation that they are in a parliamentary minority. The whole of the left wing, whose only discernible difference from communism is in name—those leaders, for example, of the Ginger Committee, appointed even as it is to see that the first Socialist government does not forget socialism—will be at him to demand the revolution here and now. Mr. MacDonald may believe in evolution toward socialism. It is a belief shared nowadays only by the bland intellectuals who sit on the government front bench with him; the whole of the rank-and-file is impatient for revolution.

Then will come the trial of strength for Mr. MacDonald; and what Mr. MacDonald will do no one knows. It is possible that he may be deposed from leadership by a vote of his party. It is possible that he may be able to hold that party together, and to defeat communism. It is possible, in fact, that Mr. MacDonald may be the appointed savior of Great Britain.

It is possible—but the more intelligent of the British middle classes are not confident of it. They see Mr. MacDonald merely ignoring the communist menace which is gathering behind him. They wonder whether he is unwilling or merely impotent to deal with it. He cannot be ignorant of it. But so far, no public word of reproach to the extremist members of his party has passed his lips. His own government's only newspaper, the Daily Herald, is free to champion enthusiastically every one of the succession of unofficial strikes which are wrecking the trade-unions; as it is free to receive subsidies—if no longer, as once, directly from Moscow, at least in the form of expensively charged advertisements from Arcos, the Russian Soviet trading organization in Britain; and to be managed by that friend of Lenine, Mr. Lanabury, joint chairman of the Ginger Committee. The use of the word "communism" or "communists" is carefully eschewed in the House of Commons by the Socialist members.

Those British middle classes, however, have their doubts. When I wrote Will Labor Rule Britain? in July, 1923, I said that no Fascist organization existed in England, but that one would spontaneously appear when the emergency showed itself. That was correct. In July, 1923, there was no Fascist movement in Britain. But there is one now. It was initiated at the end of August, 1923, and, very small until the advent of the Labor Government to power, it has since grown very rapidly and is growing more rapidly with every day. So far, this organization has not appealed publicly for members; it is recruited solely by personal persuasion of friend with friend, chiefly among the middle classes, but with a surprisingly large percentage of workingmen.

The Fascist Movement Growing

This movement has no budding Mussolini at the head of it. The British Fascisti, as they at present call themselves, are controlled by a provisional grand council, formed partly by election and partly by co-option. Its organization is that of units—each with a transport section—of seven men under a unit leader, which compose troops of twenty-one under a troop leader. Three troops make a company, and three companies make a division under a divisional officer. The divisional officers are under an area commander, and the whole country is divided into areas and subareas. There is no subscription, and no payment for service; necessary expenses are met by donations from such as can afford it. There are already 300 branches in the British Isles. If its recruitment continues at its present daily rate—and that rate is increasing day by day—it will number something like 50,000 by the end of this year.

It is possible, of course, that the Matteotti scandal in Italy may profoundly affect and even discredit any movement with the title of Fascisti. Such a foreign label is in any case not an attractive one for Britishers, and it is in spite of and not because of that name that the British middle classes, skeptical of the protection of parliamentary parties, are hastening to join up in the only organization they can see which promises them some safeguard from communism. It is possible that events will enforce a change in that title, but the organization itself will undoubtedly survive and grow. It is called forth, just as was Fascismo in Italy in 1919, by the force of circumstances. The British middle classes have not the slightest intention of submitting tamely to the dictatorship of the proletariat.

So far this movement is merely in the incipient stage; it is preparational for an eventuality that may never come but which every day looms nearer and nearer. At present it makes no overt demonstration of its strength, save that it is always prepared to guarantee free speech at public meetings against that organized ruffianism of the communists which has of late become more and more a feature of British political controversy. It does this only at the request of the political party concerned, and on every occasion—and they are already numerous—when it has been called upon it has done so with complete success. It is the only thing in Britain which the communists are really afraid of.

The final result—if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's "Opportunity is power" should indeed prove opportunity for the communists—will undoubtedly prove the correctness of the communist fears. The Anglo-Saxon middle class is a very different thing from the bourgeoisie of Russia. It has made both the British Empire and the United States of America. That is a somewhat different affair from the crazy atavistic barbarism of Soviet Russia, the one achievement to which the mentally and morally perverted communists can point. It will fight hard before it permits such a catastrophe to overtake the civilization it has created.

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AFTER THE FAIR

(Continued from Page 9)

hear me cheering at that meeting? You must have heard me. I give a cop an awful argument afterwards. I called him a big Tammany Hall rumdum and he wanted to fan me. Say, prof, you want to put through a bill to regulate those club men and make them stop brutalizing citizens. He says to me 'I got half a mind to fan you with this,' and I says to him, 'I know you got half a mind, and if you had a whole mind you would still be a little silly.' Ha-ha! That was telling him, wasn't it, prof?"

He had got the sheaf of notes from his pocket and now he put it down on the desk; it bulked so large that he himself was impressed and he looked at it with reverence.

"There you are, prof! That's what your friends think of you. That will put you across; and if it don't, there is more where that come from."

"But, Mr. Padgett," said Professor Buckmaster, "my campaign expenses have been met. I have really no use for this money, though it is ever so good of you."

"You can't have too many votes, prof, what I mean. That jack will buy you a very nice batch. Send it south!"

"But surely, Mr. Padgett, you do not think I would buy votes?"

Bert closed one eye, assuming his most sophisticated leer.

"Listen, prof, I'm a friend of yourn, ain't I? Then you can talk to me. Say, you ain't going to try to kid me, are you? Take that dough and step out and buy yourself a bundle of ballots and hand them around. You ain't going to try to tell me anything about politics, are you?"

"I do believe you are serious," said Professor Buckmaster, reddening. "What is your purpose, sir? Who sent you here? You may go back and tell them that their clumsy device reflects very little credit on their intelligence, howsoever true an index it may be to their own political methods."

"Now listen, prof," expostulated Bert in a winning voice. "Don't be like that. You know me, and you know I'm with you. There is a hundred and twenty-seven dollars in that bale, and ——"

Professor Buckmaster snatched up the money and thrust it at Bert so threateningly that Bert threw up his hands and accepted it in self-defense. "Get out!" said the candidate, pointing the way.

"You ain't done me right, prof," mumbled Bert, going. "No, you ain't; and I'm going to be sore about this. I'm telling you something. You are going to be a sorry man before you go to bed. Maybe you are a college professor, but when it comes to politics you ought to have a cane and a tin cup and a sign on your chest, what I mean. Oh, I'm going; don't get noisy!"

"This way out, young man," said Mrs. Jersey, holding the street door open.

"You ain't got to take my hind leg off, you old catamaran!" he exclaimed at the closed door.

He went down the street with lagging steps; his sallow face was set in a scowl. He hummed a tune even while he grimaced. He took no evident joy in the melody, but the humming grew louder of its own motion and took unto itself words. This was the burden of his song, repeated by him during an interval after he had come to an abrupt halt and while he was staring at the pavement with an expression of nascent understanding:

"Skinamarick-e-dink-e-dink-e-bum-tal-e-bum,
Fie deedle, die deedle, drink bay rum!"

His face cleared; he snapped his bony fingers and said aloud, "He didn't know me! Why, sure he didn't! He thought I was trying to frame him! Can you imagine? He didn't know me, he didn't!"

He started off again, rolling his shoulders and bringing his feet up with a snap, and as he went he sang contentedly:

"With a fie deedle, die deedle, bum-tal-e-bum!"

He went to the polls in his election district and cast a vote for Elon T. Buckmaster. He marked the ballot correctly; but when he took a final survey of it, before leaving the seclusion of the booth, it seemed to him to be a wretchedly inadequate expression of his partisanship. He sucked the official black pencil and then he wrote at the top of the ballot:

Hamilton Tooley is a grand old guy.
Yes, he is in a pig's necktie!

"Five minutes you there in the booth!" shouted someone.

"Keep your clothes on," chuckled Bert, who had just found his rime.

He wore a satisfied smirk as he emerged; he did not know that he had invalidated his ballot. He handed the ballot to the inspector in charge of the box. He was passing out quickly, but he started guiltily and barely mastered an impulse to bolt when the inspector shouted behind him, "Adelbert Padgett votes ballot 86!"

He wondered what the infuriated backers of Hamilton Tooley would do to him if they ever succeeded in tracking him down and in fastening upon him the authorship of his couplet. Wouldn't they be hopping? He did not know that many voters, trusting in the secrecy of the ballot, make it their habit to add point and pungency to their votes by scrawling on them some comment that is always partisan and not always seemly.

He loitered outside the polls and buttonholed several prospective voters and spoke a good word for Buckmaster.

"I warned you, young fellow," said the guarding policeman, making an overt gesture. "There's the distance marker down there. You see it?"

"You're cockeyed," said Bert; but he was now quite sure that he had worn out his welcome and he took himself quickly outside the forbidden territory.

A stockily built and well-dressed man was standing beside the distance marker, a man with close-cropped gray hair and bluff features and a large and shining black mustache. Bert saw him speak to voters, slap them on the back and push them toward the polls. Bert liked his looks; he was so knowing and jolly. Bert sidled up to him, caught his twinkling black eyes and asked him for a match.

"Keep the box, son," said the man. "Cigar?"

He spoke in the clipped and staccato accents of the native-born New Yorker, but an ethnologist, noting his fair skin and his dark hair and eyes, would have placed him with the black Irish.

"Don't mind," mumbled Bert, biting the end from the green-and-yellow campaign appurtenance. "Looks like Buckmaster, don't it?"

"Not from here, it don't," said the man.

"It don't? Ain't he got the better element with him?"

"He has," said the man, "if he is off sporting in the country this fine day. But not if he stayed in town to vote."

"He is the best man," argued Bert.

The other looked about him with exaggerated caution, put his hairy hand to his mouth and said, "I think so myself."

"Then what do you mean, he won't win? The Tammany crowd will count him out, hey?"

"You know Tammany Hall," said the man, hardly troubling to mask his grin. "I was reading all about them this morning in the papers. They're up to anything."

"Oh, Jimmy!" called one of a group of men in a car that was slowing down at the curb. The man winked at Bert and stepped into the car and was whirled away.

Bert dawdled along in the direction the car had gone until he came to the corner of the block. He sat down on a low stone wall about an areaway, to smoke his cigar and to watch the voters coming desultorily toward the polls. A stout and elderly man in a wide-brimmed hat came around the corner, saw Bert, studied him, and then approached with a glad shout and seized him by the hand.

"Hello, there, buddy!" cried the newcomer, pumping Bert's arm. "What do you know? Say, old pal, I want to talk to you."

Bert's involuntary cordiality quickly subsided when he saw that one of the stout man's big toes was projecting through a shoe and that his gray trousers and cutaway coat had been rescued from some not particularly select rag bag.

"Now don't explode when I talk to you, buddy," said the stout man, sitting down on the wall, though he must have sensed Bert's falling temperature. "I'm from the West—business man from the West. Keep cool now!"

Bert recognised the patter and knew that he had been marked for a touch. Ordinarily he would have been angered at this

(Continued on Page 125)

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Invoices	A1	1	2	2	2	3	3		
Statements	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Checks				1	2	3	3		
Drafts			1	2		3	3		
Notes			1	2	2	3	3		
Purchase Orders*		1	1	2	2	3	3		
Contracts	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Receipts			1	2	2	3	3		
Inter Dept Letters							1	2	3
File Copies							1	2	3
Acknowledgments			1		2		3		
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Mortgages	A1	2	3	3					
Deeds	A1								
Stock Certificates	A1	2	3						
Policies	A1	2	3	3					
Inventory Forms				1	1	2	2	3	
Requisitions				1	2	2	3	3	
Mfg. Orders				1	2	2	3		
Receiving Reports							1	2	3
Stock Reports				1	2	2	3	3	
Time Slips							1	2	3
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A1—Extra First Choice 1—First Choice
2—Second Choice 3—Third Choice
*Recommended for Offset Lithography

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(Continued from Page 122)

suggestion that he looked green, and he would have sneered in the stout man's face and left him flat; but he remembered now that the stout man had been walking toward the polls.

"Vote yet?" he asked.

"Everywhere," said the beggar. "But no, wait—why? Who are you voting for, buddy?"

"Buckmaster."

"He's my man!" said the beggar, clenching his fuzzy jaw and striking his fist on his knee. "I was going right down there to vote for him now, s' help me if I wasn't."

"Go ahead"

"Ain't nobody going to stop me, not when I'm voting for good old Buckmaster. But listen! As I was saying, I'm from the West, see? Wait now; I got letters. I'm not one of these panhandlers. But I've been drinking, see? I'm telling you; you look like a regular fellow, buddy. What I need right now is a ball. Not giving you any song and dance, am I?"

"Listen," said Bert, "you go down there and vote for Buckmaster and I'll slip you a buck."

"Out of my way!" exclaimed the beggar, lurching to his feet and pretending to thrust aside a multitude. "But wait, let me see that buck. Are you got it with you? You wouldn't ask a poor man to vote against his convictions, and then run out on him, would you? Will I have to find you?"

"Dry up! I'll be right here."

Bert watched him swaggering down the street and disappearing into the polling place. He came out almost instantly, being energetically helped out by the policeman; but when he returned to Bert he told him that the thing had been done. Bert tugged at his roll and then stripped a dollar bill from it and gave it to him; the bleared eyes of the man from the West lit up.

"Say, buddy," he said, "let's you and me do this some more. Let's go around and play the rest of them."

"You can't vote anywheres else. You're not registered."

"Who's not registered? But you're right. You're always right. That's what I says to myself as soon as I got my lamps on you. I says to myself, 'Harry, there's a guy that's right.' S' help me, if I didn't. And I seen you was a real wise guy too. Say, buddy, you want to go where there's a lot of good guys that'll vote right? You come along with me."

"Where?"

"Where you'll get action for your money. That's good enough, ain't it? Come on ahead before they close the polls, and we will rush old Buckmaster across."

Bert walked beside his new acquaintance.

"Keep your crooks out of that pocket, I'm telling you!" he ordered after some minutes.

"Oh, is that the pocket?" said Harry. "I was feeling to see if you dropped it. Well, buddy, here we are now, and you are in luck you met me. This is Augie Eichenlaub's Imperial Hotel."

"It looks like a dump," said Bert, surveying the Imperial Hotel doubtfully.

It was a dilapidated four-story brick structure with a rust-reddened fire escape zigzagging down its front and an apparently vacated saloon in its street floor. Pasted to the whitewashed window of the saloon was a typewritten document; a padlock was snapped through the hasps on the saloon doors. Between the rungs of the fire escape Bert saw Eichenlaub's signboard; over the entrance beside the saloon was a glass box sign, painted red, and displaying the legend, Private Rooms, 20 Cents; Baths, 5 Cents. Two tramps were standing with their weathered backs against the saloon window and staring straight ahead with the impassivity of wooden Indians.

Bert didn't fancy this place, but he followed Harry through the entrance. In the murky dark of the hallway he lost touch with his conductor and stumbled over some obstruction. Immediately a bottle, or some such heavy and fragile object, crashed against the wall beside his head and he felt hands clutching him. He hit out and struck something soft. He was not strong, but he was willing, and the cry that Harry emitted was one of genuine distress. Harry protested in a muffled voice, as though he had clapped a comforting hand to his face.

"What do you want to go and put that slug on me for? I ain't done you nothing, buddy. Ain't robbing me, are you?"

"You tried to hit me with something."

"Not me. You knocked something over. Say, I thought you was a right guy. You caught me right on the beezer. Say, what do you want to follow me in here for and put a slug on my beezer? Lay off me, will you? I think you're one of these here bandits, ask me. Lay off now, or I'll quit you!"

"Ain't sore, are you?" said Bert contritely.

"Not when you say it that way, buddy," said Harry, putting out both hands in amity.

"I told you to keep out of that pocket, didn't I?" said Bert, dropping the hand he was shaking to clutch for his roll of money.

"That the pocket?" said Harry. "Looking to see if you lost it. Come on in here, buddy, and meet a lot of right guys"

They entered the barroom. The saloon fixtures had been torn out and carted away, and only a clutter of débris and the ends of brass pipes showed where the erstwhile thronged bar had stood. A heating stove stood in the center of the room; about the stove were sitting some twenty human derelicts. They sat in silence, staring at the humming stove.

"Gentleman wants to buy a drink," said Harry with importance.

"Me?" said Bert.

"I'm fixing it for you," said Harry out of the side of his mouth. "Name it, gents! Everybody rides."

Augie Eichenlaub entered from the rear, carrying a brand-new bottle of Scotch whisky and a tray of chipped glasses. He was a still-faced man who spoke in a low and unhurried voice, being confident of a respectful hearing. He had been a prize fighter in the days of the old Horton Law; and though he had gone to seed since, he could still leap eight feet from a standing start and swing a disciplining fist.

"I'll say this is real good stuff," said Bert in a strangulated voice.

"Ought to be," said Augie. "I make it myself. Six dollars will be right."

"Electioneering, we are, gents," said Harry, after Augie had gathered up his glasses and departed. "My buddy here has got jack that says Buckmaster is going to be elected, and he wants to know what is the matter with you gents getting out and throwing a vote."

"What's it worth?"

"Five dollars."

"Two," said Bert.

"Three," said Harry. "We'll call it three and not fight."

"I'll go," said an able-bodied young fellow, jumping up. "And I'll take Larry with me, so that makes two of us." He pointed to a blind man whose face had been blackened by a powder explosion.

"Leave Larry here," said another. "I'll keep him for you."

"You bet you'd keep him," said the young rough. "You'd blow with him, that's what you'd do, and I'd lose my meal ticket. Wake him up there, will you? Here, Harry, you only slipped me a couple of aces for the two of us!"

"You'll get the deuces after you vote," said Harry, who had handed him two one-dollar bills and thrust four dollars into his own pocket.

"Give me that four bucks back," said Bert. "I can mind it for him as well as you can."

"No, you can't neither," said Harry. "He don't know you. Do you, Petey?"

"Know you, don't I?" growled the blind man's shepherd, pushing his docile slave ahead of him toward the door.

"Knows me," said Harry.

Bert parted piecemeal with sixty dollars. It was his confident understanding that all elections were bought and paid for; but he had never actually engaged in vote buying before, and he was so greatly afraid of appearing artless that he suppressed the healthy doubts with which the procedure of the officious Harry affected him. The twenty derelicts had departed to vote.

"Now we'll go and play another joint," said Harry. "Are you game? Come on, buddy."

He went to the door, jerked it open sharply and stood to listen. Reassured, he stepped into the hall, and Bert followed on his heels.

The quiet of the hallway had been deceiving; a dozen invisible hands laid hold of Bert. He fought, but he was down on the floor almost at once, and now the many hands were tearing at his pockets. He felt his money going and was helpless to hinder it. He felt his Dollar Dandy watch deserting him. His overcoat, a garment that had its good side and that looked fine while folded carefully over his arm, now rose up

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from him and dematerialized. His derby hat had fallen from him. He parted from these outlying possessions with grief, but without genuine panic; but when he was tilted quite back on his shoulders and knew that he was being emptied out of his trousers he fought like a storied berserk. It was the jerky departure of his trousers that restored to him his voice, theretofore muted by surprise and the military necessity to husband his breath. He yelled, and as the tug of war went against him, he yelled the more. His invisible assailants had worked in silence.

Tom Gentry, Tammany captain of the election district in which stood the Imperial Hotel, was passing along Eighth Avenue on his way to the Eskimo Club. Hearing Bert's remonstrations, he blew a police whistle and pushed open the door to the hallway. Tom was a big young man and he bulked impressively in the doorway, but it was probably the shrill and familiar whistle that did the work. A number of invisible men going elsewhere in a hurry trampled on Bert and when he tottered to his feet he was still inside his polished blue suit. The robbers had fled into the mysterious depths of the hotel and he made no effort to pursue them but hurried down the passage toward the fading daylight.

"Some guys jumped me back there," he said to Tom Gentry.

"Not hurt, are you?" asked Tom, inspecting him.

"Not me. Say, I give them their receipt for all I got!"

A patrolman trotted up with poised club.

"In here?" he panted. He ran into the hallway. When he returned he was thrusting Harry ahead of him. Harry looked used up.

"I'm clean!" he wailed. "They cleaned me!"

"This one of them?" asked the patrolman.

"He brought me in there," said Bert.

"I'm telling you they cleaned me!" protested Harry. "I had a roll. Ask him; he give it to me."

"Who give it to you?" said Bert. "I didn't give you nothing. You took it to give to those guys back there."

"Sure he's clean," said the policeman. "He give the money to the other fellows and then he stood for a collar. Shut your head; you're going in!"

"Thanks, fellow," Bert said to Tom Gentry, and he turned away and strolled down Eighth Avenue.

He did not reproach himself for having abandoned Harry to arrest; Harry had impressed him as an essentially selfish person. His thoughts were occupied with trying to discover the identity of the people who had robbed him.

"Some gorillas must have seen me flashing the roll," he murmured.

Darkness had come on with six o'clock. He passed a poll and saw that the door was closed and that the clerks were busied at telling the ballots. He thought of Professor Buckmaster, and shortly he was standing before the iron lions on the Manhattan Avenue corner. He swaggered up the steps and rang the bell.

"Want to see the prof," he said to Mrs. Jersey.

"He's waiting for the returns," she said.

"He ain't got to wait," said Bert. "I'll tell him, see? 'S all right, lady; I know the way."

"Why do you come here again, sir?" asked Professor Buckmaster, looking up from his vigil beside the telephone and recognizing his guest of the early afternoon.

"Prof, you're in!" said Bert, advancing with outstretched hand.

Professor Buckmaster ignored the hand, but he was pleasurably startled, and he said, "How do you know? The vote hasn't been counted yet."

"Counting the vote ain't no favor to me," said Bert, "because I know what's inside the ballots already. It's all Buckmaster! You got the better element with you, ain't you? Well, you got the common people too—commonest line of people I ever seen in all my days. I'll say they were common. And you got them dirt cheap, at a dollar a head, because some hard guys jumped me in the hallway and took the rest of the roll. Took my overcoat and clock too. I don't mind the overcoat so much, but that was an awful good watch. Did it keep time? Say, it kept all kinds of time."

"What are you driveling about?" said Professor Buckmaster sharply. "What do you mean by saying that I got common people at a dollar a head?"

"Votes, prof! Remember that roll I showed you? Well, I went out and sewed up a bunch of votes. Twenty votes down in a hard-boiled Tammany district where they would do the most good. Say, prof, now that it's all over but the shouting, what did you want to razz me this afternoon for?"

"Do I understand you to say that you bribed Tammany voters today?"

"I'll say I did. That's politics, prof. Oh, I'm the boy that knows the ropes. Here, wait up, what's eating you, prof?"

Professor Buckmaster had jerked him to his feet.

"You come quietly with me," he said harshly, "or I'll call an officer and give you in charge."

"I'll go, prof," said Bert perplexedly. "You ain't got to hold me, prof. I'll go anywheres with you."

"See that you make no attempt to leave me," said Professor Buckmaster menacingly. "I do not know whether you are an idiot or a scoundrel, and in either event it is unsafe to let you roam at large. Stand there."

They had descended the stairs, and Professor Buckmaster was putting on his overcoat and hat. The fact that Bert had neither hat nor overcoat in such chilly weather was a further indication to the professor that the young man should be controlled. He took Bert's arm again, led him swiftly down the outer steps and then eastward along the street until they came to the Eskimo Club. They made the last hundred feet slowly, pushing through a crowd. From an upper window of the clubhouse the election returns were being thrown on a sheet across the way. A brass band of seven pieces was perched on the steps and discoursing popular airs. The two visitors picked their way upward through the group of round-eyed and swollen-cheeked musicians.

Through the hospitably open doors at the head of the stoop came a roar of talk. The assembly rooms were thronged with the faithful, and were befogged by tobacco smoke despite the glare of all lights. At the farther end of the rooms, on an elevated platform, a tipsy man was doing an eccentric dance and making earnest efforts to keep in time with the fitfully audible music. The alderman-elect had been called on by some good-natured persons to make a speech and to tell how he had done it and what he was going to do now. He stood on the platform and tried to stop the tipsy dancer; but the spectators voiced their disapproval, and it seemed that the good-natured persons who had wanted oratory had wanted it for other people and had themselves wandered away. The tipsy man seized the alderman-elect and urged him into the dance; and the civic official, after a desperate endeavor to hold his slipping dignity, resigned himself to the will of the people and the tipsy man and did a few eccentric steps in halting concert.

"Is Mr. Clahan here?" cried Professor Buckmaster in the ear of a spectator.

The spectator pointed to a stairs without removing his delighted eyes from the alderman-elect and his partner. Professor Buckmaster and Bert climbed the stairs.

In a room overlooking the street Jimmy Clahan, Tammany leader of the Fortieth Assembly District, was receiving the returns of the state-wide election. With him were a dozen of his captains and a sprinkling of local notables and busybodies; through one of the windows the returns were being flashed onto the sheet across the way. The returns were coming in slowly and the operator was piecing them out with a moving-picture comedy, an eye-straining and almost meaningless rush and jumble of shadow shapes on the flapping sheet. Jimmy came to the doorway. Bert recognized the black-mustached man to whom he had spoken beside the distance marker.

"Hello, professor," said Jimmy. "You made a wonderful run, professor, and you're still going strong."

"Thank you," said Professor Buckmaster. "I should like to speak to you in private."

"Sure thing. Come on in back."

Jimmy led the way into a rear room whose principal feature was a large and massive poker table. Jimmy waved the professor to a comfortable chair and set out the cigars.

"Don't mind if I do," said Bert, reaching.

"In view of the nature of my campaign, Mr. Clahan," said Professor Buckmaster stiffly, "the statement I have now to make

(Continued on Page 129)

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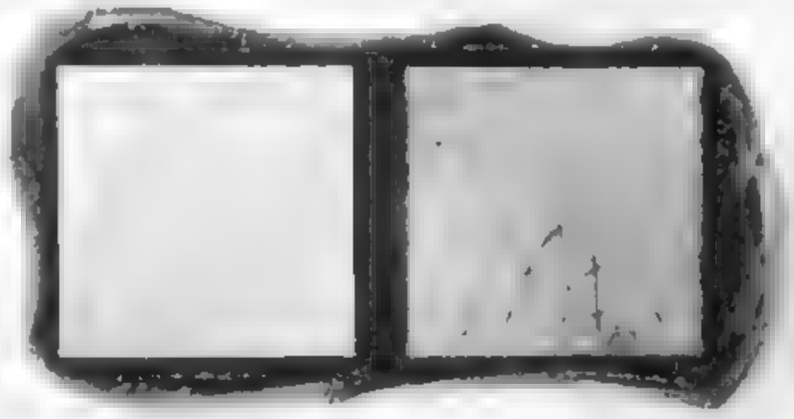
BELOW are reproductions of photographs showing the surface appearance of two bathroom fixtures a few months after installing The one on the left, a Fairfacts Fixture has preserved its original snow-white surface and is as perfect as the day it was made. The special Fairfacts process results in a glazed surface which is permanent. The surface of the other, an ordinary fixture, has developed hundreds of hair-line cracks permitting dust, soap and germs to penetrate beneath the surface, not only making the fixture unsanitary, but ruining its appearance beyond any possibility of cleaning or restoring



Surface of Fairfacts Fixture after a few months' use

Surface of ordinary fixture after a few months' use

Four points you should have in mind when buying a rug

This is a Beauvais Rug — One among 45 styles

LET us suppose, Madam, that you are just starting out to shop for a rug, and it goes without saying that you know exactly what you want—beauty, comfort, wear, and reasonable price. But do you know how to *judge* the wearing qualities of that rug you have need of? Most people don't. We believe we can help you to do it; and we are going to tell you how to get exactly the quality you should get—and how to judge that quality at a glance. For what are now your problems in buying rugs have been ours in making them. And we have made them for eighty years.

All the qualities a rug should have

The one rug which combines all the good qualities we want to discuss is the Sanford Beauvais. Why? Let us study it in relation to the four points we have mentioned: First—its beauty. Let us suppose that a salesman has just shown you a Beauvais Rug. It is clear and rich in color. Your good taste will tell you that it is beautiful in pattern, and there are many patterns to choose from, for twenty-five artists are working constantly creating and improving the designs of Beauvais Rugs.

Second, note that this high-grade Axminster rug is luxurious to the tread. You can feel that the moment you put your foot on it, and its pile is resilient because it is so deep and close.

Then you come to the practical consideration of wear. This is more difficult. How are you to judge that?

Look first at how close and deep the pile is—that is one indication. Now ask the salesman if it is pure wool. He will assure you that it is. It is wool and nothing but wool. Let him explain the construction of its back, and how firmly it hugs the floor. It does not wrinkle, as many other rugs do. Let him point out how closely woven it is—the closeness of its weave lengthens the life of a rug. Now notice for yourself that there is not a seam anywhere in the Beauvais Rug—and it is the seams that wear out first. Do you know that a Beauvais is better than any seamed rug made? It exposes one continuous, unbroken, even surface.

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By now you know that the Beauvais Rug has met every requirement of beauty, comfort and wear, but what of the price? Ask the salesman and you will be astonished that it is so reasonable. You will understand at once why it is the most widely sold rug in the world and why you can buy the Beauvais in more stores than you can buy any other rug. And the Beauvais comes in the widest range of patterns on the market, every one of which is clear and soft in color. Among these patterns are some which will harmonize faithfully with any color scheme you have in mind for your room. They come in matching designs from 12 ft. x 15 ft. down to scatter rugs and hall runners (the 9 ft. x 12 ft. size being the most popular). Every one is seamless. All have the name Beauvais stamped on the back. Look for it.

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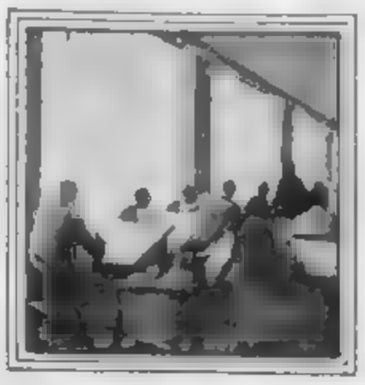
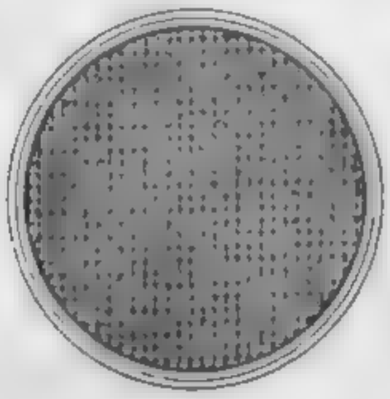


Twenty-five artists work continually on new designs for Beauvais Rugs

Look for the name on the back



An actual reproduction of the back of a Beauvais Rug. Note the close weave

(Continued from Page 126)

to you is highly distasteful to me. But I feel, in view of the fact that you are the party leader of the Democratic Party in this district, that I should make it frankly and leave it to you to take such steps as you deem advisable."

Jimmy glanced up for an instant, nodded, and went on cutting a cigar.

"It would stultify all the assurances I have given the voters if I should accept an office to which I was elected by fraud and corrupt practices. I have to tell you then that this young man—whose mental processes are entirely beyond my comprehension—used money this afternoon in the purchase of votes to advance my candidacy. Those votes would, I believe, have gone otherwise to Hamilton Tooley, the Democratic candidate. I shall be glad to join with you in protesting the result in the district affected; and I say to you that if you are disinclined to act, I shall myself demand a recount of the votes and a scrutinizing of all ballots."

"Where was it?" asked Jimmy.

"The Imperial Hotel," said Bert.

"Around on Eighth Avenue?" He shouted to the men in the front room. "Hey, out there, send in Big Tom Gentry, and let me know when you get the returns from the Sixteenth Election District of this district."

"Shake hands with Professor Buckmaster, Tom," he said when the election district captain entered. "The professor is telling me that our young friend has been buying votes in your district, Tom, and he says he will not go to the assembly on those terms."

"But you are not going anyway, professor," said Tom Gentry. "The vote is nearly all counted, and Tooley is away ahead."

"I was going to tell him," said Jimmy; "but the professor is certainly a square shooter. Made a good run, too; cut heavy into the Republican vote, he did. Well, that's politics; the next independent might cut into the Democratic vote. You never can tell about an independent, except one thing, and that is that he is in for a licking."

"I do not see that," said Professor Buckmaster sturdily. "There is no necessity for men of high ideals to ally themselves with professional and supposedly corrupt politicians. Pardon me for speaking plainly. Furthermore, I do not concede in this instance that I have been defeated."

"Listen, professor," said Jimmy amicably. "Don't you know what you're up against when you buck a machine? Any machine—take ours here. The machine starts with about half the vote in the hole, see? In the Fortieth Assembly District there's thirty election districts, and every district's got its Tammany captain who knows every voter in his district. And every captain's got his own little machine, made up of election officials and people working for the city and people that he's been busy doing favors for all during the year. Do you expect to come out a month before election and hand the voters a line of talk and make them forget what their jobs depend on and the Tammany captain who's worked for them like a Trojan? You can't do it, professor. They listen to your windstorm and agree you're right, but they step up like little men and make their crosses in the circle under the star just the same. That's human nature."

"I disagree with you," said Professor Buckmaster stubbornly. "It would be intolerable if the choosing of our public officials were entirely in the hands of party machines."

"Why don't you work with the machine? Do you want to know who elected Hamilton Tooley to the assembly today? It was you and your friends, professor. Tooley has got a black eye since that investigation, and he would have lost out if you didn't pull a whole lot of votes from the Republicans. That's how an independent works out; he helps the fellow he's trying to hit hardest. Between you and me, professor, I was tickled to death when you jumped in the race, and the more you hollered against Tooley the better I was pleased. You remember that time the police came down to your rally and ran out the crowd that was razzing you? You can thank me for that.

"A gentleman of your caliber, professor, that's got dough and is a spender, don't have to go around asking the voters to sign up and give him a benefit; he can do it dignified, see? You're not a regular Republican, so the next time you want a city job or a state job, you come around quietly and see me. I'll talk business. I'll tell you what you have to spend, and it won't be spent in buying votes neither. We don't buy votes any more; that's newspaper talk. Well, there's a certain number of rummies that's got to get the price of a shock of booze if they're going to leave a stove on a cold day; but that's no more than free medical attention. They'd vote the ticket for nothing if somebody would bring the polls in to them. Your money will be spent first of all with the captains; they're under expenses and you ought to sweeten them with a fifty apiece, and there goes fifteen hundred. Then there's headquarters and pictures and help and spielers and saxophone players and a little contribution to general expense. Say seven thousand dollars; that'll send a right guy to the assembly.

"And then you'll be started right. In the primary, see? You'll get the party nomination and have a machine behind you. But starting like you did, after the primaries—well, professor, that is what I will call going to market after the fair. You could spend twenty thousand dollars and get nothing for your money."

"Jimmy!" The call from the front chamber cut into Professor Buckmaster's retort.

"That must be the Sixteenth coming in," said Jimmy. "Let's go see what the young fellow got for his money."

They went into the front room and to a window. The operator was fitting a slide into his machine, and shortly this message was flashed on the screen across the street:

16TH ELEC. DIST. OF 40TH ASSEM. DIST.

Tooley, Dem.	87
Fellowes, Rep.	76
Buckmaster, Ind.	19

"We've been robbed!" gasped Bert. "We certainly do want to call for a recount, professor. I bought twenty votes in that district myself."

"Somebody ran out on you," said Jimmy with specious commiseration. "Here comes the totals, professor."

They stared eagerly at the sheet which now recorded:

40TH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT

Tooley, Dem.	2811
Fellowes, Rep.	210
Buckmaster, Ind.	1486

"I congratulate you, sir," said Professor Buckmaster with sportsmanship. "I am sorry that I cannot congratulate also the people whom Mr. Tooley will represent in the legislature."

"But what about those birds in the Imperial Hotel?" insisted Bert. "They didn't deliver."

"Oh, now I know you," said Tom Gentry. "You're the man who was held up in the hallway."

"They took my clock and benny," said Bert.

"Did, eh?" said Jimmy, looking at him thoughtfully. "Where do you live, son? In this district, eh? Why don't you join the club and learn something real about politics? Go around there with him, Tom, and get his things back for him. The professor came clean with us, and the boy didn't do us any harm. So long, professor, and remember what I told you. If you ever feel again that you want to go to the assembly ——"

"If I wish a Tammany Hall nomination, sir," said the professor, "I shall certainly come to you." But the sarcasm was lost on Jimmy Clahan.

They parted from the leader and descended to the street. Professor Buckmaster nodded briefly and turned away to go home. Bert hurried after him and caught his arm.

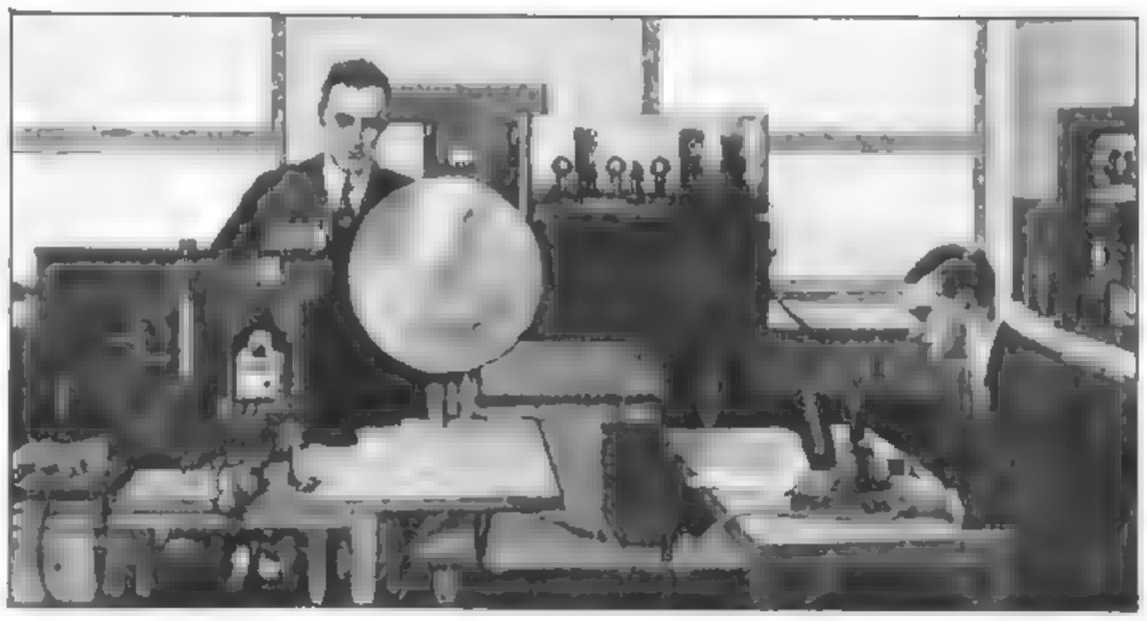
"Listen, prof," he pleaded. "I tried to do you a good turn today, and I want to ask you to do a good turn for me. Ain't sore, are you? Listen, will you say a word for me with Dunwoody? Naturally, when a man is busy talking politics he is not going to hear every ring, and from what I hear from the superintendent, Dunwoody is a little sore on me for not taking him in my car."

"Your car?"

"Yeah, in Arkmutty Hall, the administration building over in Hudson University."

"Ah, now I have you!" cried Professor Buckmaster. "You are one of the elevator boys over at the university!"

"That's me, prof," said Bert, smiling brightly. "You got me. That's where I collected the campaign fund. I had a box for you in the car, and I held them all up and made them cough."



In the Bell System laboratories speech sounds are recorded on the oscillograph with a view to their subsequent analysis

The service of knowledge

The youthful Alexander Graham Bell, in 1875, was explaining one of his experiments to the American scientist, Joseph Henry. He expressed the belief that he did not have the necessary electrical knowledge to develop it.

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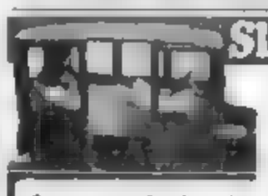

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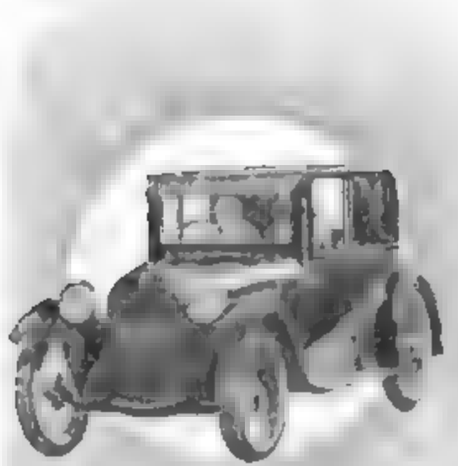

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SEN-SEN

"You seem to have meant well," said Professor Buckmaster leniently, "though your political education is a thing to weep for. President Dunwoody is probably unaware of your existence at this moment, though he learned your name to write you a reproof. If you will attend sedulously to running your elevator, and eschew political discussions during your hours of work, I dare say you need fear nothing. Good night."

Bert and Tom Gentry went around the corner to the lodging house on Eighth Avenue. They felt their way through the hallway and entered the barroom, which was lit by a kerosene lamp.

"There they are!" said Bert, pointing about. "The whole crowd of them, sitting like a bunch of stuffed owls."

"What's the matter?" asked Augie Eichenlaub, appearing from his quarters in the rear. "Hello, Tom."

"Hello, Augie," said Tom Gentry. "Friend of mine here was robbed in your house this afternoon."

"Not in my house, Tom," said the proprietor positively. "No friend of yourn, Tom."

"In your house. They got his hat, his coat and his watch. I want them all back, and quickly."

"No money, was there?"

"All I'm asking for now is the hat, the coat and the watch. But if these men want to hear something about the money, I'll tell them. They took money today and promised to vote for Buckmaster. They didn't vote for Buckmaster, but they didn't report to me that they took money. They know the rule. They're perfectly welcome to take all the money they can get, but they must report it to their captain. A nice state of affairs we would have with men taking money to vote against us, and then not telling us. I can see where that would wind up. If I ever hear of any of you men taking again anything for your vote, even a cigar, and you don't tell me about it, I'll make trouble. You hear me! Now trot out those things and be quick about it."

"Let me talk to them," said the proprietor. "Step out in the hall with your friend, Tom. I'll get his duds for him, or just as good. I'll learn them to rob a friend of yourn, Tom."

"If they're not his own things ——" began Tom doubtfully.

"He'll know where he got them, won't he? But wait until we see if they got the stuff yet. Outside a minute, Tom."

"Oh, you Buckmaster!" cried the janitor tauntingly when, from his accustomed stand at the head of his iron stair, he saw Bert Padgett entering the area illuminated by the neighboring street light. He knew Bert by his walk; the approaching figure had puzzled him for some seconds.

Bert stopped immediately under the electric light and pushed back his imported hat of green velours to scratch his head. He then went to searching his pockets, which necessitated opening his huge overcoat and displaying its fur lining. While so occupied he encountered the janitor's steady stare, and he said, "'Evening, Allen. You speaking to me?"

"Lost out, didn't he?" said the janitor defensively.

"Buckmaster? Yes, he lost out. We were going to put him across, but at the last minute we decided—well, I'm not saying anything, Allen."

"You threw him down?" interpreted the janitor, craning his neck. "Say, that's some benny. And look at the skimmer! Threw him down, did you, Mr. Padgett?"

"I'm not saying," said Bert darkly. "It don't do to talk too much, Allen. Oh, hohum! I'm played out. Big day, Allen. Almost time to hit the hay."

"Some turnip!" breathed the janitor, his eyes rounding as he gazed at the watch in Bert's bony hand.

"That's one of these here Swiss ones, ain't it? I'll say you didn't lose out, even if old Buckmaster did."

"What's that, Allen?" demanded Bert, pausing in his ascent of the stoop. "I didn't say I sold Buckmaster out, did I? I didn't say it, did I?"

But he favored the janitor with a look of exceeding guile and wickedness before he entered the tenement hall.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Cover Design by Charles A. MacLellan

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